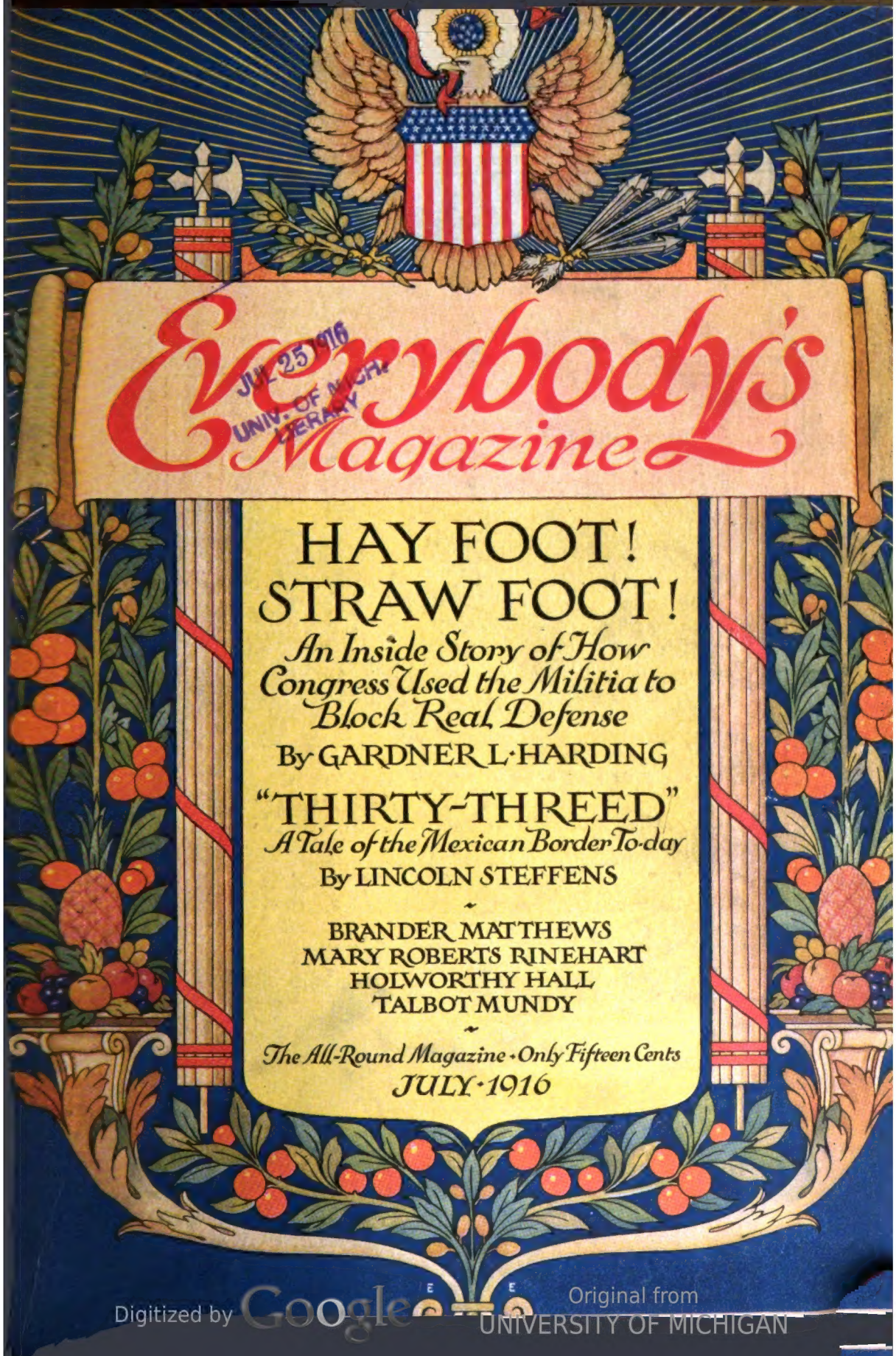
Everybody's Magazine
JUL 25 1916
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HAY FOOT! STRAW FOOT!
An Inside Story of How Congress Used the Militia to Block Real Defense
By GARDNER L. HARDING
"THIRTY-THREED"
A Tale of the Mexican Border To-day
By LINCOLN STEFFENS
BRANDER MATTHEWS
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Everybody's Magazine
NUMBER ONE JULY 1916 VOLUME XXXV

HAY FOOT! STRAW FOOT!

An Inside Story of How Congress Used the Militia to Block Real Defense

By GARDNER L. HARDING

ON MARCH 29 last, the day on which Senator Chamberlain first introduced the Army Reorganization Bill in the Senate, Senator Borah rose in his place to put a few questions about the organized militia. Borah is a disconcerting realist. With a few well-directed incisions he laid open before the Senate the attempt to use the state militia as a Federal army reserve. With the greatest respect toward the militia as an institution and with full appreciation of the individual militiaman's high patriotic motives, Borah exposed the rickety and bungled framework of a measure which pretended to "federalize" the militia into Federal service—and Federal pay.

Borah put his case on high constitutional grounds. But he soon found out that those were not the grounds on which this question was to be fought. He soon discovered that *the momentous issue of this nation's self-defense was a political question, to be decided not by large statesmanship, but by ignoble conflicts of self-interest.* Especially was the political leadership of the National Guard—the organized militia—in Washington at that time as a flying-wedge of self-interest, "lobbying" with all its heart and soul.

Now, by "lobbying" I do not mean that these leaders were hired by any interest to secure legislation; they did what they did voluntarily and on their own initiative. And I want to make it clear at the very outset of this article that I have no intention of attacking the National Guard as an institution. I believe that the great bulk of the National Guard deserve the very highest credit from the country for the honest and disinterested

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patriotism they have shown for many years. I know the kind of officers and men who cheerfully spend two and three nights a week at the armory out of loyalty to the service; and it is those men especially whom I want to take with me on an honest and unflinching examination of the facts.

So then—coming back to Borah and that "lobby"—the head of its flying wedge was sitting in the Senate gallery at the moment when Borah put his questions. He was General J. Clifford R. Foster, Adjutant-General of the Florida National Guard, chairman of the executive committee of the National Guard Association, and leader of the select band of "three-hundred-pound" adjutants-general in their gallant fight against the advocates of real defense.

Incensed at Borah's doubts that a federalized militia might not be "constitutional," General Foster immediately sent a telegram to his brother adjutant-general at Boise to the effect that Borah was intensely opposed to the National Guard, and that steps should at once be taken to bring him into line.

That doughty Idaho general put the telegram in the Idaho papers, with certain comments of his own.

Then action came. Organization began to tell. When Borah reached his office next morning he found admonitory messages from militiamen all over his state, of high and low degree. Not only that, but the "friends" of the militia, commercial clubs, influential business men, and a very suggestive sprinkling of county party chairmen had also got busy. In fact, it was a very thorough and efficient demonstration in the art of mass telegrams.

THEY kept coming day after day. But unfortunately Borah is an independent thinker, and they only made him madder and madder. He poked into the militia proposals, and the more he poked, the worse they smelt. He fished out the War Department's reports on the National Guard, and he injected into the records of the Senate's proceedings the prettiest collection of cases of inefficiency, patronage, misappropriation of funds, and downright embezzlement that has been displayed on the floor of Congress for a long time. And he gave his mature judgment on the National Guard provisions of the Army Reorganization Bill in the following blunt and Western language:

> Others may investigate and come to what conclusion they may. But I can not vote for this attempt to federalize the National Guard. It is wrong in theory, wrong in principle, will be vicious in practise, and practically futile in supplying any real defense to the country in time of need. If I have an opportunity I shall vote to strike it from the bill. If I do not, I shall likely be compelled to vote against the bill as a whole. I realize the necessity of some preparedness, and I would be anxious to vote for what I deem to be real and efficient preparedness. But if this remains in the bill I shall have to weigh the postponement of the bill for a season as against assisting in establishing a precedent unwise, and to my mind full of menace to our institutions and to the personal liberties of the American people.

I quote this piece of straight-spoken Americanism in full, and with the greater pleasure because we have almost come to doubt that such courage can exist in Congress. Borah is simply an honest American citizen, who has had an opportunity to make up his mind on the real value of "federalized militia." And he was perfectly justified in saying that the whole bill ought to have been thrown out if necessary to defeat that provision. The Army Reorganization Bill has some fine points, but the additions it makes to our military strength are meager and piecemeal beside its vast and

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resounding failure to do the one thing demanded above all else: that is, to give this country a real military policy of fixed, coherent, and above all *national* outlines.

This bill, on which the Senate and House Conference Committees agreed on May 13—the Army Reorganization Bill—turns over into the hands of the militia the whole framework on which the training of the great civilian reserve army of this country must rest. This was a fatal blunder, and I propose to show why.

WHEN SENATOR BORAH HAD A TELEGRAM-SHOWER FROM IDAHO MILITIAMEN AND "FRIENDS."

AS FAR back as Garrison's resignation it was obvious that a determined effort was to be made to get a militia pay-bill on to the statute-books. The militia junta had arrived, fifteen generals and ten or a dozen colonels strong, before the first of February. During the first week in February they appeared before the Senate and House Military Committees, and in their solid front against the Continental Army they gave that proposal its knockout blow. By February 15 both committees were in executive session. Garrison's resignation gave clear notice that the last obstacle to their success, the President of the United States, would not stand in the way.

Meanwhile, General Foster was to be found at the Ebbitt House.

After thinking for six solid weeks, the House Committee announced its plan to the country on March 15; the Senate followed a fortnight later. The bills were essentially different.

The House bill—the Hay bill—was so time-serving and political, so thoroughly contemptuous of all expert advice, that the Republican members will never be able to explain how they came to give the bill the prestige of a unanimous report. Superficially, it was Garrison's plan, but it left out the one feature which made Garrison's recommendation at least the beginnings of a policy. It left out the non-political, national Continental Army, and put in its place the politically fruitful, state-controlled National Guard. And it provided a means to crack open the pork-barrel to the tune of fifty-odd million dollars per year—this money to be distributed not only for equipment but also for *pay for officers and men*, ranging from $500 annually for captains and higher officers to $45 or less for enlisted men. It was to be apportioned by congressional districts, two hundred National Guardsmen per congressman drawing pay next year. Moreover, although the bill increased the regular *army* from 100,000 to 140,000, it perpetuated the antiquated Spanish war-time organization which would oblige the army to be entirely reorganized in the event of war.

The Senate bill—the Chamberlain bill—let in a volunteer force (260,000 strong) as an experiment; it provided for a more modest federalized militia of 258,000 as against the House provision of 448,000. It settled on a regular army of 175,000, and for the first time in the history of this country it wrote into its plan the advice of the experts on organization. With a general staff of almost one hundred officers and complete organization of the higher units with which modern nations plan their strategy, under this bill the Army would become for the first time a ship-shape military force.

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Thus the bills went before Congress. By April the House had thrown down the challenge to the Senate. Hay skilfully piloted his pork bill through without an essential change, and polished off the Kahn amendment, containing the principal features of the Senate bill, by a vote of 213 to 191.

And General Foster was to be found in the gallery.

Senator Chamberlain took up the challenge. The National Guard "lobby" fought desperately to smash the famous section 56, which contained the volunteer army section; but they overdid themselves, and it won out by the narrow margin of 38 to 36. Then Senator Brandegee of Connecticut moved and carried an amendment to increase the army to 250,000, and with these solid possibilities the bills went into conference between the two houses toward the end of April.

Then came the tug of war.

The country waited for the President to declare for the fundamental principles at stake—the larger regular army and the Continental Army. Wilson gave only one sign. Hay had announced on the day he introduced his jitney bill that he "might say" that this was the President's bill. That evening a statement was issued from the President's office repeating that "the President was wedded to no particular bill."

It was his last word. The conference broke up in a disagreement on May 8, and Hay reported back to the House. He delivered on May 8 a very misleading speech in which he stated that to let the Continental Army through would spoil the prospects of the federalized militia. He said he would regard a vote for the Continental Army as a notice to withdraw the whole organized militia scheme; and in response to this strategy the House backed him up by 221 to 142 for the small army and 251 to 109 for the pork bill.

I had seen Chamberlain on the 7th, and he had told me that he intended to stick to his position "if it took all summer." But Hay outmaneuvered him, and on the 13th he had to face the mortification of announcing his conditional surrender. On the vital points Hay had put it over. The bill that came out of conference showed a gaping hole where the Continental Army had been, with the little wedge of the Plattsburg camps occupying its place. The army went away down to 160,000, with the ambiguous sliding privilege of being raised to a "maximum" of 175,000.

SO THAT is what we have got out of the year of crisis, in the midst of a rapidly awakening public intelligence and with the tremendous warning of Europe dinning every moment in our ears. It is not as if pacifism had been the issue; as if a prudent determination for military reform had had merely to fight against the ingrained idealism of the American people. I saw little of that idealism during my four months of close observation in Washington.

For instance, Pacifist General Sherwood wanted a $5,000,000 munitions plant at Toledo; Pacifist Tavenner demanded $1,000,000 addition to Rock Island Arsenal; Pacifist Mondell waxed sarcastic when people wanted to reform the army by cutting out Fort D. A. Russell. These things were in *their own districts*.

If we have never taken the organized militia seriously before, we Americans must begin to do so from this hour. They have got control of our reserve army; they have jockeyed themselves into a dominant place in the force on which we must depend more than any other for the maintenance of our liberties. We must begin to make up our minds whether it is going to be safe to trust them with these things; whether their history, their leadership, the effectiveness of the forces they already have built up, are such as will

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"FEDERALIZATION"

A FAKE COMPOUND OF STATE AND FEDERAL CONTROL WHICH "IS WRONG IN THEORY, WRONG IN PRINCIPLE, WILL BE VICIOUS IN PRACTISE, AND PRACTICALLY FUTILE IN SUPPLYING ANY REAL DEFENSE TO THE COUNTRY IN TIME OF NEED."

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justify the indefinite extension of our confidence which their present position claims. The organized militia have got into the saddle; they must be prepared to face the music of criticism in the national interest.

Let me repeat that it is my earnest desire to avoid reflecting in the slightest degree on the rank and file of the National Guard itself, or on the many capable and disinterested officers who for years have done their best under a weird and impossible system. Indeed, I believe that the great majority of militiamen would, if they could arrange it by their say-so, take their state designations off their collars to-morrow, and go into the direct service of Uncle Sam.

This has been proved in Massachusetts and Maryland, where members of the National Guard have secured laws under which they voluntarily offered to go bodily under War Department control, urging every other state militia organization to take the same action.

What keeps them from it? Why, a name keeps them from it, a name manipulated by a small and powerful clique in their own selfish interest. That name is "Federalization," a fake compound of state and Federal control which keeps the patronage and the delaying power generally in the hands of the states, and allows the Government to make orders for a more effective militia which the states may or may not obey. As to the clique, I consider the description and exposure of that group of men one of the most important duties of an American citizen at this time.

To which I now propose to add my contribution.

WHEN Mr. Hay was in the minority of the House Committee on Military Affairs, back in 1912, the old Militia Pay Bill paid one of its recurrent visits to the committee room. That was before it was furbished up with the brass trappings of federalization; and as usual in those days it met a very chilly reception. The minority of that committee filed a report on that bill which makes its authors eligible to an enviable position among the prophets. They frankly called such legislation "dangerous in the extreme."

"Rather than enter upon a legislative course that will invariably entail upon the Government an enormous expense, which may have been found in dire emergency to have been wasted," they said . . . "this minority would favor a reasonable increase in the regular army, leaving the states to maintain their own forces at their own expense." They further defined such legislation as a course (and here's the nub of it) "that will surely lead to the creation of a great military force that will become so powerful politically that Congress will be no more able to resist its demands than it has been able to resist the demands of the far less compactly organized and manageable army of pension applicants and their friends."

Well, there it is. The organized militia *has* become powerful politically to-day; so powerful that the supple Mr. Hay flies to do its bidding, all forgetful of the report he stood for four years ago.

The industrious General Foster denied flatly throughout the consideration of the bill that anything like a "lobby" was being undertaken. What a statement, when any man can read in the *National Guardsman* of last December this clear-cut little paragraph:

> The recent convention of the National Guard Association in San Francisco unanimously voted to assess a levy of $25 for each 500 men in the militia of each state, *for the purpose of maintaining a lobby* during the next session of Congress, to look out for the interest of the National Guard. (Italics mine.)

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This sum of about $6,500 was to be spent, please notice, not to help preparedness in any way, shape, or form, save to "*look out for the interest of the National Guard.*" The country will agree that the money was well laid out—from General Foster's standpoint.

Especially when the pay provisions came up, with what ardor, with what dogged persistence was the "lobby" campaign waged! Chamberlain heartlessly proposed to leave all officers above the grade of captain to live off the states, or work for nothing! Senator Reed stepped into the breach; and National Guard officers all over the country were besought to bring "telegraphic pressure" to bear on their senators to back up Reed's heroic fight.

To Chamberlain's astonishment the Reed amendment passed. Chamberlain, who has been one of the most forbearing friends the National Guard has ever had, was moved to bang his desk, and say this:

> Mr. President, if the National Guard intends to come here as a political force —and there is not any doubt about that—and undertake to control legislation to protect our country against the world, I, for one, shall favor the elimination of the National Guard from this country; I, for one, am in favor of putting them out of business altogether.

But they had the laugh on Chamberlain in the end, and on the rest of us, too. For although Senator Nelson said it was the "baldest" "lobby" in his experience, although Senator O'Gorman called it "extremely offensive propaganda," although Borah balked—*it did the trick.* This scrambling and buttonholing and mass-telegraphing does influence legislation in this country, and the National Guard "lobby," like the good politicians they are, knew it. Idaho bombarded Borah, and he told them to go to; but if you will notice the roll-call, Brady, Borah's colleague, danced to the Guard tune. That is how General Foster *et al.* scored.

The "lobby" was there. Who composed it?

An answer to this question gives us the master-key to the control of the National Guard. A choice group, made up mostly of State House cloakroom field-marshals, accompanied the sturdy Foster to the halls of Congress. One of Foster's chief aids was General Sadler of New Jersey. Sadler is an adjutant-general of the old school. His military record is as follows: Paymaster and aide-de-camp to Governor Fort, 1908; Adjutant-General, 1909. Perhaps it was the type which Sadler represents that Captain Stockton, the insurgent young New Jersey militiaman, who dared to come out last year for the unconditional transfer of the organized militia to the War Department, had in mind when he wrote:

> In many cases, these men (adjutant-generals) are appointed from civil life to a position which practically places them in command of the troops of the state, although . . . there are few who would be able to lead a corporal's squad in the field without considerable aid from some seasoned officer.

Indeed, the story of Stockton *vs.* Sadler should make one of the choice classics of this crisis. Stockton is a young man who has probably worried General Sadler more than anybody else in the state of New Jersey. He showed great want of tact, in the first place, in writing an essay on his peculiar theory that the National Guard should be in fact a national

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force, and not a state-controlled, federalized one. He had the crass irreverence, in one of his youth (the deluded young man is about thirty), to send this essay to the Military Service Institution; and the climax came when that institution awarded him over the heads of several army officers the Gold Medal for 1915.

The breach soon followed. Stockton got up at a dinner of the officers of the second regiment (of which he is a member), and told some disagreeable home truths about the New Jersey National Guard. Much of what he said had appeared in his gold-medallist essay; you can gather what else he had courage to say from a sentence crisply stating his opinion in the *North American Review*, where he said:

> New Jersey, for instance, is rated fairly high in militia efficiency, but soldiers who have seen it at close range must wonder how troops can be very far below the efficiency of the Jersey Guard and still be called soldiers.

Several days later Stockton was notified that his resignation had been asked for. Stockton dared them to court-martial him; and he went on with his nationalization campaign.

ANOTHER instance. Stockton often serves in the summer as a range instructor—he has been an expert rifleman since 1910, and has coached the Bordentown team to a national championship for three years. This year Brig.-Gen. Bird V. Spencer, Inspector-General of Rifle Practise, turned him down, and in his letter doing so he gives this very peculiar reason:

> Assuming that the article appearing under your name in this magazine [*North American Review*—I have quoted a pungent bit of it above. G. L. H.] expresses your point of view, I don't see how your services as a range officer are available. Nor do I see how you can consistently remain an officer of the Guard;—loyalty to your state should inspire you to a different frame of mind. I confine myself to the state of New Jersey, and would advise you to do likewise.

I have given this Stockton case a lot of space, but it richly deserves it. No instance I have ever seen or heard of expresses half so vividly the real danger to this country if the system so perfectly working here should be bolstered up by pay, controlling the citizen reserve of the whole nation. As a climax, the Stockton case got to Congress, and to a question before the House Committee Sadler replied in this amazing manner:

> The young gentleman has had a very limited experience. He has written a good many articles, but I have never thought it worth my while to reply to them, because he is so well known among the officers and men of the state of New Jersey. His record I have here. That stuff [of his] is just like a lot of other stuff that is being put out at the present time. If you knew the young man as well as I do, you would pay no attention to it.

Stockton's record is to be found in the War Department. He is the only officer, not a regular on the board, appointed to write the new Military Officers' handbook. He is the only officer not a regular to get the Military Service Institution gold medal (twice). His "Troops on Riot Duty" is studied in all the Militia Officers' Schools. He got the American Cross of Honor in 1914 for valor; but he deserved it in 1915 for going up against Sadler's Home Guards in a way the country, and particularly New Jersey, will not soon forget.

Besides Foster and Sadler, another member of the "lobby" was Lieut.-Col. Critchfield, ex-Adjutant-General of Ohio. In Ohio he is a political

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institution. It was Critchfield who said that if the Government chose to use the powers it already has over the organized militia, it would be seen that the President had more power over the National Guard than the Kaiser over the German army, and the states less power to hold things up than the German states. Critchfield ignored more facts of common experience in that one sentence than can be dug out of any whole speech during the hearings.

Critchfield also made this amazing remark to me: "I tell you, a Continental Army would have pretty rough sledding in Ohio without the right kind of local support." Ohio has hamstrung the army before; for every Ohioan remembers to his shame the words of Secretary of the Treasury Chase, who, at the darkest and most disorganized period of the Civil War, held up the scheme for raising national troops with federally appointed officers with these famous words: "I would rather have *no regiments* raised in Ohio than they should not be known as Ohio regiments."

Of course, there came along to Washington trumpeters-in-ordinary like Colonel Foreman of Illinois, who pointed out to the House Committee that "the line of the National Guard is, in my opinion, the most remarkable, altruistic, patriotic, self-sacrificing body of men the world has ever known." Also came General Chase of Colorado, who gained prominence by reason of his activities in the Colorado coalfields. "We yearn," said this fiery old soldier, "with our whole souls" (yes, he did say that; it's in the House record, p. 1107) "for an opportunity to federalize.

THE MOMENTOUS ISSUE OF THIS NATION'S SELF-DEFENSE WAS A POLITICAL QUESTION.

Herbert T. Johnson '16

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As to the name, National Guard, I will apologize to neither God, man, or devil for it."

Such were a few of the men who constituted, at the expense of the general National Guard forces of the country, the militia "lobby" which met with such signal success.

It is not mere jealousy that causes every important regular army man in this country to oppose bitterly the *ignis fatuus* of militia federalization. It is the consciousness that there is actually a rival army in the field, a determined military group in opposition to everything the Federal army wants, an incalculable factor for confusion in war, an endless trial in peace.

We must make up our minds to let this little clique control the United States Army, or let the United States Army control the little state cliques. No half-way measures can cope with such men as I have sketched above, especially when they are flushed with the victory of such substantial concessions as they have recently won.

Well, those are the National Guard political leaders. What of the work back home? In its civil aspect the National Guard has long been a disgrace in many states for waste, unrestricted petty graft, and the lack of any business accountability whatsoever. General Mills, who has followed up this subject from his office as supervisor of militia affairs in Washington with a persistence which has enraged many a state adjutant-general, coolly states in his last report that the National Guard shows to-day a total shortage of Government property amounting to $1,352,761. Examples such as these go to the heart of the defects of the militia system as it is inevitably organized on a state basis.

The one idea of General Mills is to strengthen the organized militia. Yet the only resource he has to discipline it, to recover its lost and misappropriated property, is to collect out of appropriations which ought to go to upbuilding the Guard's military strength. He can not force anybody to appropriate money to carry on the organized militia; he can not even force anybody to pay the debts legally due to the War Department.

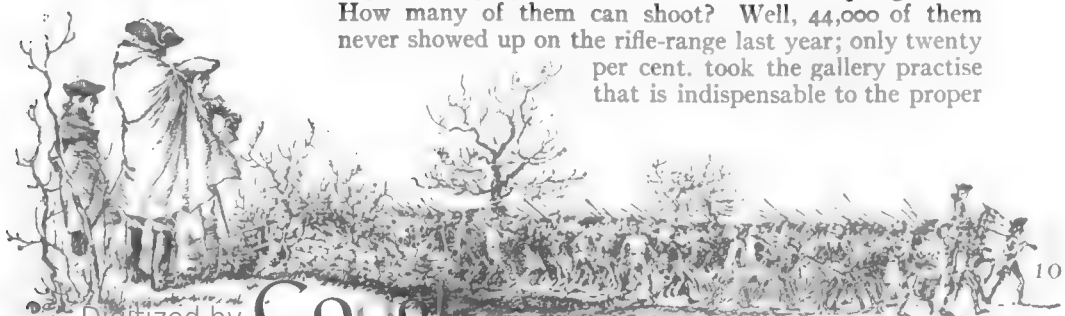
In a civil sense, that is the final word on the utter weirdness of the militia system federalized up to the extreme constitutional limits. It is an organization without a heart, without a head, and with forty-eight tightly closed and jealously guarded pockets.

So thus we come to the last question of all: Does the militia system give us a force of soldiers?

And here we must answer more emphatically than ever, No! Not a single line officer of the army, not a single military authority in this country, really believes that we can get a dependable force of citizen soldiery out of the National Guard, however intricately it may be federalized (short of complete and final national control), however lavishly it may be paid, and however assiduous is the rank and file in the attempt to secure real military training.

WASHINGTON SAID: "IF I WERE CALLED UPON TO DECLARE UPON OATH WHETHER THE MILITIA HAD BEEN THE MOST SERVICEABLE OR HURTFUL, UPON THE WHOLE I SHOULD SUBSCRIBE TO THE LATTER."

Look at what we have now. There are in the organized militia something like 130,000 men. But on the slightest inquiry that number melts like spring snow. How many of them can shoot? Well, 44,000 of them never showed up on the rifle-range last year; only twenty per cent. took the gallery practise that is indispensable to the proper



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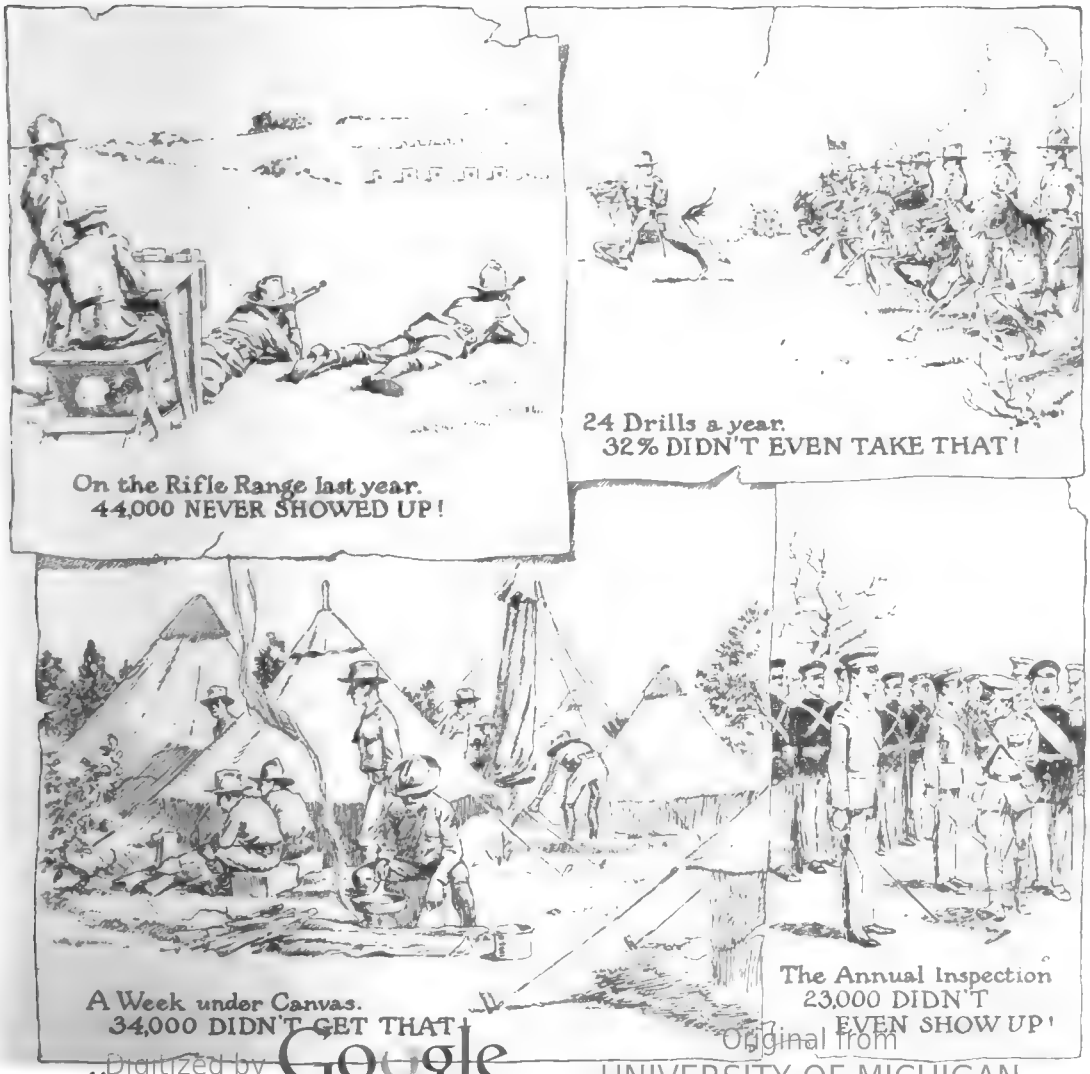
handling of a rifle; and of the total, two-thirds failed to qualify even as second-class marksmen—the absolute minimum qualification for service in the firing-line.

The training consists of a minimum of twenty-four drills a year. Thirty-two per cent. didn't even take that. This training is supplemented by a week under canvas in camp. Thirty-four thousand didn't get that; and 23,000 didn't even show up for the annual inspection. Finally, General Mills makes the statement as his most sober judgment that the organized militia is not fitted for maneuver duty; in other words, it can not even play at war.

In the face of these irrefutable facts the National Guard Association claims for the organized militia the position in our army for first-line troops! And yet as late as May 20, 1916, this despatch from Washington was published:

> Reports to the War Department from Gen. Funston indicate almost a complete fall down on the part of the National Guard organizations in Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico in responding to the call of the President for service with the regular army along the border.
>
> Summoned to the colors on May 9, not a single organization from any of the three states has been mustered in.

QUESTION: DOES THE MILITIA SYSTEM GIVE US A FORCE OF SOLDIERS? HERE ARE SOME ANSWERS.



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An official report from San Antonio states that 116 enlisted men of the Second Regiment, comprising the paper strength of the Texas National Guard, have flatly refused to respond to the call.

It is also stated that despite the issue of equipment to these organizations by the Federal Government under the Dick law, many of them are reporting without a sufficient number of uniforms, rifles, and other equipment.

In 1915 the War Department issued equipments to the three states amounting to $63,722.

In the way of organization and army units the tale of the National Guard is the same. Two cycles of Federal assistance—the Dick Bill of 1903, which started the flow of national contributions, and the reforms of 1912, which planned for the militia a properly balanced organization—have done much to bring about the beginning of coherence in the armed mob which existed before that time. But—

The organized militia to-day is supposed to be composed of twelve divisions, with a minimum peace strength of 150,000 on the basis of only 65 men to a company. But it is 21,000 short of even its proper infantry requirements; and this is the sole arm in which the militia has ever displayed any substantial reliability.

The militia should have 27 regiments of cavalry; it has 8.

Where it should have 144 batteries of artillery, it actually counts 70.

Where it is allotted the raising of a coast-defense force of 18,000, it has supplied about 7,000.

It is also short 29 engineer companies, 3 signal corps, 8 field hospitals, 29 ambulance companies, and, most significant of all in this era of rapid fire, as many as 84 machine-gun companies.

Only two of the whole twelve divisions have the prescribed single regiment of cavalry; only one has the proper amount of field artillery. There are only 300 guns among them. One of the divisions even lacks two regiments of infantry, having seven instead of nine. All told, as the militia is to-day, and as in all its fundamentals it will continue to be to-morrow, it is nothing, according to the General Staff of the Army, but an "uncoordinated army of fifty allies, with all the inherent weakness of allied forces, emphasized by the unusual number of allies."

It is not lack of pay that has brought about this confusion and has perpetuated this unbalanced, unmilitary force. It is lack of central authority. Take, for instance, the perilous shortage in coast artillerymen. Half a dozen states along the Atlantic seaboard furnish no coast artillery at all. One of these is New Jersey, another is Florida, the home of two of the principal "lobby" leaders. Why don't men in these states prefer the coast artillery to the infantry? When General Foster was before the House Committee he was asked this question point-blank, and he answered that the men preferred to go into mobile troops, where they would make sure of being in the fighting.

THAT is the mainspring of the National Guard failure—this freedom of individual choice. Under the War Department voluntary troops would be *put* where they would do the most good for the nation. Now, when Guard organizations don't come up to scratch, the War Department has only one resource—cut them off from Federal funds.

Cut them off from Federal funds and diminish by so much the military strength of the country for which it, and not the Guard, is primarily responsible! It is a ridiculous paradox from start to finish.

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Take an instance in conclusion that has just occurred in Florida.

While General Foster was up in Washington "lobbying," it was discovered that six companies of the Florida National Guard, I and L of the 1st Regiment, and B, C, G, and K of the 2nd Regiment were below any reasonable military standards. So the report went in to cut them off. They have languished far down the path of military efficiency; B company was using rusty rifles, I and L companies had bad rifles too, besides slipshod storage of public property. K company was away down in strength, short of equipment, and contemptuous of records—and so on.

This is the daily grind in the War Department; but there's absolutely no way under the present system by which it can be stopped.

Dual service of state and nation; the universally disliked strike duty, where militiamen with war rifles that will shoot three miles, and deadly service bayonets, are impressed into law-and-order duty that ought to be performed by professional policemen; the muddle, the state patronage and favoritism; the eloquent and admitted military inefficiency of the troops—all these things tax the loyalty of National Guardsmen to the uttermost, and put an impossible strain on capable officers like General O'Ryan of New York.

Especially do the rank and file in the majority of states despise strike duty—the most fundamental of all the Guard's deterrents to enlistment and the respect of the community.

THE only way is to break out of the iron ring of state control, and incorporate the organized militia forces for what they are worth in the complete control of the nation.

At this high tide of preelection national interest and political promisings we still have a chance to get a really national military policy. But there is a long road to travel. Public sentiment has been thoroughly roused, and public officers are being watched with unrelaxing vigilance. In the campaign for adequate defense the American people have admitted that somehow out of our citizenry must come a great national reserve force trained to meet an enemy on terms that would not mean (as they would mean now) sheer sacrifice and murder.

We are still in a cycle of effort, as the military experts say; that is, we are still in a mood to reorganize our military resources very radically. We dare to think in terms of rigid realism. And in that mood we have a use for the scrap-heap.

The "federalized" militia must go on the scrap-heap—there is nothing else for it.

We have only to know the facts, as Borah had only to know them, to be convinced that this whole conception of divided control between the states and the nation must be cleared away entirely before we can take another step in military progress to which the world will pay the slightest attention.

The organized militia "lobby" and Mr. Hay, their shrewd seconder, have put this inevitable outcome back for some time to come; but they can not hold it up forever. Properly governed and placed in American life, in the national spirit, the National Guard should become under the War Department a really national army. It can then, and only then, help to prepare for the universal citizen service which, after all, is the only logical, the only democratic, and the only true American solution of the problem of military defense.

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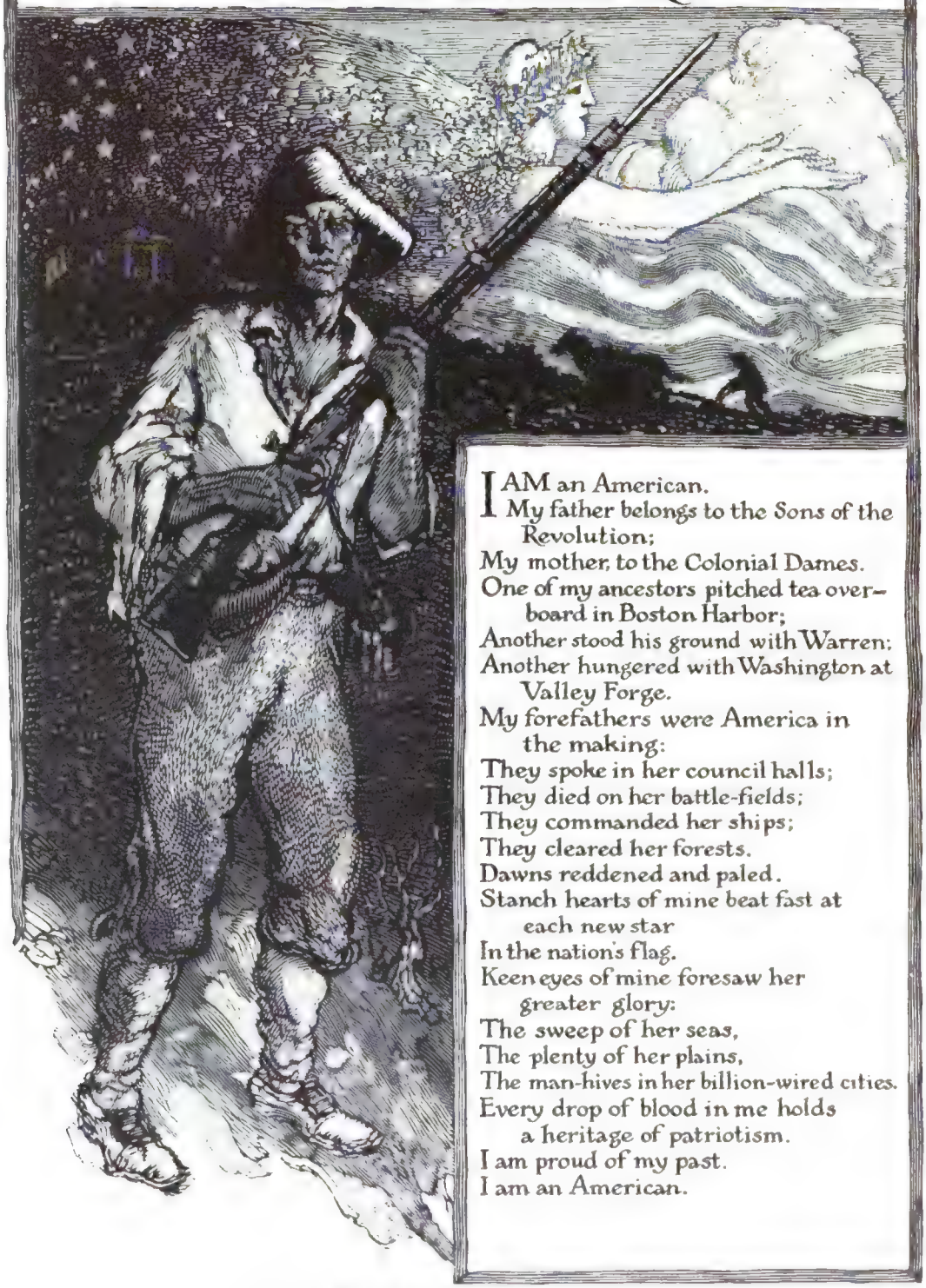
I AM AN AMERICAN



I AM an American.
My father belongs to the Sons of the Revolution;
My mother, to the Colonial Dames.
One of my ancestors pitched tea overboard in Boston Harbor;
Another stood his ground with Warren;
Another hungered with Washington at Valley Forge.
My forefathers were America in the making:
They spoke in her council halls;
They died on her battle-fields;
They commanded her ships;
They cleared her forests.
Dawns reddened and paled.
Stanch hearts of mine beat fast at each new star
In the nation's flag.
Keen eyes of mine foresaw her greater glory:
The sweep of her seas,
The plenty of her plains,
The man-hives in her billion-wired cities.
Every drop of blood in me holds a heritage of patriotism.
I am proud of my past.
I am an American.

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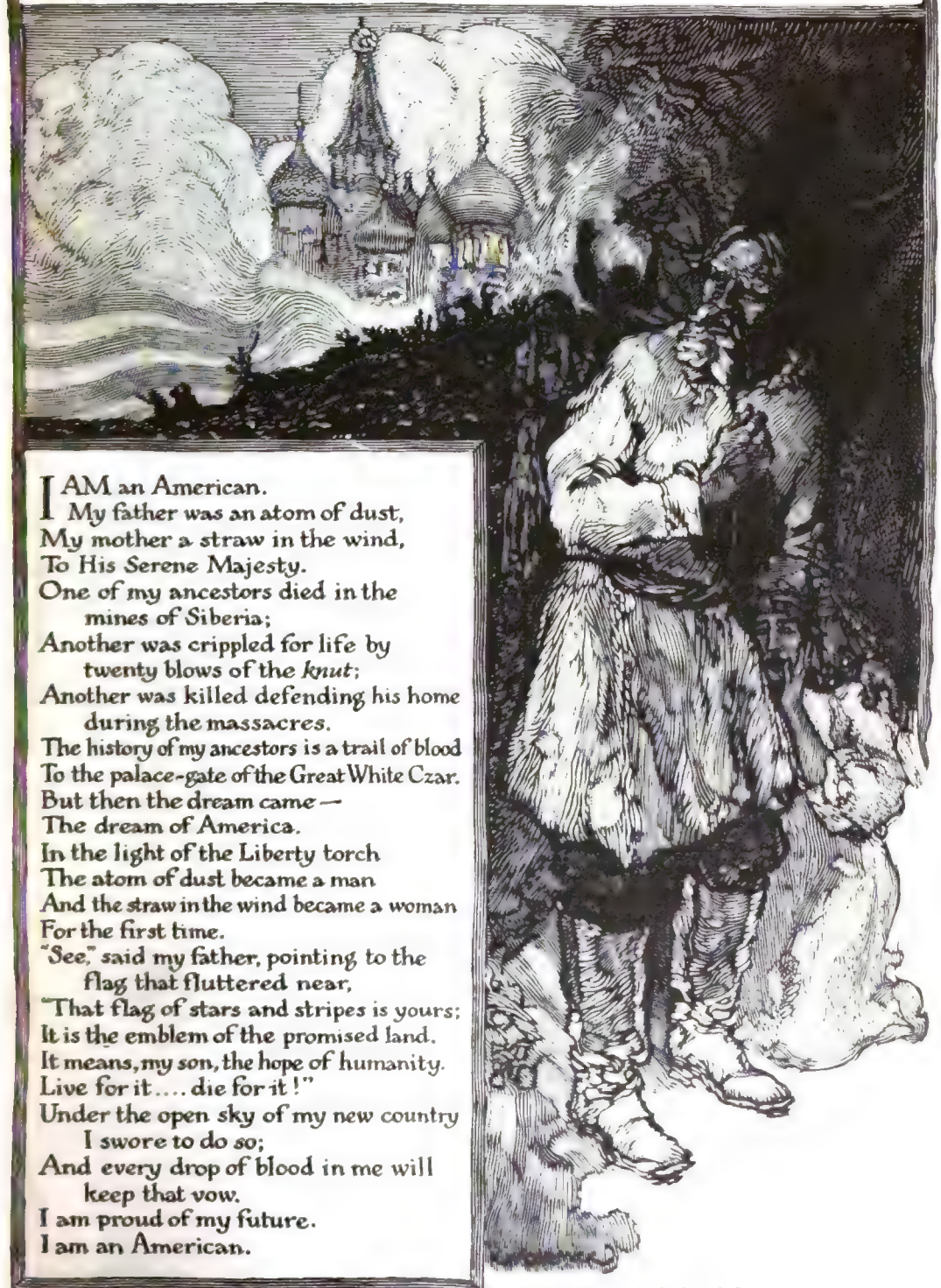
A POEM ~ BY ELIAS LIEBERMAN

WITH DECORATIONS ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HOWARD McCORMICK



I AM an American.
My father was an atom of dust,
My mother a straw in the wind,
To His Serene Majesty.
One of my ancestors died in the
mines of Siberia;
Another was crippled for life by
twenty blows of the *knut*;
Another was killed defending his home
during the massacres.
The history of my ancestors is a trail of blood
To the palace-gate of the Great White Czar.
But then the dream came —
The dream of America.
In the light of the Liberty torch
The atom of dust became a man
And the straw in the wind became a woman
For the first time.
"See," said my father, pointing to the
flag that fluttered near,
"That flag of stars and stripes is yours;
It is the emblem of the promised land.
It means, my son, the hope of humanity.
Live for it .... die for it!"
Under the open sky of my new country
I swore to do so;
And every drop of blood in me will
keep that vow.
I am proud of my future.
I am an American.

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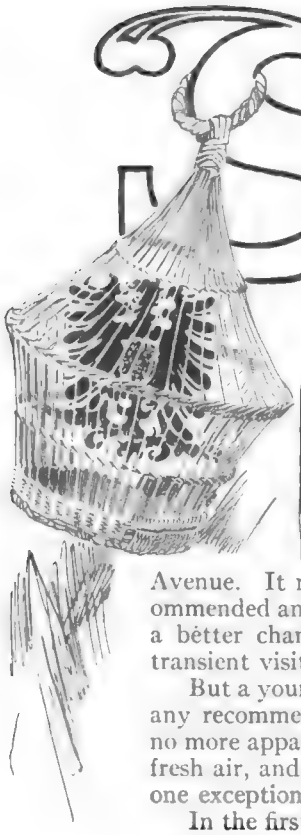

SPEEDY

BY HOLWORTHY HALL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ORSON LOWELL

LET it be understood at the outset that Kenilworth is delightfully Tory. From its happy location on the hill-slopes it looks down upon the neighboring villages with the gentle superiority of one who sees, through the window of an exclusive club, a respectable but ineligible acquaintance traversing the pavement of Fifth Avenue. It naturally follows that a newcomer to Kenilworth, unless recommended and sponsored by one or two representative burghers, had hardly a better chance of admission to the penetralia of the community than a transient visitor has of getting a glass of water in a German restaurant.

But a young man named Starr, who presently arrived at the Inn without any recommendations at all, who came to that aristocratic hostelry with no more apparent motive than to occupy himself with food and lodging and fresh air, and the other specialties mentioned in the Inn's booklet, was the one exception in that particular season.

In the first place, he made no attempt to force his personality upon a society which eddied about him without drawing him along with it. When the local arbiters dined at the Inn, young Mr. Starr kept his regular table by the south windows, and held his eyes strictly upon his own set-up. When, later, some of the great men of Kenilworth drifted into the smoking-room to chat informally, young Mr. Starr sat in his comfortable corner, making no effort, direct or indirect, to join in the conversation; and even in Kenilworth, where modesty and restraint are two of the last virtues to flourish, this behavior passed uncommented until it was discovered that Mr. Starr had a card to the golf club, and pursued the same uncommunicative tactics at that unique institution, the roof of which is commonly understood to be a very adequate introduction.

So that Kenilworth, perceiving a youth of interesting features and good manners, and noting his admirable repression and lack of veneration for the editorial department of *Who's Who*, began to thaw around the edge—where the younger element congregates; and the next man who found Starr alone in the golf-club grill made an almost unprecedented overture to an alien by remarking that the greens were pretty fast—didn't he think?

Mr. Starr, in reply, conceded the point, and begged to submit, that on the whole, they weren't too fast—didn't *he* think?

Whereupon the permanent resident, Jimmy Blair, democratically offered to buy Mr. Starr fifteen cents' worth of various stimulants, compounded under the title of one of the boroughs of the metropolis; Mr. Starr accepted gratefully; the mixture was duly shaken and poured; Mr. Starr looked

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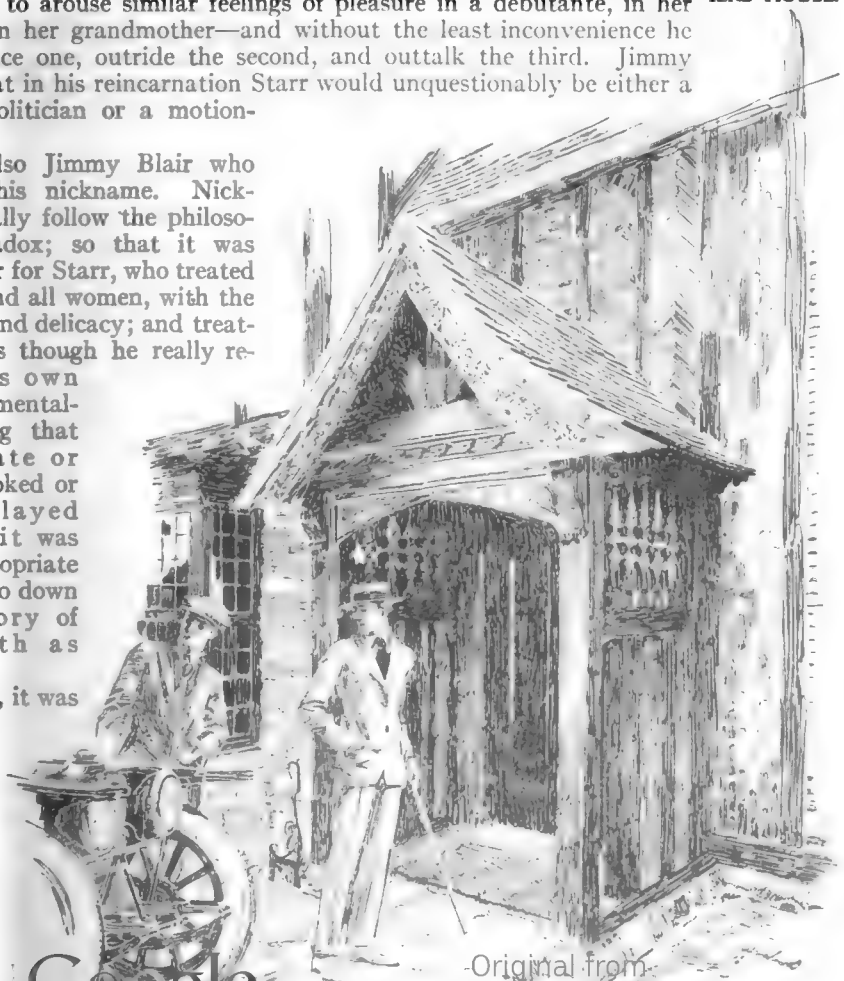
toward Mr. Blair; Mr. Blair apostrophized Mr. Starr's physical condition; and after a moment Mr. Starr pledged his own credit for thirty cents, and the two young men sat down to debate the universal proposition that an iron off the tee is better than a long drive into the rough.

Blair chanced to dine at the Inn that night with the Clothiers and the Clothiers' house guest; he nodded pleasantly to Starr, and subsequently, in the smoking-room, he presented him to Mr. Clothier and to the guest; having earlier reassured them that the Christian name of the newcomer was, without question, Irving. Mr. Clothier, impressed at once by the character of the strange young man, inquired if he were a Republican; then if he believed in suffrage; in conclusion, what he thought about the war. At home that evening he told Mrs. Clothier that Starr was the most sensible person of his age he'd ever met. Mrs. Clothier said he was the most cavalierly *she'd* ever met. Miss Helen Clothier said he looked like a perfect peach.

From this point forward Mr. Starr's career in Kenilworth was meteoric. In fact, he became popular with such swiftness and certainty that he really found his prominence rather embarrassing. The men liked him because he was clever, not the least didactic in remarks to his elders, excellent company in action or repose, and not without merit as a raconteur. The women liked him because, in spite of his attractive bigness, and his evident experience in the business of the world, he had the reverence of a Southerner, and the ingenuousness of a boy, and the habit of growing alarmingly red when he heard something nice said about himself. He had that rarest of gifts —the ability to arouse similar feelings of pleasure in a débutante, in her father, and in her grandmother—and without the least inconvenience he could outdance one, outride the second, and outtalk the third. Jimmy Blair said that in his reincarnation Starr would unquestionably be either a Tammany politician or a motion-picture actor.

It was also Jimmy Blair who gave Starr his nickname. Nicknames generally follow the philosophy of paradox; so that it was wholly proper for Starr, who treated other men, and all women, with the utmost tact and delicacy; and treated himself as though he really respected his own health and mentality—meaning that he never ate or drank or smoked or worked or played too much—it was wholly appropriate for Starr to go down in the history of Kenilworth as "Speedy."

Of course, it was an intentional paradox; but it



TOGETHER THEY DISMOUNTED ON THE FLAGS IN THE COURTYARD OF THE CLOTHIERS' HOUSE.

"SPEEDY"

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STARR COULD OUTDANCE A DEBUTANTE; OUTRIDE HER FATHER, AND OUTTALK HER GRANDMOTHER.

happened to fit its subject in two particulars: one with reference to his muscular quickness, and one with reference to his wits. Jimmy Blair, who loved anything virile and everything epigrammatic, tried him on both counts one afternoon in the club gymnasium, tried him with eight-ounce gloves and two-ton repartee.

"You box—" panted Blair, after missing jabs, hooks, swings, crosses, and counters in great profusion, and finding himself tapped politely on the nose with machine-like regularity. "You box—as though you've got a—conviction—you can slam me—any time you want to."

"It isn't a conviction yet," said Speedy, feinting his man into a bowknot, and looking him over critically. "It's only a suspended sentence!" Then he smote Mr. Blair amidships, and said cheerfully, "Hadn't we better quit?" He glanced up at the big clock by the fireplace. It showed half-past three, and he had an engagement at four.

Mr. Blair sighed deeply, and began to wriggle out of the gloves. "Speedy," he said, "it's all right, old top—but if ever I *do* hit you——"

Starr grinned in vast friendliness. "If you ever *do* hit me, Jimmy," he conceded, "*and I find it out——!*"

Blair also grinned, meanwhile testing the temper of his ribs. "What's your hurry, anyway?"

"Tea at the Clothiers'—very early."

"So? I'm going myself. Mrs. Clothier won't be there, she said, but

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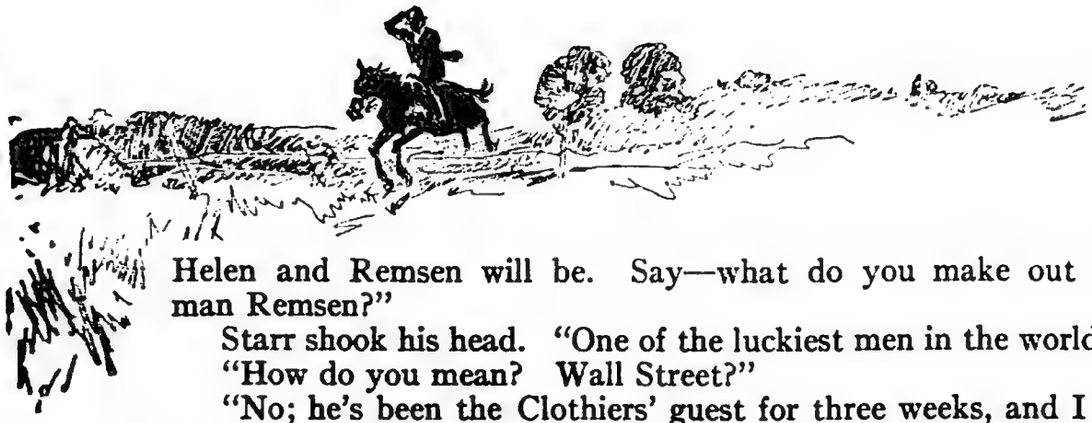

Helen and Remsen will be. Say—what do you make out of this man Remsen?"

Starr shook his head. "One of the luckiest men in the world."

"How do you mean? Wall Street?"

"No; he's been the Clothiers' guest for three weeks, and I understand he's there for the summer. If that isn't luck, I learned the wrong definition."

"Pleasant chap, rather," said Blair, hunting for his shoes.

"Oh, affable enough."

"Personally, I think he's here for a—what did our books use to say?—a fell purpose."

"You do!" said Starr, glancing up. "What makes you think that?"

"Isn't it fairly clear? Business friend of the old gentleman, unmarried, lots of money; never been in Kenilworth but once before, several years ago; on for a visit—Helen grown up—that's what some people call circumstantial evidence."

"Oh!" said Starr, adjusting his sleeve-links. "I hadn't thought of that."

"Cynical cuss, he is," said Blair, in a tone to imply that he had thought of it a great deal. "Ever notice it?"

"Not particularly."

"Really? Every time he says anything to *me* I want to swat him! That poor-child-you'll-know-better-when-you're-as-old-as-I-am stuff! He takes too blamed much for granted. Ready?"

"All ready, Jimmy! Do we walk?"

"No; car's outside." He slipped his arm through Starr's; together they went out to the driveway and together they dismounted, ten or twelve minutes later, on the irregularly shaped flags in the courtyard of the Clothiers' very English timbered and stuccoed house. Together they entered the drawing-room, and together they spoke happily to Helen Clothier, and more formally to the huge, blond man who had risen at their entrance, and stood smiling at them in that consciously paternal superiority which so irritated Blair.

"You have the color of two men," said Remsen, still smiling amusedly, "who have been—what shall I say?—engaged in doing nothing, and doing it most strenuously."

Miss Clothier and Starr laughed, but Blair's face was quite without an answering light of humor.

"Golf for three hours," he said, "and then——"

Mr. Remsen waved his hand expressively. "Too much of anything," he declared, "is exactly enough for the present generation. The whole world is coming to professionalism. Don't you agree with me, Helen?"

The other men exchanged glances at the word; for Remsen was young enough to qualify as a social opponent; and though Blair had said "Helen" unrebuked for the past twenty years, he was jealous of the privilege to comparative strangers; and even Starr was yet upon terms of convention.

"I might, if I understood," she said.

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Remsen, standing, pursued his point with all the assurance and most of the peculiarities of the trained orator.

"Take any society," he began, "take any community—take Kenilworth. You're all professionals, at something. You specialize. You put some one pleasure, one diversion, one interest, on a plane above the rest, and attack it like a problem in geometry. You master it, and then you live on it. Your whole life revolves around that one aim, that one accomplishment. Name anybody in Kenilworth, any one I know, and I'll prove it."

"Jimmy," offered Miss Clothier, giving him the fleet, almost illusive smile for which Blair had said he could watch her for an entire evening in the hope of being certain that she *had* smiled.

"Blair," said Remsen, "is a professional golfer."

"Oh, tommyrot!" retorted Blair.

"One moment!" The upraised hand, the bland authority of the speaker halted him. "You play golf every day, don't you? Often you play all day. You have the time to practise constantly. You take lessons. You read, you study, you practise. You do nothing else; you live for golf. So your handicap—four, is it not? Very well, I say that at heart you are a professional golfer, because that is no longer your *avocation*, but your *vocation*."

"Let me tell you this, Mr. Remsen——"

Miss Clothier tried to create a diversion by ringing for tea; Starr, tactful as always, suggested quickly: "Mrs. Casper?"

"She," said Remsen, "is a professional hostess. She is half-way between an inn-keeper and a caterer. She lives for 'company.' When no man dines at her house, that is a day lost; when a week passes without a large entertainment, that is a week lost. And furthermore——"

"Henry Kirby?" said Blair, on the aggressive.

"Mr. Kirby is a professional bridge-player. He plays on the train, at the club, at home. He works out problems. He *invents* problems. As a publisher he's an amateur; at bridge he's a professional."

"You're not far wrong there," acknowledged Blair, judgmatically.

"Dorothy Kent?" said Miss Clothier.

"A professional dresser; a cloak model in good society. Beyond her clothes, what does she think, or know?"

"Mr. Clothier?"

"A professional gardener." He bowed to Helen. "I leave the decision to you whether, in the last ten years, your father has been more a broker or a gardener. "*I* say gardener. That's not his recreation—it is his life! He's a broker only in order to earn money to spend on his gardens, to buy more land, and to make more gardens——"

"That's right," said Starr. "He as much as told me that when he offered me——"

"Sam Atterbury?"

"A professional dancer."

"Myself?" queried Starr.

"You, whom they call 'Speedy,' " said Mr. Remsen, looking with great favor upon the tea-cart, "are, to the best of my knowledge and belief—and I know you very little—you are professionally what the French call a *rentier*——"

Blair laughed aloud; Miss Clothier questioned him mutely. "Loafer," he explained; and Miss Clothier turned her attention to the man who had spoken in French. "That wasn't nice," she reproved him.

Mr. Remsen gestured in a way to suggest that he was somehow shifting

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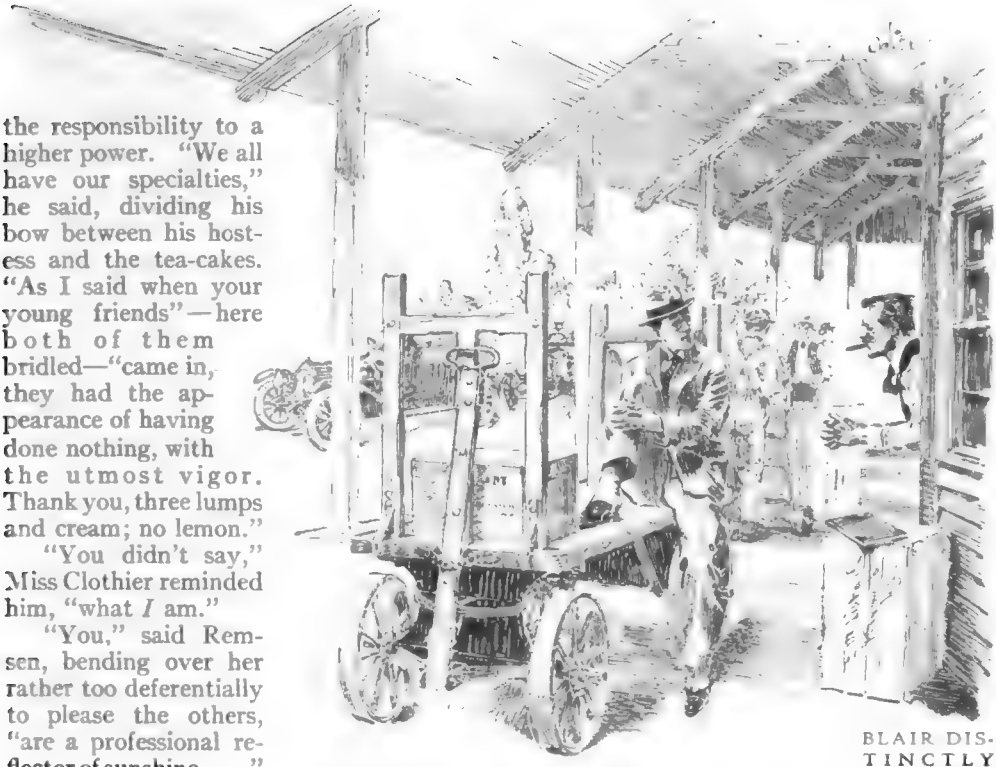

BLAIR DISTINCTLY HEARD THE OPERATOR CALL STARR BY HIS FIRST NAME.

the responsibility to a higher power. "We all have our specialties," he said, dividing his bow between his hostess and the tea-cakes. "As I said when your young friends"—here both of them bridled—"came in, they had the appearance of having done nothing, with the utmost vigor. Thank you, three lumps and cream; no lemon."

"You didn't say," Miss Clothier reminded him, "what *I* am."

"You," said Remsen, bending over her rather too deferentially to please the others, "are a professional reflector of sunshine——"

"And you?" said Blair, bluntly.

Mr. Remsen accepted his tea and stirred it. "I am an eclectic philosopher," he confessed placidly.

Starr's mouth was set to indicate a conscious control of his tongue. He further aided his will-power by sipping his tea, which was uncommonly hot.

"Mr. Remsen means, I suppose," said Miss Clothier, thoughtfully, "that what people *apparently* want in life isn't what they really do want after all."

"On the contrary," said Starr. "I think he means that what people appear to be doing as an end in itself is simply a means to something else."

"Exactly!" said Mr. Remsen, nodding like a schoolmaster. "Very well put."

"How about yourself, Speedy?" asked Blair. "Are you loafing as a means to something else?"

"Certainly—success."

"By resting?" queried Mr. Remsen, indulgently. "I never heard that you had—er—business connections."

"Success isn't always industrial," said Starr. "It might consist in peace of mind." He glanced toward Miss Clothier. "And it might consist in—in almost anything else. Success is what one *thinks* it is."

"To me," stated Remsen, watching her intently for signs of approval, "success means more than that. The term 'success' includes an ideal."

"Financial or patriotic?" asked Blair.

"Or moral?" added Starr.

"Perhaps," ventured Miss Clothier, "it's social."

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"All of them," included Remsen with another embracing gesture. "But in this order: patriotic, moral, social, and financial."

"Patriotism," said Starr, declining a third cake, "is the last refuge of a scoundrel—oh, don't all assault me at once! That isn't *my* remark; it's Dr. Johnson's! It's only an epigram."

"There *are* places," said Remsen, with the mitigation of a broad smile, "where the result of that comment would be an epitaph!"

"But not in Kenilworth!" said Miss Clothier, displaying some uneasiness.

"Fortunately not," agreed Remsen, dusting his hands and beaming at Starr. He suddenly became aware of the flight of time, and showed symptoms of wanting a change of venue. "I'm expecting a registered letter tonight," he said to Miss Clothier. "I wonder if I might be driven down to the post-office."

"Why, Michael will go for you."

"Michael can't sign for it; so if it's not too much trouble for you——"

"I'd take you down, but I can't bring you back," offered Blair. "I'll have to leave in a minute or two; it's right on my way."

"That's even better; I'll walk back for the exercise."

"You can perfectly well have a car, Mr. Remsen——"

He thanked her with great richness of gesture. "No, no; I'll go down with Blair. I really prefer it. Thank you, Blair; and you can identify me, if you will. I'll be back long before dinner, Helen."

"Coming, Speedy?" said Blair shortly.

"Not just yet; I'll walk down."

"All right. Very nice afternoon, Helen; good grub! Your cook's improving. Coming, Mr. Remsen?"

THE two departed, leaving the young man and the girl in the dimly lighted room. Outside a motor leaped into throbbing life; idled for a moment and purred smoothly out of hearing. Starr, who was between Miss Clothier and the windows, moved nearer to her, but into the shadows.

"Clever man, Mr. Remsen," he said reminiscently.

"Isn't he?"

"You must have known him a long time."

"Why?"

"Well, he *acts* as though you've known him a long time, doesn't he?"

"Oh! I see. Why, no, not very long, but he's so much older——"

"An old business friend of your father's?"

"Hardly more than an old business acquaintance. This is only the second time he's been here; father asked him for a week-end, and mother liked him, and father likes him better every day, and he was looking around for some place to spend the summer—so he's here indefinitely."

"He's a banker, isn't he?"

"He was once; I think he's retired now."

"Chasing ideals," said Starr, "and cataloguing the rest of us as professional loafers, or dancers, or what-not. It struck me as a little inconsistent."

"What makes you so curious about Mr. Remsen?" asked Miss Clothier, putting to flight with an imperative nod a servant who had innocently approached to turn a few electric switches.

"I don't—oh, nothing reasonable—that is, to you."

"I'm a very reasonable person," she said gaily.

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"Nevertheless," he insisted, "I'm afraid you wouldn't understand; or perhaps I'd better say you wouldn't like—the motive."

"Why don't you try me, and see?"

Starr got to his feet and walked a few paces toward the windows, turned abruptly, and came toward her. "I'm interested in him," he said, "because of his connection with other people I'm interested in—especially you!"

Miss Clothier also rose and stood facing him; a little breathless, but still very well poised, and very competent to manage her own visible emotions. "Me?" she said. "I'm afraid you were right, Mr. Starr. I don't quite understand that."

"If I should tell you what's in my mind this minute, you wouldn't believe me; you wouldn't think it possible. I've known you, oh—by comparison, no time at all—a month—surely not more. But during that month——"

She put out her hand impulsively. "Please, Mr. Starr."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I wish you—wouldn't go on—not now—please."

He stared at her in blank amazement.

"It *is* a short time," she said, "and yet, these things don't always depend on that. I—I honestly didn't know you'd be so precipitate; it wasn't fair of me to ask that question of you. No! Let *me* talk! Please don't say any more now. I can't let you tell me yet what you were going to tell me. We don't know each other well enough for that yet; we can be ever such good friends, you know—I—I want to be; and by and by——"

"Yes," he echoed, still staring at her, "by and by——"

"Let's wait!" She came to him without the slightest tremor or mawkish

REMSEN ACCEPTED HIS TEA, AND STIRRED IT. "I AM AN ECLECTIC PHILOSOPHER," HE CONFESSED PLACIDLY.

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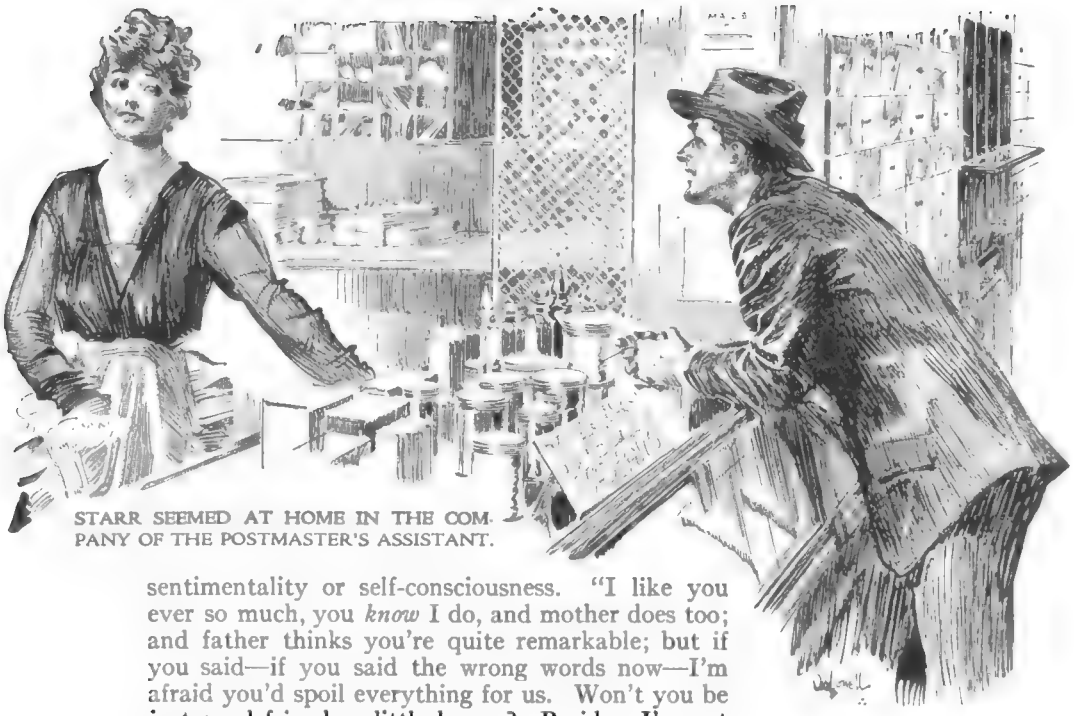

STARR SEEMED AT HOME IN THE COMPANY OF THE POSTMASTER'S ASSISTANT.

sentimentality or self-consciousness. "I like you ever so much, you *know* I do, and mother does too; and father thinks you're quite remarkable; but if you said—if you said the wrong words now—I'm afraid you'd spoil everything for us. Won't you be just good friends a little longer? Besides, I'm not certain I do care for you yet."

He caught desperately at the obvious. "There's some one else?"

"Yes," she said frankly, "there *is* some one else."

From the gradation of color on their respective faces it might have seemed that their positions in the matter were reversed: the embarrassment was all on Starr's side; while the girl was as stoic as all brave men would hope to be under the given circumstances.

"It's—it's Remsen!" said Starr huskily. Miss Clothier was guiltily silent; the man looked down at her and bit his lip. "All right," he said finally. "Thank you for telling me—I'll be as conservative as you want me to."

"Have I hurt you?" she asked, resting her hand on his arm. "I only wanted you to know the truth. I don't believe in subterfuges!"

"You've hurt me, but not in the way you think. I didn't realize I was being too hasty; I'm afraid I've given you a bad impression of me——"

"Oh, *no!* If we can go on as good friends——"

"Your friendship is what I want most in the world—now," said Starr. He took both her hands and shook them warmly. "And I doubt if any other girl I ever knew would have talked to me like this. I'm more grateful than I can tell you. Then—good-by."

"Good-by—Irving," she said. "And I think you know me as well as Mr. Remsen does!"

"Thank you again," said Starr soberly. "Good-by, Helen."

Once in the open air he paused on the flagstones to inhale deeply and to let his personality expand. He felt emotionally worn; he had all the sensations of relief and satisfaction, of intense pleasure and of righteous chastening which so often accompany an exit from a delicate situation. He had

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been startled, flattered, shocked; he wasn't sure that he had been a credit to his own intelligence, or to his breeding. Miss Clothier—Helen——

"Oh, there's no use talking!" he said to himself. "She's a *wonder!*"

He set off briskly down the Station Road; he had gone a scant quarter mile when ahead of him he saw, pushing steadily up the grade, a familiar figure. As the men came abreast, both slackened their pace, and when they had barely passed each other, involuntarily halted, and turned about.

"Mr. Remsen?"

"Mr. Starr? Speedy, if I may say so?"

Starr went a quick step toward him. "Preferably not! I don't like your tone of voice when you say it, Mr. Remsen."

"So?" The other man laughed silently. "My dear young friend, don't you know that you're being very rude to one who's older, and perhaps more experienced than you are?"

"It seems to be perfectly even at that," said Starr.

"Oh, I differ from you; I differ entirely! You've forgotten what you said at tea. I think you quoted Dr. Johnson."

"I'll stand by anything I've said."

Remsen, who overtopped the younger man by half a head, smiled grimly down at him. "One of these days you'll find it necessary, young sir!"

"I'll take my chance," said Starr, also taking care that the corners of his mouth curved upward. "According to your diagnosis, I'm a professional loafer. Very well—is there any objection to my stating that my diagnosis of you is that you're a professional fortune-hunter?"

"Oh!" said Mr. Remsen, never losing his smile. "I begin to see! Quite medieval, isn't it? I'm correct in assuming some opposition?"

"Not in your particular field," said Starr. "But in general—yes!"

Mr. Remsen's cheekbones bulged significantly. "Better and better! —You have a smattering of the classics, I take it. You've read Johnson; perhaps you've also read an old proverb concerning what's fair——"

"Yes," said Starr deliberately, "in love—and in war."

"And you subscribe to that—also?"

"Absolutely!"

"In that case," said Remsen, bowing with a gross exaggeration of courtesy, "the understanding is mutual. I am indebted to you. Good evening."

"One moment!"

"I shall have to be excused. As it is, I'm a trifle late."

"NEVER mind that! All I want to say is that whether this is catch-as-catch-can or not, one of us has got to get outside of Kenilworth inside of thirty days. Is that clear?"

"Not *too* clear. Is it a promise, or a threat?"

"Neither; it's a statement of fact. One of us is going to get out. I'm advising you to make your plans correspondingly."

"And where shall you go next?"

Starr chuckled. "I have my itinerary, thank you. Just confirm yours, will you?"

Remsen glanced at him malevolently. "You're a very impertinent and a very foolhardy young man! The next time you address any similar impertinence to me, whether it's within thirty seconds or thirty days, you won't be able to leave Kenilworth until you're discharged from the hospital! Is *that* clear?" He whirled about and strode angrily up the gentle hill.

Starr followed him with his eyes until the bulky figure, silhouetted against

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a lonely road lamp, merged into the velvet vignettes of the rocks and trees. Then, shrugging his shoulders diffidently, he resumed his brisk walk in the direction of the Inn.

ONE of the most notable attributes of Mr. Starr was his facility in making friends among all classes; and those in Kenilworth who liked him least were specially sensible of his greater freedom of speech and his greater familiarity with those of inferior rather than those of exalted degree. And indubitably it was a poor compliment to some of his hosts and hostesses that he was less at ease in their company than in that of the postmaster's assistant, for example, or in that of the employees at the railroad station.

Unquestionably his relations with Helen Clothier were seriously affected when one afternoon, after excusing himself from attendance at her house for tea, he was seen by a dozen people, including Mr. Remsen, sitting on a baggage-truck at the Central Depot, swinging his feet, and exchanging solecisms with the telegraph operator,

He said in extenuation that he had felt ill, and in need of air; that he had gone out for a constitutional and stopped to bandy words with the operator, who had a sense of humor unexcelled in the county. But later in the same afternoon Starr was interrupted in a compromising flirtation with that very pretty girl in the post-office, and for this it was hard to forgive him. Even his friend Blair said that it was, at the minimum, indiscreet; and Miss Clothier, who had her information from Remsen, wasn't exactly indignant —her nature wouldn't permit that!—but she was wounded in her pride, and disappointed in Starr's taste.

"It isn't that a gentleman isn't kind to *all* people," she said to her mother; "but he doesn't need to be *attentive!* And I'd asked him to tea! That's what distresses me!"

"And that's the worst of not knowing a young man's grandparents," said Mrs. Clothier.

"Well, for that matter, we didn't know Mr. Remsen's grandparents!"

"No," conceded her mother, "but then, we know who they *were;* and to judge from Mr. Remsen, they must have been people of birth and distinction!"

So that Starr, when he next called at the Anglicized house on the hill, found that he had dropped back to second or third place, and very far back. He came as near to quarreling with Helen as her sweetness of disposition would allow, and when he left her he must have known that a breach was widening between them.

He had encountered Remsen on several occasions; they were abnormally polite to each other; but Blair, who hated this sort of armed neutrality almost as much as he did open warfare, told Starr that he ought to go into battery formation.

"Confound his nerve!" said Blair. "*I* don't know what they see in him! Oh, he's respectable enough to the family. I suppose the girls think he's Faversham and Jeffries and Chesterfield all put together; but if he spoke to me the way he does to you, Speedy, I'd lam him one!"

"He'd ruin you, Jimmy," said Starr, laughing.

"Well, he wouldn't *you!* If you ever hit him in earnest the way I think you can—by the way you go at me in the gym for fun—he'd cave in like a busted paper bag! And if I were in your place, I'd do it!"

"No excuse for that," said Starr. "But—there've been times when I'd have done it for less than sixty cents—cash."

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"May I be there to see!" said Blair piously. But although he and one or two others of the younger set, and Mr. Clothier always were amazingly loyal to young Mr. Starr, it was very evident that that meteoric career mentioned above, was approaching the natural and inevitable end of all meteors, which is eventual oblivion.

And in an incredibly short space of time it became increasingly difficult for Blair and those one or two others to remain quite logical in their defense of Starr. For instance, they had to stretch their own imagination to the breaking-point in order to justify his apparent sulkiness under criticism. They had to make implied apologies for his conduct in rather patent contempt of public opinion. They had to tell Starr to his face that if he continued to loiter around the post-office, exchanging amiable nothings with the pretty assistant, they wouldn't be responsible for the consequences. They had to tell him that only young men whose ancestors even unto the third and fourth generation were personally known to the trustees of Kenilworth society could afford to mingle openly with the lower classes.

To these evidences of interest and friendship, Starr listened soberly; and very sincerely he thanked his informers. He had always been, he said, a close student of human nature; he loved the poor working-man; but it was news to him that his activities in the immediate neighborhood of the Kenilworth station had attracted adverse comment. He was unutterably chagrined. In future, he said, he would behave more circumspectly.

"I'm telling you all this," said Blair, after listening to Starr's promises, "chiefly because you're geting in worse and worse with a certain person we both know, and unless you change your tactics mighty blamed soon——"

"Jimmy," said Starr gently, "you're a damned hypocrite!"

"What?"

"You're a hypocrite, Jimmy; and I'm proud to know you. When I say 'hypocrite,' I mean that you're going against your own grain; you're telling me facts that you ought not to tell me; you're deliberately misleading me——"

"Speedy, I——"

"Listen a minute, Jimmy! You can't pull the wool over *my* eyes! The trouble with you is that you're too generous; a thousand times too generous! I've made up my own mind I know what you want in your young life! Why, the worse I get myself in with some people we both know, so much better for you! Don't dispute me. It won't do any good! I've put two and two together; and still you come to me and try to help *me*. You're a hypocrite with respect to yourself, Jimmy, not to me."

"Well," said Blair, very red, "just because I'm a competitor of yours doesn't mean that I've got to be a pirate!"

"THAT'S all right. I can see clear through you, Jim Blair! If you ever get what you deserve, you'll get the best there is. Shake and forget it!"

"Let it go at that, but you cut out studying human nature anywhere west of the Inn. Get that?"

Starr professed to get it, but it wasn't more than forty-eight hours before his friend, coursing past the station in his big red runabout, saw him on the platform leaning through an open window, and talking familiarly with the operator, and as Blair stopped the car with an angry jerk he distinctly heard the operator call Starr by his first name.

"Speedy!" said Blair.

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The dimming meteorite turned and waved his hand. "I'll be with you in a second——"

"Starr, I *want* you!"

The two men at the window spoke another sentence or two, and grinned at each other; Starr came hurrying across the planking.

"Hello, Jimmy; by the same token I want *you!*"

"You short-sighted idiot! Get in here!"

"Where are you bound?"

"Clothiers'."

"Good! That's where I'm going."

Blair changed to second speed, then to high. "Speedy, you haven't the intelligence of a longshoreman!"

"Some day you'll take that back, old man."

"No, I won't."

"I'd gamble on it, but never mind. There's one thing I've got to ask you: when we get up here, will you let me have fifteen minutes alone? There's going to be a show-down."

Blair smiled queerly. "Anything you say, old man; even if I'm driving the hearse at my own funeral."

"Nothing like that; but you do go the limit for your friends, don't you?"

"Might as well be sportsmanlike about it," said Blair, swinging the car into the paved courtyard. "It's all part of the game."

The new butler told them that Miss Clothier and Mr. Remsen were on the easterly terrace. Starr motioned to his companion. "No chance now," he said. "Come on with me." Together they passed through the great living-room, and through the glass doors to the loggia, cool and green with potted palms. At a distance, on the square terrace, enclosed by a low wall of stones and shaded by giant oaks, they saw Helen and Remsen sitting with a little wicker tea-table between them, and as the two men paused momentarily, they saw what neither had thought to exist outside the comic papers—they saw Remsen, in all his courtly dignity, drop upon one knee.

BLAIR caught the younger man by the arm. "Stop!" he commanded. "Hold on, old boy This isn't any of our business!"

Starr tore himself free. "Of course it is! Let go, Jimmy! Let go!"

Blair clutched at him desperately. "Speedy, *it isn't fair!* Haven't you got any sense of decency? Get back here, or I'll brain you!"

He was too late. The pair on the terrace started, glanced toward the house; Remsen, still in full possession of his dignity, got to his feet; Starr advanced steadily. His friend, shaking with horror at the fearful anti-climax, followed limply. Miss Clothier, pale, and with pupils dilated, stood up and leaned against the garden chair for support. The quartet formed a perfect square; there was a period of awful silence.

"I beg your pardon," said Starr, in the shy manner and with the boyish flush which had made his nickname such an amusing paradox, "but some things simply *have* to be done, and this is one of them. I—I'm terribly sorry if I've interrupted anything."

"You have," said Mr. Remsen frigidly.

"Would you mind"—he was addressing Helen—"if Mr. Remsen and I have a few minutes' private conversation? I'm ever so sorry, but it's really important, before the 6:10 leaves."

The girl's voice, when it came, was almost inaudible. "Don't you think —you're adding a little too much—to your *other* social blunders, Mr. Starr?"

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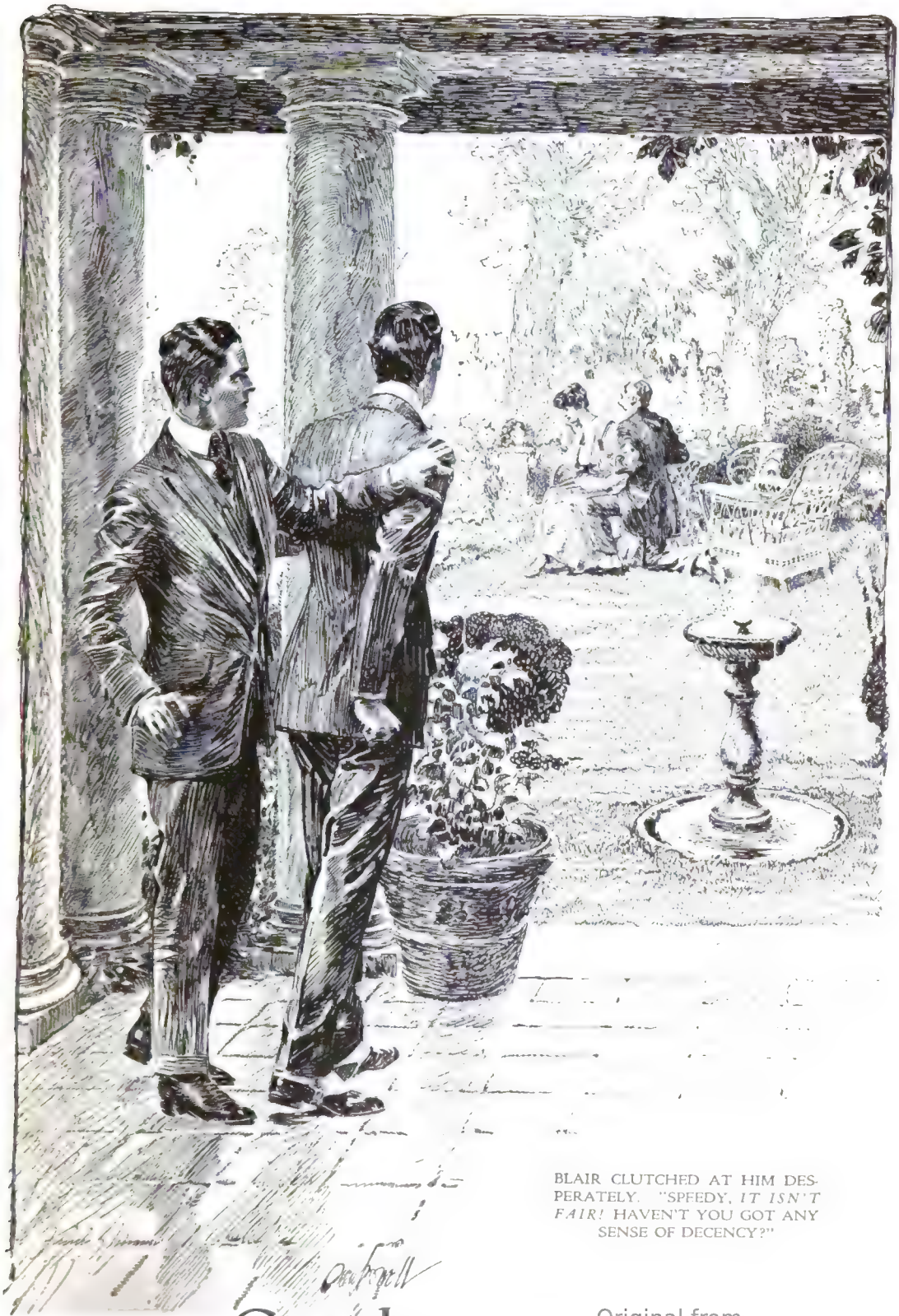

BLAIR CLUTCHED AT HIM DESPERATELY. "SPEEDY, *IT ISN'T FAIR!* HAVEN'T YOU GOT ANY SENSE OF DECENCY?"

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Remsen looked at her. "May I tell this young man, in your name, that his presence is—er—unwelcome?"

With her eyes fixed on Mr. Starr, Miss Clothier nodded.

"Come on, old man," said Blair, horrified. "Let's get out of here. Speedy, won't you listen to common sense? Helen——"

"*No!* Mr. Remsen, are you coming into that house with me for five minutes, or aren't you?"

The big man loomed up threateningly in Starr's very face. "I am *not*. And, moreover, you heard what Miss Clothier said! You've overshot your mark for once. I told you you would! If this weren't before *her*—unless you display some of the instincts of a gentleman inside of ten seconds, *and start*—I'll have the pleasure of——"

"Helen, let me talk to him for five minutes!"

"I've nothing to say to *you* in private!" stormed Remsen.

"But you have. And the 6:10 leaves in an hour——"

"Speedy! *Won't* you listen to me?"

"Don't argue, Jimmy; there isn't any time for that! If he won't go peaceably——"

"Go!" said Remsen. "Go peaceably! What do you mean by that?"

"You won't let me talk with you alone?"

"No!"

"Then, I'm sorry." He looked helplessly at Helen. "This is the last time I'll ask you——"

"You get off these premises!" said Remsen. "You heard what Miss Clothier said, didn't you? Get off, or I'll *put* you off!"

"SIT down!" said Starr. Behind him, his friend Blair drew in his breath sharply. The big house-guest boiled over, his open hand went back, and Starr went forward. To those who, stunned, watched him, there was something marvelously efficient in his procedure—something which held their attention to more than the demolition of social customs of gentility, of the common conventions of life in the grounds of another, in the presence of a lady. The David's arms went out like lightning; the Goliath who would have slapped his cheek, was suddenly pinned and helpless; his eyes blazed homicide; his muscles strained impotently; gradually he retreated step by step, until the chair he had just quitted barred his further progress, and he sat down very hard.

"I said, 'sit down!' " Starr looked with abject apology toward Miss Clothier. "Jiu-jits'," he commented. "I—I wouldn't have used it if he hadn't tried to hit me. I beg your pardon."

"Mr. Starr, will you kindly—leave? At *once?* Or shall I ring——"

Starr slowly raised his hand to the lapel of his coat, and turned it over. A belated ray of the setting sun flashed bravely back from the dull surface of precious metal, and flashed into Remsen's eyes.

"Shall she ring, Remsen?" he asked under his breath. But already the brazen summons shivered the air; across the loggia stalked the new butler. At sight of reinforcements Mr. Remsen leaped out of the chair, and Miss Clothier's cheek showed a sudden flame of hectic color.

"Simpkins," she said, her voice trembling, "show Mr. Starr the door——"

"Billy," said Starr to the imperturbable butler, "take Mr. Remsen indoors and watch him while he packs a suit-case, will you? Remsen, you're under arrest to the Federal Government."

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And to the stark amazement of Jimmy Blair, and to the complete consternation of Miss Clothier, Mr. Remsen, regarding first the countenance of Starr and then that of the butler, who was fingering his own lapel suggestively, all at once seemed to sink within himself. His mouth opened and closed weakly. He made an effort to gather himself together, failed miserably, and his face went dead white. On the verge of collapse, he stumbled toward Simpkins; the butler took his arm without a word; they went across to the loggia, through the avenue of potted palms, and so disappeared.

Blair put a nerveless hand on Starr's sleeve. "Old man," he stammered.

Starr shook him off. Miss Clothier was leaning yet more heavily upon the supporting withes, and Starr's anxiety for her was of the utmost.

"HELEN," he said, "I'm sorry—sorry! But it couldn't be done any other way. I know what a cad I must seem to you—and Jimmy—but it couldn't be helped! I don't dare to hope you'll ever forgive me. You see, I've been up here all these months to watch Remsen. It was only an hour ago that I had my orders to bring him to New York to-night. Finding him here made it easier in one way, but harder in another. Jimmy'll tell you that I was looking for you first; I was going to tell *you*—tell you before I told him—I was going to do the hardest work first. I—I'm not a professional loafer. I'm a professional worker! I do special work—I ought not to say this, but Jimmy knows it now, anyway—for the Treasury Department."

"Secret Service!" said Blair, aghast.

Starr nodded. "In a manner of speaking, yes. I'm only a sort of volunteer, though. The regulars fell down so hard on the job that they wanted a new type of sleuth-hound, and I thought I'd like to take a long vacation and try my hand out. That's all. Ordinarily, I'm what they call an assistant secretary in the Department."

Miss Clothier's lips formed the word, "Remsen."

"It'll be in the papers to-morrow. He's been financing strikes in munition plants. He's a professional fomenter. We've been trailing him for a year. Your father doesn't know it, of course. It was a wonderfully lucky accident for Remsen to be invited to make his headquarters here. Who *would* have suspected him? Only I was lucky, too—and—and lucky enough to pick a quarrel with him a month ago so that he thought everything I did was personal on that account. I was *awfully* lucky! Otherwise, as a stranger, it might have been impossible. But I've seen all his correspondence——"

"Oh!" said Blair, with awakening intelligence. "The—the girl at the post-office and the operator——"

"Exactly. And Mr. Clothier's butler, and a lot of other people you don't dream about; they're agents of the Department." He turned to Blair. "Jimmy, can I have those few moments I mentioned——"

"Certainly," said Blair, walking away.

When he was out of range, Starr assisted Miss Clothier to a seat, and sat down himself. "Now," he said, with an alarming break in his voice, "comes the worst of all. You'll think this is pretty crude, and I guess it is, but you ought to know the truth. Do you remember that day when you first told me I could call you 'Helen'? And you said there was somebody else? I was desperately afraid it was Remsen, and besides I—I wasn't going to say what you thought I intended to that day. I was only going to try to get some more information about him from you. And then it occurred to me that if Remsen thought that he and I were rivals, you know, that would be

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the very greatest protection I could have. Then he'd interpret everything I did according to a different motive. You see, we have to forget now and then our own personal ideals, and figure that everything's fair in war; so I let Remsen think that, and Jimmy, and then once or twice I deliberately let little misunderstandings come between us, because, of course, Remsen would be so satisfied to have got ahead of me that he wouldn't pay any attention to me, and I could work all the more easily.

"And then again I realized that if you knew what I really am, you probably wouldn't ever have—have let me even come to see you. And furthermore, there was Jimmy! And last, there was your father. He seemed to like me so much that while I was doing all these brutal things he offered me a place in his own firm—office manager. And I'm tired of under-secretaryship in a big department—it was attractive! Not the money—that doesn't matter much; I have a sort of income of my own anyway—but the companionship. Perhaps you can imagine what a cad I felt; and then all at once I felt infinitely worse, because in an instant I loved you, as I do now. I don't know when it began, but I loved you! And yet—if—after you know what I've done and why—if you want me to go away, and not come back, I can go, because I understand how all this must seem to you, and because Jimmy Blair is the best friend I ever had in my life."

He stopped; on the loggia appeared Remsen, carrying a heavy suit-case; and the tall, powerful "butler" in a pepper-and-salt. Starr motioned peremptorily; the pair withdrew.

"I've got to go in town now—I've *got* to take Remsen in," he said. "It's my last duty—but—I may come back? If I do come, Helen—if you let me—it'll be my final call as a man in the Service; it'll be as a prospective son-in-law of your father, and his associate in business, too. And if I don't," he smiled faintly, "I couldn't blame anybody for loving Jimmy," he said, "or for wanting you; because I do both."

She put out her hand to him; he was suddenly aware that she was crying. "But—you—you d-don't seem to t-think," she sobbed, "that I loved *you* —*all* the time!"

EVEN in his exalted glory, and in the reluctant recognition that his path of duty, for the evening at least, stretched toward the city and the Federal authorities, he didn't neglect to dash down to the lower lawn, where he came upon Jimmy Blair, nervously pacing the routine course of the caged animal.

"Jimmy!"

Blair halted.

"Are we still friends, Jimmy, or are you through?"

The other man looked at him, and all at once went white. "Friends, old boy," he said quickly. "You don't need to go into particulars. I've got eyes. Good work! I saw it coming. There's only one thing——"

"Yes?"

Blair's grasp was nerve-crushing. "You've beaten me four ways from the jack, Speedy. I mean to square accounts with you. I want there to be *one* occasion when you'll admit yourself that I'm the—the best man! That's at your wedding." He looked away; when his eyes returned to Starr's they were dimly smiling. "I *knew* that nickname was a good one," he said. "A speedy start and a speedy finish, and you knocked out two opponents in the same round. Come on up to the house. I want to be the first to wish her happiness."

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WAR-SONGS

By BRANDER MATTHEWS

WHEN our days are filled with wars and rumors of wars, and when our nights only give us leisure to reckon up the immeasurable losses of this mightiest of conflicts, it is inevitable that we should ask ourselves if there is not to be some compensation somewhere, "when the tumult and the shouting dies, when the captains and the kings depart."

The nations have been profoundly stirred by passion; and the souls of men have been lifted up by gazing fearlessly into the eyes of death. After peace returns to the world, will this emotional upheaval make itself felt in a sturdier outflowering of the seven arts? Shall we have nobler statues in the gentler years of the next generation, finer pictures, and poems of a more piercing appeal? There has been incessant loss of many of the things which make life worth living; and is there to be no gain? Can we not hope that art, at least, the essence of which is communicable emotion, will profit by the present purging of the heart of man?

These questions are easy to put, and they are impossible to answer.

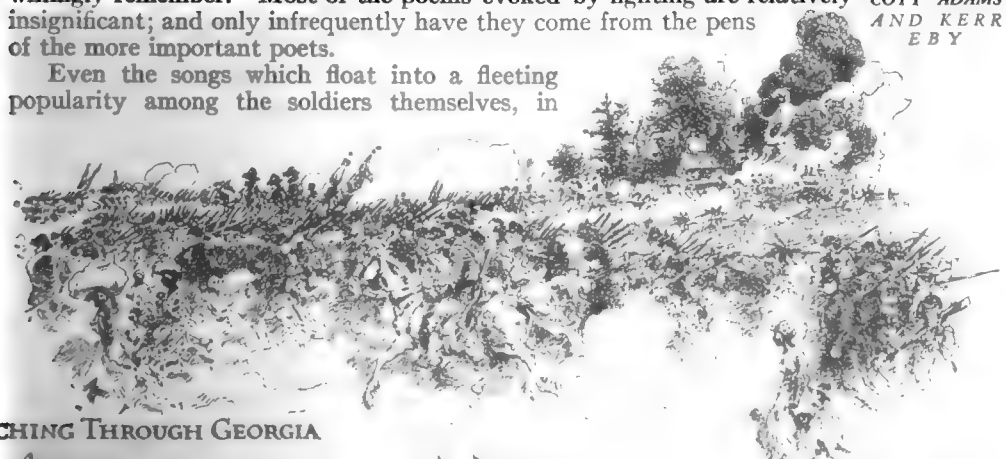
Yet if we may gage the future from observation of the past we can not but doubt whether this war is likely to bring about a revivifying and reinvigorating of the arts and of letters. No fruitful revival has ever accompanied or followed the great wars which have preceded this greatest of wars. In fact, history teaches us that wars, whether long or short, seem to have no favorable influence upon the development and expansion of the arts.

An *un*favorable influence every war is likely to have, if it destroys the prosperity of a people and deprives it of the leisure and of the accumulated wealth which alone make possible the flourishing of most of the beautiful things that delight the mind and nourish the soul of mankind.

There is no reason to suppose that any exuberance will characterize the lyric, which is more likely to find its keenest stimulus while the combat is still raging. Yet it is a curious fact that in no literature, ancient or modern, is its war-poetry of commanding importance. The long years of the Napoleonic campaigns, when all Europe was a shifting battlefield incessantly drenched in blood, brought forth few martial lyrics which we now willingly remember. Most of the poems evoked by fighting are relatively insignificant; and only infrequently have they come from the pens of the more important poets.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS AND KERR EBY

Even the songs which float into a fleeting popularity among the soldiers themselves, in



MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

Bring the good old bugle, boys! we'll sing another song—

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camp or on the march, are likely to be tinkling trivialities, inferior both in words and in music, achieving a success as ephemeral as it is accidental. What was there, for example, either in the verses or in the tune of "Tipperary" to justify its sudden vogue? Why should the equally insignificant words and music of "Yankee Doodle" be our only legacy from the Revolutionary War? There was a quaint simplicity in the humble quatrains, it is true, but little more; and the air to which they were set had long been popular in Great Britain, being at least as old as the "Beggar's Opera." "Yankee Doodle" is a sorry specimen of a national anthem, since its tune is imported even if the verse is homespun.

And our legacy from the war of 1812, the "Star-Spangled Banner," is almost equally unworthy of elevation to the dignity of a racial hymn; and its stirring stanzas, even if they were of domestic manufacture, were also set to music imported from the island-home of our kin across the sea, then and for the last time our foemen.

The rollicking notes of "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," intertwine themselves with the fading memories of our brief war with Spain; and this unpretending popular song, with its catchy melody, had a flavor of the soil. It had a something which we could recognize as characteristically American. The titles of "The Star-Spangled Banner," and of "A Hot Time in the Old Town," were a constant surprise to the none too friendly newspapers of France and Germany; and I recall the sedate gravity with which a leading Parisian journal announced the entry of the American troops into Manila after the surrender of the Filipino capital, the regimental bands playing the two national hymns of the United States, "*La bannière remplie d'étoiles*," and "*Il fera chaud dans la vieille ville ce soir*."

These successive songs of war time were none of them fairly to be called war-songs. In the four long years of the Civil War we were fortunate in the birth of at least one genuine war-song, in addition to half a dozen more or less satisfactory ballads of the battle days.

There was a cheery dash in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again," for which we are indebted to Pat Gilmore. There was a brisk liveliness in "The Battle-cry of Freedom," of George F. Root—as there was an unstudied pathos in the same author-composer's "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," which must have comforted hundreds and thousands of Northern captives in Southern prison-pens. There was a triumphant animation in "Babylon is Fallen," of which both words and music were due to Henry C. Work, even better remembered now as the author-composer of "Marching Through Georgia," perhaps the most ringing and swinging of all the songs of the Civil War.

It is greatly to be regretted that the words of "Marching Through Georgia" lack distinction; they have no more literary merit than we may expect in a mere "popular song;" yet they serve to carry the tune—and the tune is well worth carrying. It has a captivating rhythm; and our feet step out to it irresistibly. It is equally to be regretted that the historic event which Work's lyric commemorates has left rankling memories among the descendants of those who suffered from its consequences; and as a result the notes of this brisk air are not welcomed by Southern ears.

Now and again, even at this late day, we can catch echoes of the old war-time bitterness against the leader of the march to the sea—a bitterness which found humorous expression in the remark of a Southern lady when she came to the Fifth Avenue

BABYLON IS FALLEN !

Don't you see de black clouds Risin' ober yonder,

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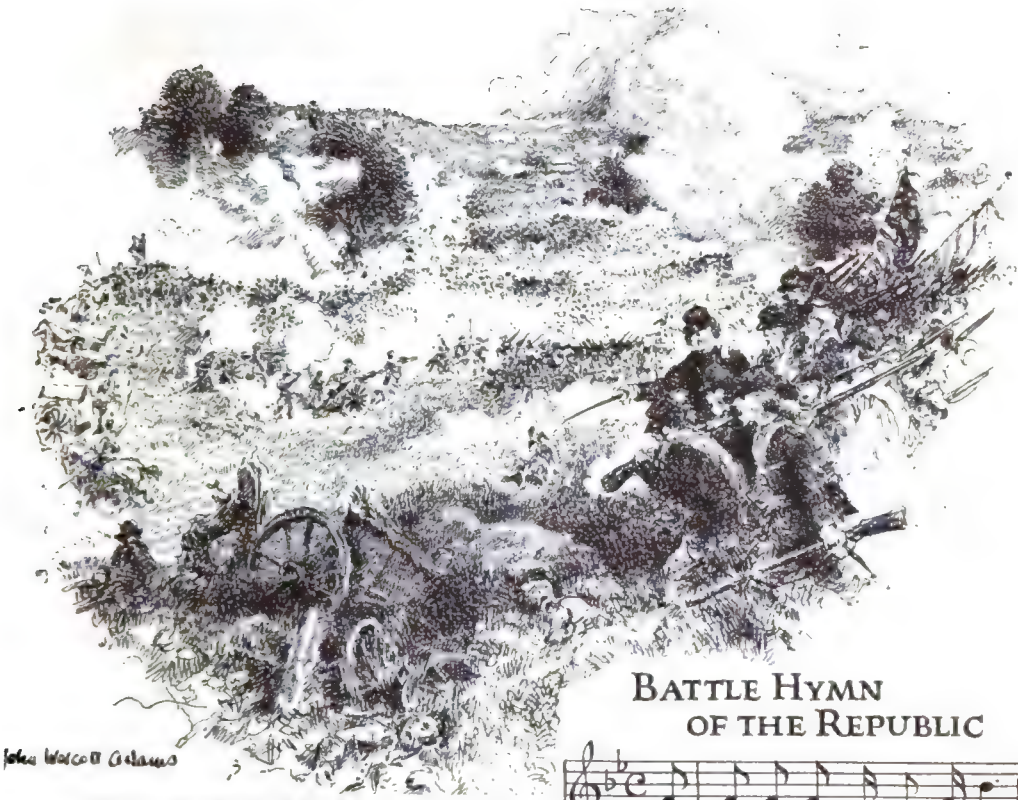
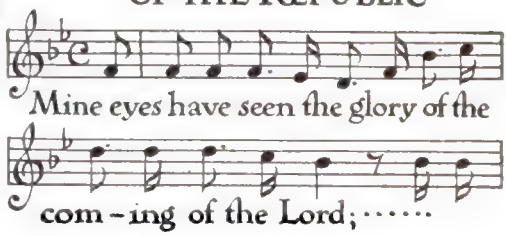


BATTLE HYMN
OF THE REPUBLIC



entrance to Central Park and beheld for the first time Saint-Gaudens's noble equestrian statue of the great soldier, with Victory going on before: "Isn't that just like General Sherman—to let the woman walk!"

The mightiest of our war-songs is "John Brown's Body," ennobled by Julia Ward Howe into the "Battle Hymn of the Republic":

> Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
> He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
> He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
> His truth is marching on.

The origin of "John Brown's Body" is obscure; and it seems to have evolved itself almost by an act of spontaneous generation, like the so-called "negro spirituals" and like the folk-songs of primitive peoples. It has been traced back to an improvised camp-meeting tune, fitted with rude words during the electoral campaign of 1860 which resulted in seating Lincoln in the presidential chair. When the war broke out a few months later, it was taken up by the Webster Regiment, the Twelfth Massachusetts; and from these troops it soon spread to all the Union soldiers.

In my early boyhood I saw scores of regiments pass my father's house in New York, on their way from the West and the East to the South. I

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recall distinctly the passing of one regiment, a thousand strong, loggers from the Maine lumber-camps, stalwart fellows, every man over six feet. As they marched sturdily in the fresh fairness of a spring morning they were singing "John Brown's Body," with the original words, direct and unadorned:

John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
But his soul is marching on!

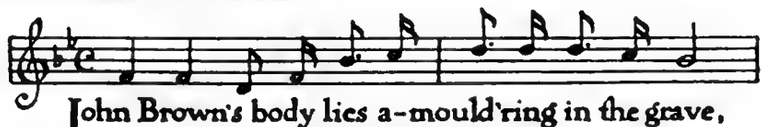
The massive simplicity of the tune made me feel as though I were listening to the beating of mighty trip-hammers, forging weapons for the good fight. And I recall also that in the following fall I saw that regiment return, a scant three hundred, worn and weary veterans, having left their comrades in the deadly swamps of Virginia.

Whatever one side or the other might say about it then, while the Civil War was actually raging, we can none of us doubt now that the exciting cause of the four years struggle was slavery. The "irrepressible conflict" was to decide whether the Declaration of Independence was justified in asserting that every man has an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and it was the stern resolve to rid the country of slavery that inspired the armies of the Union. So it was inevitable that the John Brown song, which was essentially an anti-slavery lyric, should rise unbidden to the lips of the soldiers at the moment of victory after bitter battle.

IN HIS memoirs Carl Schurz recalls one example of this spontaneous outburst. At Gettysburg, after the repulse of Pickett's charge, there were long minutes of dreadful doubt as to whether the assault had been beaten back finally: "But on our left, the struggle, which from the cemetery we could not see, still continued. We could only hear a furious din which seemed to be stationary. Could it be that the rebels were breaking our lines? . . . At last, looking again at the field which had been traversed by the splendid host of assailants, we saw, first, little driblets, then larger numbers, and finally huge swarms of men in utter disorder hurrying back the way they had come, and then soon after in hot pursuit clouds of blue-coated skirmishers from our front, rushing in from both sides, firing and capturing prisoners. This spectacle could have but one meaning. The great attack had failed disastrously. That magnificent column that had so proudly advanced upon us was not only defeated but well-nigh annihilated. A deep sigh of relief wrung itself from every breast. Then tremendous cheers arose along the Union lines, and here and there the men began to sing: 'John Brown's Body.' The song swept weirdly over the bloody field."

Before Mrs. Howe was inspired to write her sonorous and apocalyptic lines, Henry Howard Brownell had sought to give a more literary form to the original words; and many years later William Morris was moved to set his "Song of the Workers" to the same simple and strenuous tune. But it is with Mrs. Howe's lines that the air is now best known; and it was thus that Mr. Rudyard Kipling introduced it in the final pages of his "Light That Failed." He explained to me once that he felt forced to take the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," as nothing else would serve his purpose: "I had to have the biggest thing there was!"

In the armies of the South the soldiers were strangely addicted to the singing of "Lorena," although why the dismal and doleful strains of this soon-forgotten ballad should have attracted them it is now impossible to say.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

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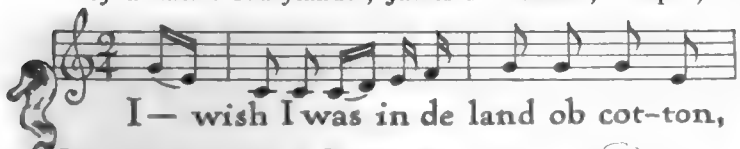
Yet Mr. Cable assured me once that "Lorena" was "by all odds, the song nearest the Confederate soldier's heart;" never ousted even by the rattling cheerfulness of "Dixie," or by the more stately appeal of "Maryland, My Maryland."

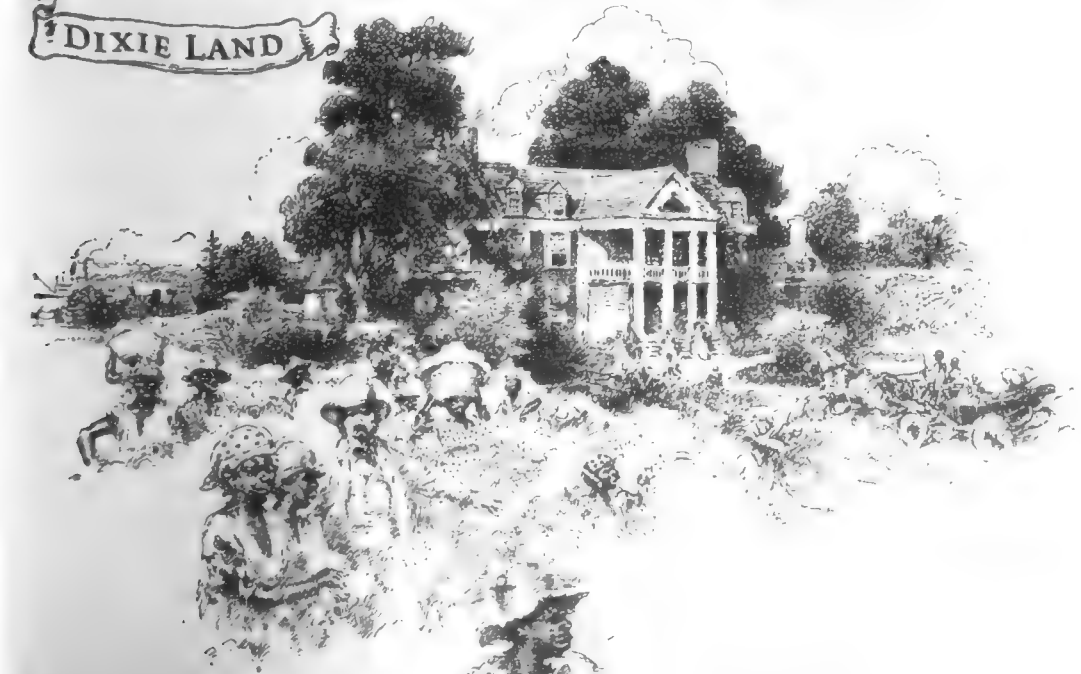
To-day, more than half a century after Appomattox, "Dixie" emerges as the typical lyric of the Lost Cause. It had been improvised in 1859, by Dan Emmett, as a "walk-around" to end the first part of Dan Bryant's minstrels; and in the fall of 1860, Mrs. John Wood sang it at New Orleans, in John Brougham's burlesque of "Pocahontas," so that it was ready to be taken up by the Louisiana regiments the following spring. Just as "John Brown's Body" spread at once from a Massachusetts regiment throughout the Union Army, so "Dixie" wandered swiftly from these Louisiana regiments to all the other Confederate soldiers; and as Brownell and Mrs. Howe had written new lines to the old tune, so Albert Pike provided a more dignified set of words for "Dixie," although they never succeeded in supplanting Emmett's unpretending verses.

It was characteristic of Lincoln's broad-mindedness—and of his far-sightedness also—that when the forces of the Union entered Richmond at last after four years of hard fighting, he ordered the bands to play "Dixie," explaining that as we had captured the Southern capital, we had also taken possession of the Southern tune. And to-day, half a century after we clasped hands across the bloody chasm, "Dixie" is as popular in the North as it is in the South.

"Dixie" and "John Brown's Body" were alike in that words and music came into being together; "Maryland, My Maryland," resembles rather "The Star-Spangled Banner," in that the lyric was composed with no thought of music, being set later to an air already familiar. The lines were written by a native Marylander, James R. Randall, in April, 1861, when he was in Louisiana, where he got news of the attack on the Massachusetts



DIXIE LAND



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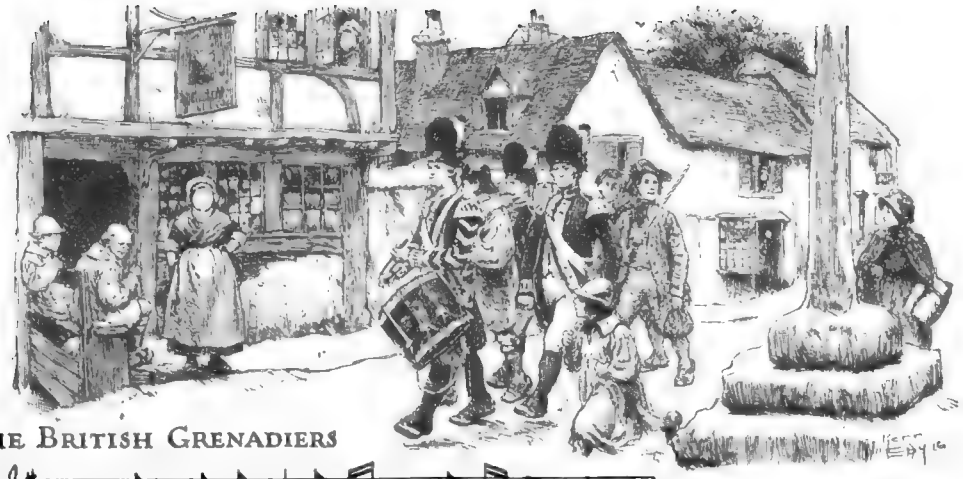
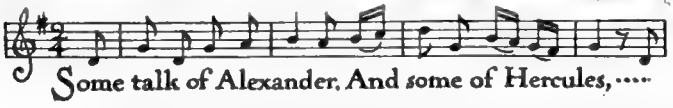


THE BRITISH GRENADIERS

troops passing through Baltimore. The lyric was dashed off in a single night—"in what may be called a conflagration of the senses, if not an inspiration of the intellect," as the poet once described it to me. He sent it to the New Orleans *Delta*, from which it was copied by papers in all parts of the South.

A few days after it had been written it was read by a group of young ladies in Richmond at the moment when they were arranging a glee club concert, and one of them saw at once that it could be sung to the tune of "Lauriger Horatius." Now, "Lauriger Horatius" is a German university song, set to a still older air, "Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum," pretty and plaintive, but as lacking in martial fierceness as "Yankee Doodle," with its tripping gaiety.

Very likely the soldiers of Germany had often sung "Lauriger Horatius" on the march, as I heard a Prussian regiment singing another college tune, "Upidee, Upida," when they were going to take peaceful possession of Homburg at the close of the Six Weeks War in 1866. "Upidee" and "Tannenbaum," unwarlike as are their tunes, seem worthier of abiding popularity than the more recent "Hymn of Hate," a puerile ebullition of evanescent malignity, soon to be recalled only with manly regret. While the Germans can join in the inspiring strains of the "Wacht am Rhein," they need seek for no other war-song; and Bismarck was not overstating the case when he declared that the "Watch on the Rhine" had been worth many regiments to Germany.

And no doubt those rattling marching songs, "The British Grenadiers" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me" have been the best of recruiting sergeants for the British Empire. "God Save the King," it may be noted, is not a battle-hymn but a national anthem; it is so used in different kingdoms; and it was probably composed by Lulli, a French-Italian.

Good as are the favorite war-songs of Germany, Great Britain, and the United States, no one of them attains to the lofty ardor of the "Marseillaise," the masterpiece of martial lyrics, words and music welded together at white heat in the flame of patriotic enthusiasm. Born in the fiery fervor of the Revolution, the "Marseillaise" has gained strength every time it has been called upon to express the soaring spirit of France. Rachel declaimed

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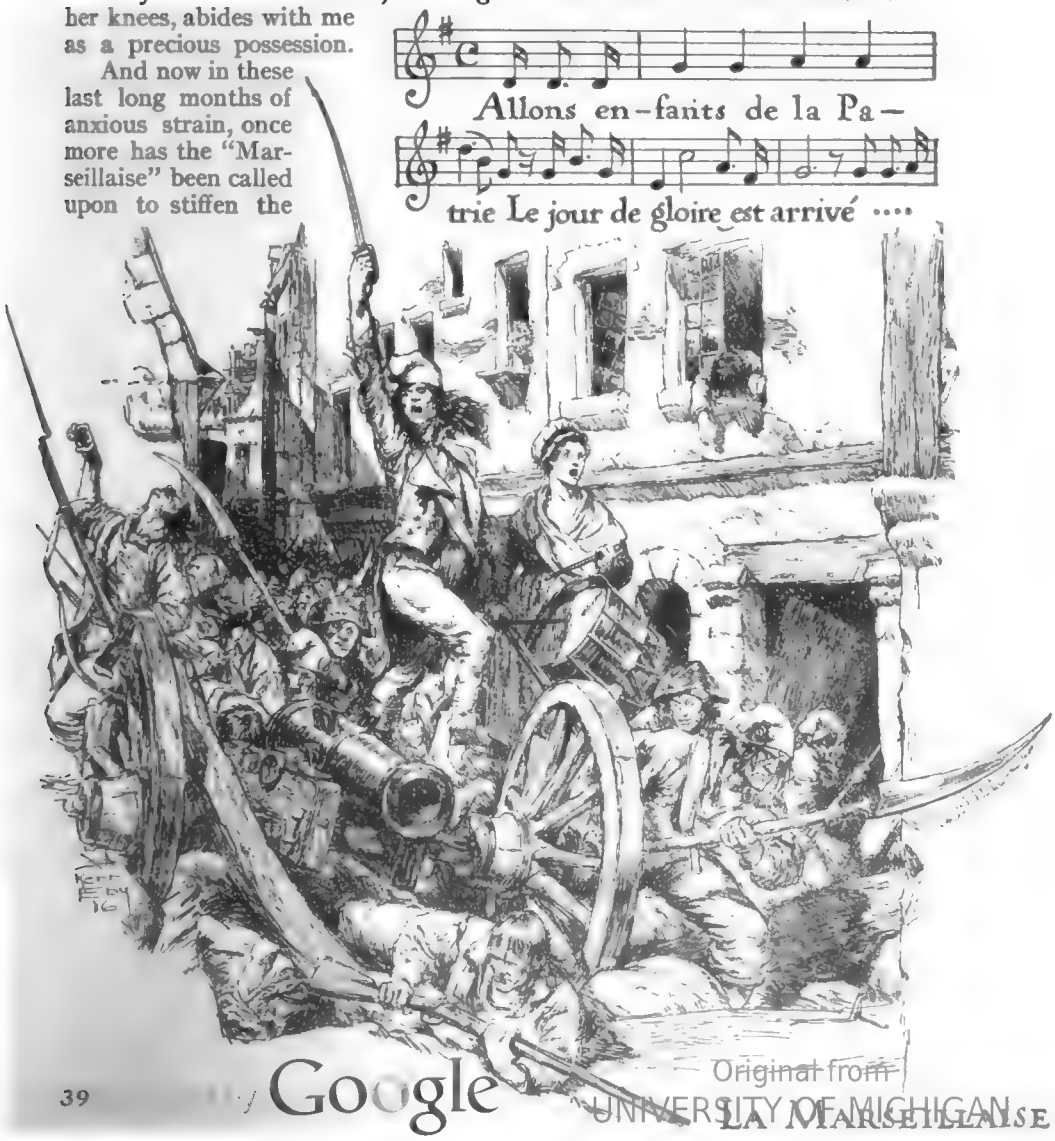
it in 1848; and it was instantly interdicted as dangerous when Louis Napoleon, in 1852, proclaimed himself emperor in violation of his oath. For the eighteen years of the shoddy and shabby Second Empire the revolutionary hymn was sung in France by stealth and behind closed doors, until at last there was need to arouse anew the military ardor of the French people.

It was my fortune to be in Paris in July, 1870, when Napoleon was tricked by Bismarck into declaring war on Prussia. The streets were filled that morning with foolish boys shouting "On to Berlin—à Berlin! à Berlin!" Then the interdict was lifted, and the "Marseillaise" was at last restored to life, and at once it lived again on the lips of the marching troops.

A few brief weeks later, after the French had been defeated again and again, I was once more in Paris, on the fourth of September, when Gambetta proclaimed the republic. That evening the boulevards were thronged; and the "Marseillaise" rose majestic from every throat, as the Parisians rejoiced in their liberty, recovered at last, and as they made ready to meet the ruthless invader already almost at the gates of the city.

No one who heard the "Marseillaise" sung that night by men who knew the task before them, can ever get its soaring strains out of his ears. That memory of the "Marseillaise," voicing the stern resolve of France beaten to her knees, abides with me as a precious possession.

And now in these last long months of anxious strain, once more has the "Marseillaise" been called upon to stiffen the



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will of the French for the struggle which can have only one end. For dowering his country with it Rouget de l'Isle deserved well of the republic which he has thus helped to establish itself for the third time.

No other people is so fortunate as the French in possessing an impassioned chant which is at once the fieriest of war-songs and the stateliest of national anthems. Yet it has been suggested that we Americans are favored also by fortune in having what might almost be accepted as an equivalent—although only in prose and unsupported by music. This American prose-equivalent of the French martial lyric is the Declaration of Independence.

In his "Story of the American Revolution," Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge reminded us how Thomas Jefferson, in composing the Declaration of Independence, uttered, in a noble and enduring manner, what was stirring in the hearts of the American people, as they prepared for the perilous years of struggle which were to win liberty in the end:

"The 'Marseillaise' is not great poetry, nor the air to which it is set the greatest music. But no one can hear that song and not feel his pulses beat quicker and his blood course more swiftly through his veins. It is because the author of it flung into his lyric the spirit of a great time and the dreams and the aspirations of a great people. Hope, faith, patriotism, victory, all cry out to us in that mighty hymn of the Revolution, and no one can listen to it unmoved. In more sober fashion, after the manner of his race, Jefferson declared the hopes, beliefs and aspirations of the American people. But the spirit of the time is there in every line and in every sentence, saying to all men, a people has risen up in the West, they are weary of kings, they can rule themselves, they will tear down the old landmarks, they will let loose a new force upon the world, and with the wilderness at their backs they will even do battle for the faith that is in them."

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"THE PRESS OF THE WORLD."

"THIRTY-THREED"

A Tale of Our Border To-day

By LINCOLN STEFFENS

"EVER hear how I raised the embargo on arms and ammunition for Mexico?"

The question came a-shouting out of the bathroom, and after it bounded the equally amazing questioner, naked and unashamed. And he didn't laugh. "The Press of the World," as he, somehow, got the Mexicans with Villa to call and to regard him—Tommy Tyler didn't have to laugh, or cry, or be ashamed. He was a laugh, and a sorrow, and a shame. Standing there tall and straight, big-boned, hard-muscled, all aglow, the handsome boy looked like laughter itself. Not humor; not the sad, wise smile of fat, old humor. No. The Press of the World was a laugh of life, and a tear; like a sunrise or a shower: the very serious expression of the shameless joy of being alive and young and—an utterly irresponsible, highly privileged war-correspondent, with a reckless army in a perfectly lawless revolution.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT AMICK

"Great, ain't it?" he said. He was looking into his mirror, admiring himself, enjoying himself. He thumped his corded thigh with his big fist, hard; he bunched his biceps, threw out his chest, and, turning to see them, set the muscles of his big back a-crawling. And with no more conceit than humor he applauded himself, his strength and beauty. "Great," he said.

He had forgotten his question about the embargo. He forgot now his strength. With a song—a Mexican soldiers' song—he yanked out of the mixed-up mess in his bag the clean clothes he wanted to wear. And he was into his underclothes in a jiffy, carelessly. But when he came to his buff, khaki breeches, he held them on high and sang his song to them; he stroked them lovingly, as if they were a pet dog; and carefully, in sober silence, drew them on straight. They fitted tight, smooth, and he stroked them, patted them, and gave one buff leg a whack. And so with his buff, low boots: he held them up also, one in each hand, and to them also he sang a song, a happy Spanish love-song, before, in silence, he stamped them on his feet, folded the bottoms of his breeches neatly into them, and precisely laced them up.

• Article 33 of the Mexican Constitution empowers the Government to expel a pernicious foreigner. Hence the Americans speak of being "thirty-threed" or of getting "thirty-three."

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"Beauts, what?" he said. "But wait," and he rose and dived into a fresh blue flannel shirt, which he tied at the neck with a bright, buff handkerchief. "Get it?" he asked, indicating with hand and glance the harmony in buff. I did. He was delighted. A shadow darkened his face as he reached for his Texas hat. "Too light," he said to the image of it in the mirror. "Too clean; too new. Needs the dust, the beautiful buff dust of the desert. But it'll have to do." And he put it on; and he put on and buttoned up exactly his "best" black, frock coat.

His toilette completed, the border dude took one more look at his reflection, and, satisfied, let out another song, a song that danced; as he did—a few correct, glad, Spanish steps. Then he stopped still and sighed. His hand in his pocket touched and drew forth a telegram which he tossed to me. "Read that," he said.

It was an order from his newspaper to proceed forthwith to El Paso, his headquarters, and report the passing of General Obregon's troops through United States territory into Mexico, and the final battle with Villa.

"Well?" I asked.

"I can't go," he said. "I can't go till I get this girl here in love with me."

"But," I objected, "how can you go then?"

"Oh," he brightened, "it'll be all over then with me, and I can go away." He sat upon the edge of his bed sadly contemplating his boots. "How do you explain that?" he asked. "I'm a slave to a girl until she's a slave to me, and then—I'm free."

But he was looking to his buff boots, not to me, for the answer to his riddle, so I waited. And, sure enough, he changed the subject. "I'm going over to-day," he said.

We were at Eagle Pass, and he meant that he was going to cross the Rio Grande to Piedras Negras on the Mexican side of the border. But Carranza was in Piedras Negras, and Tommy Tyler had been campaigning with Villa; assisting him, both at Mexico City and in the field. In the eyes of the "Carranzistas" he was a "Villista."

"You'll be arrested," I said, "and maybe shot."

"No, not shot, but thirty-threed," he said.

"Oh, well," I comforted, "to a revolutionist out for justice, banishment from Mexico——"

"Mexico!" he echoed, and he repeated the word in Mexican, "Mehico," but softly, lingering upon it as if it were the name of his girl: "Mehico!"

He was slowly rolling a cigarette, and when the match flashed, he flashed: "They think—the Carranzistas—they think I'm for Villa," he said. "And I'm not. Oh, it was fun campaigning with Pancho! I like that devil of a man. But I'm not for Villa. I'm—I'm for— What am I for?"

He put this question straight at me, and I answered it. "Fun," I said, and he heard, but he didn't understand. How could he? Since

TWO LINES OF ANTS CRAWLED TO AND FROM THE RIVER—ONE CASE OF "BEER" TO EACH ANT.

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it was true. He got up, whistling, and bade me "Come on."

We went down through the hotel, past the open, crowded parlor full of Mexican men and women; down into the crowded lobby, where soldiers and civilians of both nations milled; officers and diplomats, politicians, ranchers, promoters, reporters, detectives, and lobbyists. Tommy Tyler, calling greetings in Spanish, shaking hands with Americans, giving the Mexican embrace to Mexicans, pushed a way through the mass of men out to the veranda. The hot November sun had cleared that. We drew back out of the heat into the cool shade and sat down. But the Press of the World looked back into the lobby.

"There's something doing in there that I don't know about," he mused. "Two or three of those fellows that embraced me were—too warm, too—too glad to see me. You know."

He stared at the street, a-rush with the unwonted traffic drawn to Eagle Pass by the first visit of Carranza to the border since his "recognition"—automobiles, buggies, and wagons; mounted soldiers and cowboys, hurrying business men afoot, and idle, curious peons and Indians. It was the border, and my mind, taking it in, went back to the question Tommy Tyler had asked, whether I had heard how he raised the embargo.

"Did you?" he asked suddenly, as if he had read my thoughts.

"Did I what?" I demanded.

"Did you ever hear how I raised the embargo?"

"You?"

"*Sí, hombre,*" he said, with the expressive Spanish emphasis on the word for "man." "I, Tommy Tyler. You think President Wilson did it. So does he, I guess. So do most newspaper readers. My own paper, my own despatches had it so. And I'll bet history gets it that way. Historians go by the records, don't they? But I— Well, I'll leave it to Pancho Villa if I, The Press of the World, didn't do it."

And he started his story, but he started it with a long, longing look back into that lobby. "There's something on in there that I don't know about," he mumbled to himself. And he watched. He never ceased to watch. And so, from beginning to end, Tommy Tyler gave me this look across the border at Mexico and at the Press of the World, with his mind on other things.

VILLA was in Chihuahua, between the city and Juarez, preparing for his attack on Torreon. He was working his staff, his men, his mules, and himself "like the devil he was;" recruiting, organizing, reorganizing; taxing, confiscating, stealing. Troops he got; and money, $300,000; and cattle. He swept in all Terraza's herds, and for a week Villa himself went into the cattle business. Leaving military matters to his generals, he sold cattle across the border and with the proceeds and the rest of his loot bought or ordered uniforms, provisions, arms, and ammunition. And he made some munitions. He dug up the water-pipes of the city for bombs; dynamite bombs loaded with nails, bolts, and scrap-iron.

Tommy Tyler was with him all the time. "I was living with him," he said. "And you live in Mexico—or you die. There's no in-between. Especially with Pancho Villa. And I went where he went; did what he did; ate what he ate, and—when he slept, I slept; in Chihuahua, in Juarez, in a camp, in a railroad car. It was life; a fast life. We lived in a fury, for Pancho Villa is a hell-full of force and fury. He whipped and cursed and kicked men and mules alike on to the job; he got out of them, he got out of his friends, as much as he got out of his enemies. Which is going some. I saw him walk,

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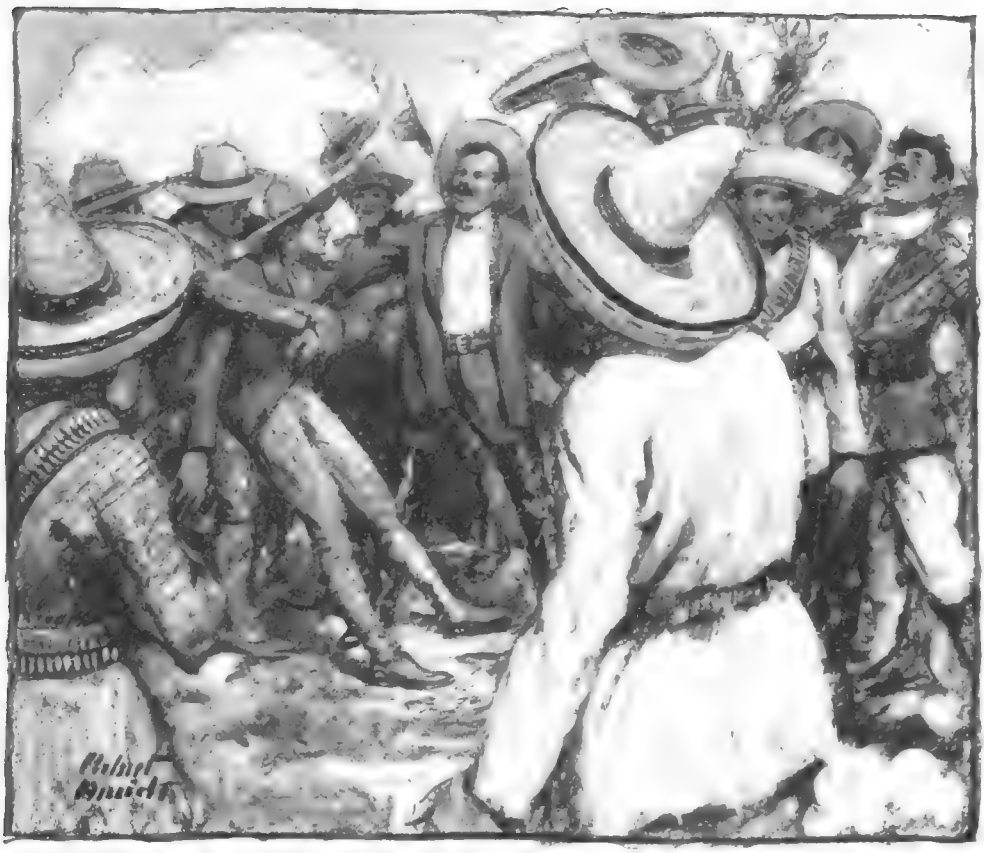

VILLA PITCHED TOMMY TO HIS STAFF AND COMMANDED THEM TO EMBRACE HIM.

muddy with dust and sweat, out of the mule corral into a meeting he had called of business men. They were all dressed up for the reception.

"Here you ——s," he said to them. "Get over into that corner. There. Whoa there!"—and "over there" he told them the kind of thieves they were. And then he told them the kind of thief he was. And then he robbed them—his way.

"Yes," said Tommy Tyler, with his eyes on an automobile which drew up like mad, and delivered a member of Carranza's cabinet, "Pancho took from those business men almost as much as he took out of his followers—about all they had. Which is going some. And it wasn't enough. He needed, and he couldn't get, the arms and ammunition he had ordered across the border. He was up against the United States embargo.

"One day I had to go over to my office in El Paso. When I got back I walked out to Villa's headquarters and saw him standing there, like Napoleon on the ship, his feet apart, his head dropped forward, looking at his staff, a group by themselves: Chao, Urbina, Fierro, and the rest, all too absorbed to notice me. Pancho caught me with a glance, but it was only a glance. It was his busy day. And it was a busy day for the staff. For he just stood there over them and boiled; still, but dangerous.

"I stood in my tracks, but I listened. Somebody said something. It was about that embargo. 'No,' said Villa, 'no, no.' And those noes were more like shots than words, so swift they were, so hot, so deadly final. It

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was long before anybody even dared say anything, and when he did he got that hot-shot 'No.' "

Tommy Tyler gathered gradually that Villa was putting it up to his staff to contrive some way to beat the United States embargo and smuggle in the arms and ammunition which he had ordered, and which lay there in El Paso. There the stuff was, just across the river. It had to be got over. But how? How? There was enough of it, you understand, for an army, and the United States officials—both civilians and military, state, local, and Federal—everybody, knew it was there; knew Villa had to get it; and were asking, like Villa, how he was going to do it. No wonder Villa and his staff were absorbed. No wonder some of the generals suggested impossible schemes, suggestions which Villa riddled with his machine-gun "noes." And no wonder the situation was dangerous when Tommy Tyler "butted in."

Yes, the Press of the World spoke to Villa, the dangerous, at that boiling-point. He says he didn't know when he began what he was going to say. "It's like this," he explained to me, puzzled at himself: "When I see a hole I always want to get into it to see if I can get out. And the excitement, the fun, is in thinking how I'll get out." So in this case he spoke. And of course he spoke in Spanish. He was raised on the Mexican border; played with Mexican "kids;" went swimming with them in the Rio Grande; and part of his schooling was on a ranch under a Spanish priest. Tommy Tyler speaks Spanish not only idiomatically, but with all the slang of Mexico, and with some of the Castilian melody of old Spain.

"*Mi general,*" he said.

The whole staff swung round like so many big guns upon the gringo. He felt the impact. His mind was thinking fast, when Villa came to the rescue.

"Speak, friend," he said.

An idea flashed to Tommy. The problem of getting that ammunition over was merely one of transportation. "Did you ever see an ant-file?" he asked. "Ever watch 'em and see how, when they want to go and get something, they form a procession: two lines, one going, the other coming, along a fixed trail—with the goods?"

"*Sí, amigo.*"

"An army is like a lot of ants. Line up your men. Send them down to the river, and—they could bring over from ten to forty thousand rounds a night."

VILLA thought, his black eyes fixed on the Press of the World. "How about *'los Americanos?'* " he asked.

"Make 'em help," said Tommy Tyler. "Make the men that sold you the ammunition—make 'em crate it in beer-cases, and pack it with the straw sticking out. Have the stuff carted out of El Paso by day to the road-houses and then, after dark, collect it at the river on rafts and—one case of beer to each ant: 'March.' See it?"

"*Sí, señor,*" said Villa, but he didn't; not yet. He was looking at it, however. His eyes fixed on the Press of the World, his imagination was visualizing the operation; searching for difficulties, but picturing the procession of the ants. And by and by he had it all.

"*Magnifico!*" he exclaimed, and, with a wild whack on his knee, he whooped: "*Magnifico!* It can be done. It shall be done. And, *amigo,*" he said, rushing upon Tommy and giving him a hug, "you, friend, shall do it. You shall be in command."

Another hole? No. The Press of the World in command of an army,

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enjoyed it. It was "fun." He had his automobile and his staff. He had the silent thousands of troops; and, for the American side, he had—money, and pull, his own, and Villa's, and the ammunition agents'. Soon, by nights, the two lines of ants were crawling through the dark along the fixed trail to and from the river, where the rafts swung over and back, over and back, with Tommy Tyler watching from his high-power car the beer-cases, one to a man, pass, with the straw sticking out.

"Great, what?" said Tommy Tyler to me. "Great! Great nights, great sights, great work. And it worked. The arms and ammunition crawled like bugs across the border into Mexico. And I was in command. I was sorry when it stopped."

"Stopped!" I exclaimed.

But Tommy himself had stopped; he didn't hear me. Several automobiles had driven up and halted in front of the hotel. A group of high-up Mexican officials got out, and, darting through the heat, ran up into the cool hotel. One of them beckoned me to him.

"The First Chief," he said in a low tone, "will see you all at noon to-day. You may go over with me in my car there." He hesitated, glanced at Tommy. "Please don't mention it to any one else," he said.

I understood. I was not to tell Tommy Tyler. Going back to him, I sat down, and he waited for me to report. When I didn't, he went on with his tale.

"Yes," he said, "I was sorry when the ants stopped crawling."

"But," I asked, "who stopped 'em?"

"Zack Cobb, the Collector of Customs."

"How!" I exclaimed. "How the deuce did he——?"

"HE DIDN'T," said Tommy Tyler. "All Zack did was to happen to mention to me—it was about the third day of my military operation—Zack said, casually, that he had had a pretty straight tip that the embargo was to be raised, and soon. An idea occurred to me; in a flash, like the idea of the ants. I thought it out. I made some arrangements, and then I gave orders to cut out the ant work that night, and of course I reported to Villa."

Villa had been busy at other things. Seeing that the munitions were coming across, and fast, he was satisfied to leave that business absolutely to the Press of the World. He was astonished, therefore, when Tommy drove up that afternoon, and, at salute, reported:

"*Mi general*, I have commanded the troops to cease smuggling ammunition."

Villa kicked a mule out of his way, wiped the sweat from his eyes, and stared at "the Press." And the stare looked so hard that "the Press" hastened to explain:

"I've thought of a better way."

"*Digame*," Villa commanded. "Tell me."

"It's to raise the embargo," said Tommy. "It's fun to run those ant lines, but it's hard work. It'll be easier to lift the embargo."

Villa looked the Press of the World up and down, from his bright buff boots to his buff-dusted sombrero. And the Press of the World felt ill at ease, as if he were in a hole. He began to climb out—his way.

"It's much easier to raise the embargo than to beat it," he bluffed. "I wonder we didn't think of it before."

Villa wasn't satisfied. There were lots of things this ex-bandit didn't

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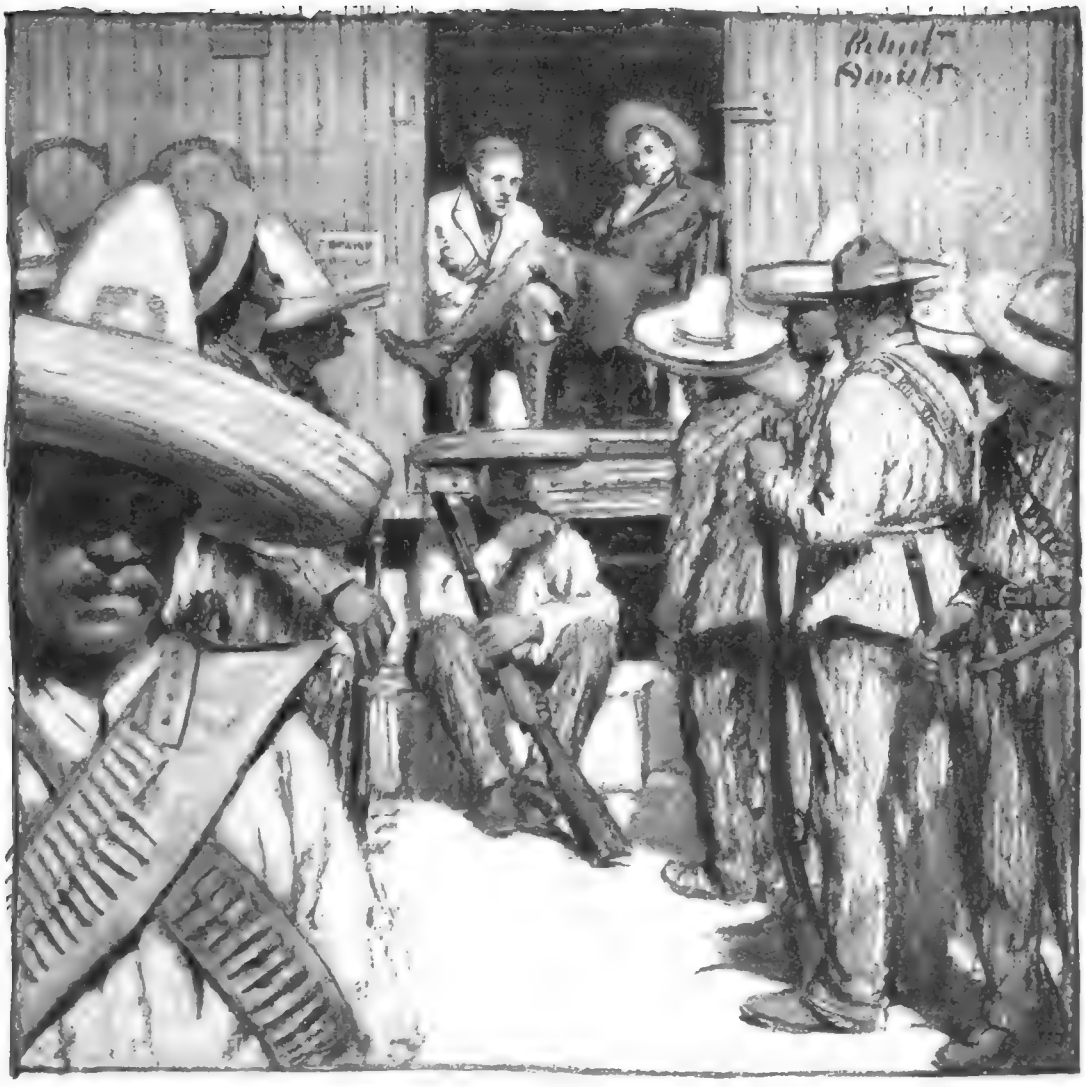

"FOR I WAS A RULER IN MEXICO."

know and couldn't understand. Therefore there were lots of things one could "put over" on him. But, by the same token, there were some things he didn't have to know. Some odd sense he had told him about those things, and Tommy had an odd sense that Villa just then was hearkening to his odd sense. Villa expressed it.

"Can you raise an embargo?" he demanded.

"I'm not sure, *mi general*," said the Press, "but I soon shall know. I have wired to one of the senators that I have on my string at Washington. I asked him to call on President Wilson, present my compliments, and see if he couldn't raise the embargo for me. And here is his answer, general."

It was my turn to be astonished and to express my feelings. "And did you send such a wire, and did you have an answer? Not faked?"

"Sure," said Tommy. "Do you think I'd monkey with a machine gun

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like Villa without having something up my sleeve or in my hip-pocket? Not on your life, or mine. No, *hombre*. I had the documents. Once when I was a kid I carried a bribe for a politician in my state; he has since gone to the Senate. He is an awfully good friend of mine. He may have wondered at my telegram. But he probably thought it out, and decided that I had need in my business of some sort of an encouraging answer. Anyhow he wired back that he would see the President and report what could be done toward raising the embargo."

Villa couldn't read either Spanish or English; but Tommy read the message to him and translated it word for word. And, having done so, very wisely put the original into the limp, doubting hand of his general.

"I had my enemies all right," said Tommy to me. "I'm no dub, as you know. And some of 'em could read English. And I knew Villa would make one of my enemies read that telegram to him that night."

Villa held the telegram in his hand as if it were loaded. And he wondered. Tommy could see that he swung there between his doubt and his gratitude.

But he surrendered temporarily. He couldn't help it. He jumped upon the Press of the World, and he embraced him, and then solemnly, heartily, he declared: "This will be the greatest service ever rendered Mexico by a gringo, if you do it." And he dropped Tommy Tyler, literally. He dropped him figuratively, too. As Tommy put it:

"He opened his arms and dropped me and the whole business for two days. He seemed to forget us. He avoided me. We met, but he didn't speak; he didn't seem to see me. He was busy, and he went right on with his other, less important business. He was leaving the embargo to me, just as he had left to me the smuggling. That was his way. He was waiting to see."

TOMMY TYLER said that during those two days he felt, especially when he was on the Mexican side, in the Villa camp—he felt that it was very important to him, Tyler, to have the embargo raised, and on time. So he stuck pretty close to his office, which was also the telegraph-room of the El Paso paper on the safe side of the border. And his persistence and courage were rewarded, as virtues always are. On Saturday an Associated Press bulletin came over the wire to the paper:

"*President Wilson arranged Mexican embargo raised next Monday.*"

Tommy Tyler couldn't stand it any more. He got up, excused himself to me briefly, and went into the lobby. He was gone but a moment. When he came out he said:

"Now how do you explain this?—I'm going over to that audience you-all are to have with the First Chief. I oughtn't to. I'm assured I'll be quite welcome, but also I am tipped and I believe that they'll throw me into jail, and they're sure then to give me thirty-three. And they wouldn't do that if I didn't go over. And there's nothing to go for, either. I can get the interview from you fellows. And there's the order from my paper to report to El Paso—last night. And—and I don't want to be kept out of Mexico. Mexico? Do you know Mexico; do you know the difference between Mexico and the United States?"

I didn't, of course.

"The States," said Tommy, "is a place of business. Mexico is a place to play. Some of the play is dangerous. You get shot for a misplay. I remember how once they told me a certain ex-Federal officer at San Luis Potosí was going to shoot me on sight. It didn't matter. I was at Torreon,

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far enough from San Luis, and I wasn't going there; had nothing to go there for. But I began to want to go to San Luis. The place drew me like—like a hole, till at last I went. And so it is to-day. I'm tipped not to go to Piedras Negras; straight; and yet I've got to go."

He hummed a song, a soldiers' song. "Can you?" he said, and he got up. "Can you explain—can you beat it? I've got to go; now. Can't wait for you fellows. I have to go right away." And he went. He ran down the steps, negotiated charmingly with the chauffeur of one of the Mexican ministers' automobiles, and was whirled off down the sunny street.

When the rest of us arrived at the custom-house in Piedras Negras, where the First Chief resided, Tommy Tyler was in the thick of the crowd that was awaiting an audience. And he shone there. Buff and clean and all aglow, he struck a light through the mass of men like a ray of sunshine. And he embraced the Mexicans and they embraced him. Some of them he had known under arms; they seemed glad to see him. It looked a little like a reception to him. It certainly did not look as if he were in danger.

And then he was gone. I had hardly turned my head when somebody said Tyler had been arrested, and I looked, and he had disappeared. It was true. The American consul who was there said it was, and he went to work on the matter. For rumor had it that Tommy was to be shot. And when the consul was assured and told us that he would not be shot, rumor changed her story. Tommy was to be "thirty-threed." The other correspondents met to protest. Some of us went back to the American side to wait, and thus express our protest; all Eagle Pass knew about it, and was interested and troubled. I saw "the girl" drive back and forth, anxiously inquiring—begging for news. And yet I couldn't feel very deeply concerned. I knew that it would hurt Tommy to be banished; and that he would feel it—his way. But what was his way? I wondered how he would take it all.

ALL EAGLE PASS KNEW ABOUT TOMMY'S ARREST.

By and by, toward sundown, I saw the girl go past with Tommy Tyler beside her. He was talking charmingly into her ear. But they disappeared, absorbed in each other. It was late that night when I heard a song I knew, in a voice I knew, coming contentedly through the hotel hall. It stopped at my door and I let it in.

"Come," said the Press of the World, "come on out for a walk."

Hooking his arm in mine, he led me out into the dark street, and south toward the river. "I wonder," he said, "if Pancho Villa has it in him to put up one more good, last fight."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, I'm going to El Paso to see, and I'm wondering what I'll see."

"So you're free to go?"

"Free! I've got to go," he said. "Didn't I show you the wire from my office ordering me to go? Sure I did."

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"Yes," I answered, "but—but you must finish the story of the embargo. You had got that also as far as a telegram: the Associated Press wire that President Wilson had arranged to raise the embargo."

"I remember," said Tommy, and his pace quickened. He liked to narrate. "Well, the moment I saw that news I jumped up and jumped down the stairs, and I took—I stole—I hired the chauf' of an auto, and I beat it for the border. I had to get to Villa first. And I did. I flew past the sentries. His guards challenged me outside of his headquarters. 'Who lives?' they called, and I yelled back, 'You, you C——s.' And I had to laugh. That sort of language made them certain I was an officer, and I remember the voice came back, 'Pass, *mi coronel*,' and they all presented arms.

"I passed. I dashed past everybody and landed in headquarters, right in the midst of Villa and his whole staff. 'I've succeeded!' I cried.

" 'What!' they asked. 'At what?'—the stupids.

"Why, I've raised the embargo."

THEY couldn't seem to "get me," said Tyler to me. He had to explain. He had to answer questions, satisfy doubts. But he conveyed his message finally, and when he did, Villa leaped upon him. With a bandit yell he caught up and crushed the Press of the World, and then, pitching him to his staff, commanded them to embrace him.

"*Embrazelo*," he yelled. "Every one of you."

But Villa reflected. "It's not possible," he said. "Can you raise an embargo?"

"Yes, my general," said the boy. "The embargo is raised. If it isn't, you will shoot me."

"I will," said Villa.

And he looked as if he would, right then and there. And yet it might be true. "Can the Press of the World raise an embargo?" he repeated.

"Yes, *mi general*," said Tommy Tyler, patiently; "the Press of the World can raise—almost anything."

There was perfect silence in the room for a moment, while Pancho Villa pondered. It was broken by a ring at the telephone. Villa sprang to answer it himself, and everybody listened to what he said. And he said:

"*Bueno. Sí.* Sure. What? Ah, *hombre*, we know that. We knew it first, Don Felix; we knew it an hour ago; two days ago. Yes, and, *amigo*, we know who did it, too. Don't you try to tell me you did it. The hero who raised the embargo is here, Don Felix. The Press of the World is here."

Villa hung up the receiver with a bang, and turning to Tommy with one of his unearthly yells, he fell again upon the Press of the World, and he hurt him. And he stood by again and made his staff embrace him again, each one, enemies and friends. And then he gave commands for a grand spree. He ordered in two big freezers of ice-cream, and the joyous crowd had the time of Villa's life in honor of the Press of the World.

"That's what he gave me," said Tommy Tyler: "an ice-cream drunk. And, oh yes, he gave me a private car, a box car for the Press of the World. I fitted it up with bunks and chairs, a hammock, stove, provisions, and a Chinese cook. And I let the other representatives of the Press of the World in on that car. We all went to the battle of Torreon in that car; and some of us came back in it—all that were decent to me. For I was a ruler in Mexico. Yes, oh yes."

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We had come to the end of the main street, and stood on the edge of the bluff from where we could see the black mass of the river bottom, catch flashes of the narrow thread of the stream, and across it the sharp lines of Piedras Negras, Mexico. Tommy Tyler looked long at the scene. He was sad, and yet his sorrow didn't seem to grieve me. He sighed, yes, but he sighed, somehow, as he laughed; as if his melancholy were, like the darkened river there, not black, but only a dark passing phase of the light of life. And I was right.

"Great, ain't it?" he said at last.

"What?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, "I can't explain it exactly, but here I am 'thirty-threed'; can't go over into Mexico; good old Mexico. And I love Mehico. So I'm sad to-night. I could cry. And yet, do you know, the feeling is—is great. I kind o' like it." He was silent a moment, and then: "Well, I'm all ready to go now."

"How about the girl?" I asked gently.

"She? She's all right," he said. "I won her. She worried when I was in jail, you know, and so when I came back and we drove off up here—right here, alone, and we looked across the river, and I spoke of my banishment from Mexico and how I felt; how sad—that won her. She wept on my shoulder."

"WHEN I TOLD HER HOW I FELT—HOW SAD—THAT WON HER."

"And you're never going to see her either any more?"

"No. Why?"

Does she know that?"

"No. Why?"

"Well, but how will she feel when she finds it out?"

"Why, I guess she'll feel about me the way I feel about Mexico. Didn't you ever have that—kind o' sweet feeling of being sad and wronged? It's great."

I saw him off on the train, General Obregon's train. He had some doubts as to the wisdom of going on a Carranzista train, with Carranzista troops, but there was no other till late the next day.

It was "a chance," but he took it; a hole, but he thought he could get in and out of it. Anyhow, he went on the train, and I never heard that he was shot or anything.

And, by the way, just before the train started I asked him "by the way, what happened" when he met in San Luis that officer who threatened to kill him on sight.

"Nothing," he said. "I winged him. We became good friends afterward. He was to be killed in Mexico City when I was one of the four that had to visé the lists, and I cut off his name. And, by the way, you saw him to-day. He was the man in the lobby that tipped me not to go to Piedras Negras, and when I did, got me out of jail. I'm not sure he wasn't the one that got me in, too. It's all like a story, ain't it? Great!"

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THE "OTHER FELLOW"

We Selected a Distinguished List of "Other

And We Did It Through These Questions:

"What is the best short story, a chestnut or otherwise, that you can recall? We mean the kind of story that can be told in less than three hundred words. The kind that is sometimes identified as a good after-dinner story. In other words, if you could tell only one short story to an audience, which one of all you have heard would occur to you now as the most amusing, disregarding entirely its age or the number of times it has been told?"

We selected for this symposium (we deliberately use that word here to cheer it up) people whose reputations were so firmly established that they could afford to take the chance of having you say "Mercy! I don't get a smile out of that." We don't think you will say anything of the kind, but one never can forecast the other fellow's sense of humor. One doesn't argue a funny story any more than one argues sunlight. The hearer either likes it or he doesn't. These are picked "likes" from picked people.

OTIS SKINNER
Barony, N. Y.

THE late Henry Irving occasionally ran across an old stage associate down on his luck, and took him into his company. One such actor of the very old school was Tom Meade, a man with a thunderous voice and precise articulation. Meade's memory wasn't always dependable. Once, in a "Macbeth" production, having to deliver the lines of the *Second Witch*, that begin with

"Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog," etc.,

and end with

"Cool it with a baboon's blood
Then the charm is firm and good"

—he placed the various ingredients mentioned into the hell broth of the caldron, but wound up with "Cool it with a *dragoon's* blood," uttered with horrid precision.

Irving was annoyed, and remonstrated with Meade upon his slip when the scene was over.

"I never said that!" exclaimed Meade.

"Oh, yes, you did, Tom," said Irving.

"Oh, well, governor, sorry. Won't happen again."

The next night the audience watching the *Witch's* scene was amazed to hear:

"*Cool it with a dragoon's blood*—my God! I said it again—*then the charm is firm and good*," thundered out in full voice by the stentorian actor.

THOMAS W. LAWSON

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FOR forty years I have stood this little gem against the million good ones I have heard. It never got the count.

A being-built ten-story brick block.

Burly Mike starting up the long ladder with his hod full of brick.

His mate, the hod-filler: "Mike, I lay yez two dollars that with me astraddle the hod yez can't make the roof."

"Yer on, Pat, an' aisy money it looks ter me."

Mike, tugging away with his double load, between the seventh and eighth stories missed a round and went down half a dozen, but by good navigation stayed his descent and resumed his upward climb, and dumped his mate with the bricks on the top story.

"The two dollars is mine, Pat," he pantingly gasped.

"Sure, Mike, but yez remember that time yez slipped—begob, I thought I had yez!"

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THOUGHT THIS FUNNY

Fellows" and Asked Each for his Favorite Story

THOMAS L. MASSON, Editor of "Life"

THE best humor is founded upon fundamental traits in human nature. The most fundamental trait in human nature is loyalty.

Loyalty compels men to lay down their lives for a cause. It is the basis of friendship, of patriotism.

A certain man had a loyal pigeon, one so faithful to his master that no matter where he was taken he always came back. The man was proud of his loyal pigeon, and often spoke of him.

But one day he met a cynic friend who said:

"Let me take your pigeon to Philadelphia and let him loose, and I will wager one hundred dollars that he will not return to you within twenty-four hours."

"If it were a thousand I would take you up!"

And so the wager was made.

About a week afterward the owner of the pigeon, meeting another friend, was praising the feats of his favorite bird, and incidentally mentioned the wager.

"And what do you suppose that cynic did?" he said. "He took my bird to Philadelphia, clipped his wings, and then let him loose!"

"Ah! And so you lost your wager; the bird did not come back."

"Oh, yes, he did—but he had awful sore feet."

JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS, U. S. Senator

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OF COURSE, I can not remember the funniest story I ever heard, with any degree of accuracy. It may be that the funniest one is the very story I could not now recall. Of all I recall at the present moment, I think I can work up the best laugh over the tale of the two Irishmen who were arguing about the relative merits of New York and Chicago. You know, there is a type of person who, when he knows nothing about a thing and finds you don't know either, will start in and explain it to you. These two were both that kind. Said one:

"Why, in New York we have grass growing right on the roof, just the same as down on the ground. You can have your front yard on top of your house."

"That's nothin'," declared the other. "In Chicago we play golf on the roofs."

"Golf? You mean that game where you knock a ball back and forth across a net?"

"Yes, that's it."

"You dommed idjut, that's not golf! You're talkin' about croquet."

"Well, I meant to say croquet."

"Yes," said the other one, "I knew you couldn't mean golf. How would they get the horses up on the roof for a golf game?"

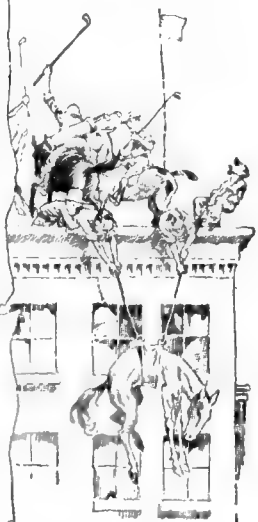

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Photo by O. F. Browning, N. Y.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

WE ARE not tagging this story on John D. Rockefeller by authority. The statement that it is his favorite story rests entirely on circumstantial evidence. His friends say that he tells it most frequently.

It is the story about the man whose wife had him bluffed and who was obliged to do her bidding. One night she chased him under the bed. He persisted in peeking out from under to see what she was up to.

In harsh tones she bade him quit his peeking.

Summoning all the courage at his command, he declared:

"So long as I've the spirit of a real man, I'll take a little peek!"

White Studio, N. Y.

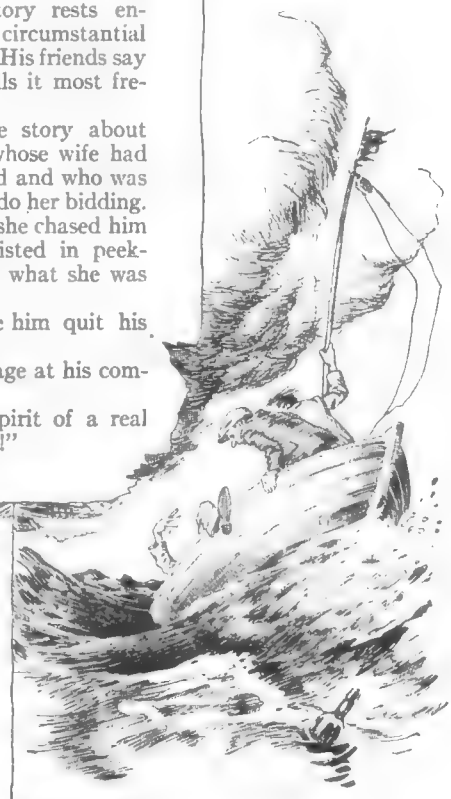
MAY IRWIN

HERE is my favorite story for your collection: Three men went out for a day's fishing. They took a bottle with "bait." They drank too much.

A storm came up, and two of them thought they were going to be drowned. The third was asleep in the bottom of the boat. The two talked over what they wished done with their bodies in the event of either being saved. One wished to be cremated; the other to be sent home to his wife.

Then they asked the one in the bottom of the boat what his wish was, and when he "came to" enough to talk he said:

"You can just pour me back in the bottle."



JOSEPH G. CANNON, Former Speaker of The House

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I HAVE a poor memory for stories, but considering just those that I can now recall—and carefully omitting all which might not be suitable for the virgin pages of a magazine—I believe I got my best laugh out of the following brief tale:

A man had a foreigner working for him hauling stuff about the yard in a wheelbarrow.

The employer noticed that the wheel squeaked, and suggested that it should have a few drops of oil.

"I'll do the best I can," replied the man who was acting as chauffeur to the wheelbarrow, "but if you want the oiling done right, mebby you'd better do it yourself. I'm an awful poor hand with machinery."

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PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON

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(ONE doesn't quote the President of the United States for publication on any subject—even humor. Certainly not! But Mr. Pres—possibly Secretary Tum—or was it Col. Hou—or perhaps Mrs. Wil—well, anyway, this is his now—subject to change at any moment.)

A city-bred young man went to the country to take a summer job on a farm. The morning after his arrival the farmer awakened him, saying:

"Hustle out of bed there; it's half-past three, and we must get the oats in."

After he was sufficiently awake to talk, the city-bred young man inquired, with a huge yawn: "Are they wild oats?"

"No, they're ordinary tame oats, of course."

"Then," asked the young man, as he rolled over and prepared to go back to sleep, "why the deuce do you want to go out and sneak up on 'em in the dark?"

THOMAS RILEY MARSHALL

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

FOR subtle humor, I believe the funniest story I know is the one about Mark Twain meeting the man who owned a dachshund.

As a matter of fact, the man was extremely proud of the dog because it was a bit of an oddity in appearance, besides being intelligent and high-born. Twain, however, studiously avoided looking at it.

Somebody asked him why he acted as if he didn't see the dog.

"Because," replied Twain, "I was afraid the owner might be sensitive about having it."

JOSEPHUS DANIELS, Secretary of The Navy

Photo by G. V. Buck, from Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.

I CAN'T recall ever laughing so heartily at a story as when I first heard this:

One hot August day an old colored man down South was escorted through an artificial ice-plant which had just been built in his neighborhood.

His eyes fairly bulged with amazement over the chilly manufacture.

"Well, sah," said he, "I wouldn't have b'lieved it less I'd seed it with mah own eyes. Makin' ice right in dog-days! Um-u-um-uh! Why, sah, the Lawd A'mighty hisself couldn't do it!"

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IRVIN S. COBB

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WHENEVER I hear a good new story, or a good old story dressed up in new clothes and well presented by its present sponsor, I say to myself that that's the best story I ever heard.

But on second thought I always return to my favorite, which is short, hallowed with memories, buffed with age, and laden with pathos.

And that story is the story of the hungry darky in the Texas town, who heard the noon whistle in the canning factory blow, and saw the workers troop forth, tin pails in their hands, and fetched a deep, sincere Afro-American sigh out of the innermostness of his being, and then remarked, half to himself and half for the benefit of any charitable bystanders:

"Dar she go! Dinner-time fur some folkses . . . but jest twelve o'clock fur me."

JOSEPH P. TUMULTY,
Secretary to the President.

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MY FAVORITE story is the old one about the Irishman and the Jew arguing about which race had produced the most great men.

Each time one named a really great man he was privileged to pull a hair from the other's beard by way of keeping tally.

"St. Patrick!" exclaimed the Irishman, jerking a hair from the whiskers of the Jew.

"Moses!" retorted the Jew, snatching a hair from the Irishman's little cluster of facial foliage.

Thus it went back and forth for a time.

Then the Jew mentioned the Twelve Apostles, and snatched a dozen hairs from the Irishman's collection.

This so angered the Irishman that he yelled:

"The Ancient Order of Hibernians!" and tore from their fastenings practically every whisker the Jew had.

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SIGHT UNSEEN

by Mary Roberts Rinehart

Author of "K," "The Street of the Seven Stars," "The Case of Jennie Brice," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

THIS is a record of the strange case of Arthur Wells, as investigated by six people who called themselves the Neighborhood Club. They were in the habit of dining together once a week and discussing some subject chosen by the host of the evening. One night old Mrs. Dane elected to have a séance. A Miss Jeremy, an attractive young woman, was the medium. After some trifling occurrences of the usual sort, Miss Jeremy told vivid details of a suicide—a man killed by a bullet while shaving, blood on the carpet, a hole in the ceiling, a woman, in a yellow kimono, holding a revolver; there was a description of the house too—but no name. This revelation occurred at 9:30.

At midnight, one of the six, Sperry, a heart specialist, called up Johnson, a lawyer, and told him that Arthur Wells had killed himself at 9:30 that evening. The two men went together to the Wells house, and found most details in precise correspondence with the medium's account. Only, Mrs. Wells was wearing a *green* kimono, and the testimony of the governess indicated that the death must have taken place as early as 9:15. Following a clue, the two men went to a drug-store where the governess had been telephoning that evening. They found the number she had called was that of young Ellingham, who was known to be in love with Elinor Wells; and the message was a warning not to come to the Wells house.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE death of Arthur Wells had taken place on a Monday evening. Tuesday brought nothing new. The coroner was apparently satisfied, and on Wednesday the dead man's body was cremated.

"Thus obliterating all evidence," Sperry said cynically.

On Wednesday afternoon Sperry and I had a private sitting with Miss Jeremy. I had invited my wife to be present, but the unfortunate coldness following the housemaid's discovery of me asleep in the library on the morning after the murder, was still noticeable, and she refused.

Strangely enough, the sitting was without result.

Sperry had brought the stick he had taken from Arthur's room, but any high hopes we might have had were disappointed. The medium's replies to our questions were rambling and disconnected, and when she came out

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of the trance and looked about at our faces, she knew she had failed.

Neither then, nor at any subsequent time, had she any knowledge of the revelation she had made. She must have known, however, that we were making test sittings, for her first speech was one of regret.

"I'm afraid I'm not helping you," she said. "I'm a little tired, I think."

She was tired. I felt suddenly very sorry for her. She was so pretty and so young—only twenty-six or thereabouts—to be in the grip of forces so relentless. Sperry was concerned, too. Through all the sitting he had watched her pulse, and it seemed to me that day that I discerned in him two opposing desires—the ruthless method of the investigator, and something entirely different, a softness that was unlike him, a gentleness.

When we left, he was still in the grip of the opposing forces.

"Damnable business for a young woman like that," he grumbled. "But she has extraordinary powers. Extraordinary. If we never get any further with the thing, what she has given us so far is tremendous."

TREMENDOUS, but unsettling. I found the routine of business that week stale and annoying. I was nervous, excited. On Thursday night of that week my wife was convinced that there were burglars in the house. It was then, for the first time in my life, that I felt the terrors of darkness.

Armed with my revolver, I put up a brave front, and went down-stairs. The silence was horrible. We are old-fashioned people, and have not yet adopted electric light. I carried a box of matches, but at the foot of the stairs the one I had lighted went out. I was terrified. I tried to light another match, but there was a draft from somewhere, and it too was extinguished before I had had time to glance about.

Complete darkness surrounded me, and there was a sort of soft movement, as of shadowy shapes that passed and repassed. Once it seemed to me that a hand was laid on my shoulder and was not lifted, but instead dissolved into the other shadows around. The sudden striking of the clock on the stair landing completed my demoralization. I turned and fled upstairs, pursued, to my agonized nerves, by ghostly hands that came toward me from between the spindles of the stair-rail.

At dawn I went down-stairs again, heartily ashamed of myself. I found that a door to the basement had been left open, and that the soft movement had probably been my overcoat, swaying in the draft.

Probably. I was not certain. Indeed, I was certain of nothing during those strange days. I had built for myself a universe upheld by certain laws, of day and night, of food and sleep and movement, of three dimensions of space. And now, it seemed to me I had stood all my life but on the threshold, and, for an hour or so, the door had opened.

Although the next Monday was to have been the Robinsons', it was decided to hold it at Mrs. Dane's and to repeat the sitting.

Only Herbert Robinson knew exactly how closely Miss Jeremy had followed the death of Arthur Wells. Among the women speculation was rife, and that Mrs. Dane was suspicious was shown by a speech she made to me at dinner that night.

"I want you to promise me one thing," she said. "I'll not bother you now. But I'm an old woman, with not much more of life to be influenced by any disclosures. When this thing is over, and you have come to a conclusion—I'll not put it that way: you may not come to a conclusion—but when it is over, I want you to tell me the whole story. Will you?"

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I promised that I would. And it is for Mrs. Dane, primarily, that this narrative is being written.

Miss Jeremy did not come to dinner. She never ate before a séance. And although we tried to keep the conversational ball floating airily, there was not the usual effervescence of the Neighborhood Club dinners. One and all, we were waiting, we knew not for what.

I am sorry to record that there were no physical phenomena of any sort at this second séance. The room was arranged as it had been at the first sitting, except that a table and chair had been placed near the bracket-light for Mrs. Dane's secretary.

There was one other change. Sperry had brought the walking-stick he had taken from Arthur Wells's room, and after the medium was in trance he placed it on the table before her.

The first questions were disappointing in results. Asked about the stick, there was only silence. When, however, Sperry went back to the sitting of the week before, and referred to questions and answers at that time, the medium seemed uneasy. Her hand, held under mine, made an effort to free itself, and, released, touched the cane.

"It is very hard to find places for all the furniture," she said.

"Do you know to whom that stick belongs?"

A silence. Then: "Yes."

"Will you tell us what you know about it?"

"It is writing."

"Writing?"

"It was writing, but the water washed it away."

Then, instantly and with great rapidity, followed a wild torrent of words and incomplete sentences. It was hardly articulate, and the secretary made no record of it. As I recall, however, it was about water, children, and the words "ten o'clock" repeated several times.

"Do you mean that something happened at ten o'clock?"

"No. Certainly not. No, indeed. The water washed it away. All of it. Not a trace."

"Where did all this happen?"

ARMED WITH MY REVOLVER, I WENT DOWNSTAIRS. THE SILENCE WAS HORRIBLE.

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She named, without hesitation, a seaside resort about fifty miles from our city. There was not one of us, I dare say, who did not know that the Wellses had spent the preceding summer there, and that young Ellingham had been there also.

"Do you know that Arthur Wells is dead?"

"Yes. He is dead."

"Did he kill himself?"

"You can't catch me on that. I don't know."

Here the medium laughed. It was horrible. And the laughter made the whole thing absurd. But it died away quickly.

"If only the pocketbook was not lost," she said. "There were so many things in it. Especially car-tickets. Walking is a nuisance."

Mrs. Dane's secretary suddenly spoke. "Do you want me to take things like that?" she asked.

"Take everything, please," was the answer.

"Car-tickets and letters. It will be terrible if the letters are found."

"Where was the pocketbook lost?" Sperry asked.

"If that were known, it could be found," was the reply, rather sharply given. "Hawkins may have it. He was always hanging around. The curtain was much safer."

"What curtain?"

"In *his* room. Nobody would have thought of the curtain. First ideas are best."

She repeated this, following it, as once before, with rhymes for the final word, best, rest, chest, pest.

"Pest!" she said. "That's Hawkins!" And again the laughter.

"Did one of the bullets strike the ceiling?"

"Yes. But you'll never find it. It is holding well. That part's safe enough—unless it made a hole in the floor above."

"But there was only one empty chamber in the revolver. How could two shots have been fired?"

There was no answer at all to this. And Sperry, after waiting, went on to his next question: "Who occupied the room overhead?"

But here we received the reply to the previous question: "There was a box of cartridges in the table-drawer. That's easy."

FROM that point, however, the sitting was a failure. Either there was no answer to questions, or we got the absurdity that we had encountered before, about the drawing-room furniture. But, unsatisfactory in many ways as the séance had been, the effect on Miss Jeremy was profound—she was longer in coming out, and greatly exhausted when it was all over.

She refused to take the supper Mrs. Dane had prepared for her, and at eleven o'clock Sperry took her home in his car.

The Neighborhood Club as a whole was divided between amazement and a sort of shamefaced apology. My wife voiced the sentiment of the women, I fancy, when Miss Jeremy and Sperry had gone, and we had gathered in the library for a few moments before separating.

"It's rather undignified. That's the only thing I resent," she said. "Instead of Swinburne and Emerson we sit around a table in a dark room, and a young woman makes up a lot of stuff that ought not to impose on a ten-year-old child. Because she is young and pretty the men take her seriously, of course. I consider it all nonsense."

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"My dear," Mrs. Dane said, reaching over and patting my wife's hand, "people talked that way about Columbus and Galileo. And if it *is* nonsense, it is such thrilling nonsense!"

I find that the solution of the Arthur Wells mystery—for we did solve it—takes three divisions in my mind. Each one is a sitting, followed by an investigation made by Sperry and myself.

The thing interested me, in spite of that better judgment which, in my saner hours, warned me that wiser men than I had been hoodwinked by clever mediums. But after the second sitting, for some reason, I was less credulous. In direct proportion as Sperry's interest in the medium increased, and his judgment was therefore biased, I became, not less interested, but harder to convince. If there was, behind it all, some perfectly natural explanation, I was determined to find it.

In a way, we had changed places. It was now Sperry who jumped to conclusions, resented doubts, and accepted without question Miss Jeremy's statements while in trance.

On the day after the second sitting Sperry came to see me at my office. He was looking tired and rather white.

"Look here, Horace," he said, "I've about concluded to give this thing up."

"The Neighborhood Club?"

"Not the Club, of course," he replied irritably. "That's not the question. The Wells affair."

"Why?"

He took a turn about the room. "It's like this," he said, facing me. "Arthur Wells is dead. We can't help him. Even suppose we go on, and prove to our own satisfaction that Elinor killed him. Where are we? The plain fact is that I don't want to see Miss Jeremy mixed up in the affair. She's not a professional."

"Then you want to stop it all?"

"I do."

"Even if we stop now, I doubt if Mrs. Dane will be willing. She could carry the thing on, you know. Miss Jeremy knows nothing, you think?"

"Nothing, absolutely. It's her health that worries me. She is going to give it all up."

I was disappointed. We had got to a point where to go on seemed the only course. To stop now was to leave on Elinor Wells the stigma, in all our minds, of murder. And I was not even partly convinced of her guilt.

"Suppose you allow one more sitting," I suggested. "The Club can be informed that it is the last. We will agree to let things stand as that finds them."

He agreed finally, but his interest in the case had clearly switched to Miss Jeremy. Thinking it over after he had gone, I decided to make my own investigations that week. I would have called in Herbert's assistance, but he was down with the influenza. Not for a moment did I doubt Sperry's integrity, but the authenticity of the whole affair was at stake, I felt, and the most discreet man has a way of being indiscreet to the woman he loves. Sperry, it was clear, was rapidly falling in love with Miss Jeremy.

In a way, I feel that this vindication is due Sperry. There has been some talk recently that he knew much that the medium revealed at that final and most amazing séance. This is not true. Sperry knew nothing of what I discovered that week. I pursued my investigations alone. There were times when I would have given a great deal to have him with me.

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On Thursday I saw by the morning paper that Elinor Wells had gone to Florida with her children, and that the house was closed.

I am naturally a timid man. I am not large, and I am extremely nervous. Therefore it took me most of the day to make up my mind to a course of action. I was determined to visit the Wells house, to find the patched place in the ceiling, to see if there were really cartridges in the drawer of the table in Arthur Wells's room.

I will own that I was driven more by curiosity than by any desire for scientific knowledge. There is a point at which curiosity becomes unbearable, when it becomes an obsession, like hunger. I had reached that point.

It was exceedingly difficult for me to plan anything, however. My habits have always been entirely orderly and regular. My wildest dissipation was the Neighborhood Club. I could not recall an evening away from home in years, except on business. Yet now I must have a free evening, possibly an entire night.

In planning for this, I forgot my nervousness for a time. I decided finally to tell my wife that an out-of-town client wished to talk business with me, and that day, at luncheon—I go home to lunch—I mentioned that such a client was in town.

"It is possible," I said, as calmly as I could, "that we may not get through this afternoon. If—if things should run over into the evening, I'll telephone."

She took it calmly, but later on, as I was taking an electric flash from the drawer of the hall table and putting it in my overcoat pocket, she came on me, and I thought she looked surprised.

CHAPTER FIVE

AS THE day wore on, my uneasiness increased. And my undertaking took on new difficulties. There was, for instance, the matter of the back door to the Wells's house. Nothing was more unlikely than that the key would still be hanging there. I must, therefore, get a key.

At two o'clock I sent the office-boy out for a back-door key. He looked so surprised that I explained that we had lost our key, and that I required an assortment of keys of all sizes.

"What sort of key?" he demanded, eying me, with his feet apart.

"Just an ordinary key," I said. "Not a Yale key. Nothing fancy. Just a plain back-door key."

At something after three my wife called up, in great excitement. A boy and a man had been to the house and had fitted an extra key to the back door, which had two excellent ones already. She was quite hysterical, and had sent for the police, but we live a little ways out, and the officer had arrived too late.

"They were burglars, of course!" she said. "Burglars often have boys with them, to go through pantry windows. I'm so nervous I could scream."

I tried to tell her that if the door was unlocked there was no need to use the pantry window, but she rang off quickly and, I thought, coldly. Not, however, before she had said that my plan to spend the evening out was evidently known in the underworld!

By going through my desk I found a number of keys, mostly trunk keys and one the key to a dog-collar. But late in the afternoon I visited a client of mine who is in the hardware business, and secured quite a selection. One of them was a skeleton key.

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He persisted in regarding the matter as a joke, and poked me between the shoulder-blades as I went out.

"If you're arrested with all that hardware on you," he said, "you'll be held as a first-class burglar. You are equipped to open anything from a can of tomatoes to the missionary box in church."

With the coming of the winter twilight I found my determination unaltered, but my nerves were as tight as piano wires, and my lips were dry.

I dined in a small chop-house where I occasionally lunch, and took a large cup of strong black coffee. When I went out into the night again I found that a heavy fog had settled down, and I began to feel again something of the strange and disturbing quality of the day which had ended in Arthur Wells's death. Already a potential housebreaker, I avoided policemen, and the very jingling of the keys in my pocket sounded loud and incriminating to my ears.

The Wells house was dark. Even the arc-lamp in the street was shrouded in fog. But the darkness, which added to my nervousness, added also to my security.

I turned and felt my way cautiously to the rear of the house. Suddenly I remembered the dog. But of course he was gone. As I cautiously ascended the steps the dead leaves on the vines rattled, as at the light touch of a hand, and I was tempted to turn and run.

I DO NOT like empty houses. Even in daylight they have a sinister effect on me. They seem, in their empty spaces, to have held and recorded all that has happened in the dusty past. The Wells house that night, looming before me, silent and mysterious, seemed the embodiment of all the deserted houses I had known. Its empty and unshuttered windows were like blind eyes, gazing in, not out.

Nevertheless, now that the time had come, a certain amount of courage came with it. I am not ashamed to confess that a certain part of it came from the anticipation of the Neighborhood Club's plaudits. For Herbert to have made such an investigation, or even Sperry, with his height and his iron muscles, would not have surprised them. But I was aware that while they expected intelligence and even humor, of a sort, from me, they did not anticipate any particular bravery.

The flash was working, but rather feebly. I found the nail where the door-key had formerly hung, but the key, as I had expected, was gone. I was less than five minutes, I fancy, in finding a key from my collection that would fit. The bolt slid back with a click, and the door opened.

It was still early in the evening, eight-thirty or thereabouts. I tried to think of that; to remember that, only a few blocks away, some of my friends were still dining, or making their way into theatres. But the still silence of the house came out to meet me on the threshold, and its blackness enveloped me like a wave. It was unfortunate, too, that I remembered just then that it was, or soon would be, the very hour of young Wells's death.

But with my first step over the threshold all terror left me. I strode along the passage, seeking with my flash to locate the electric switches. It was no part of my plan to work in darkness.

The electric light had been cut off!

I should have expected it, but I had not. I remember standing in the back hall and debating whether to go on or to get out. I was not terrified now, but I was handicapped. Then I recall deciding that I was a fool to hesitate, and going on. In the library I took off my hat and coat and

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placed them on a chair by the door. The flashlight was alarmingly weak and inadequate, but I found a tall candle on the mantelpiece and lighted that, to save the battery of the little lamp.

Then I looked about. The house had been hastily closed. Some of the furniture was covered with sheets. Part of it stood unprotected. The rug had been folded into the center of the room, and covered with heavy brown papers. I had left the rear door standing wide, and somewhere above a window was probably open, for the papers stirred, lifted and subsided again. It gave a ghastly impression of something living and moving beneath.

There can be no mistake as to where I left my overcoat. The chair was a light one, by the door. In throwing my overcoat over the back, it upset and I straightened it. All this, which made little or no impression on me at the time, I recalled vividly later.

I had several things to investigate. The second shot was one. And there was the recurrence of the word "curtain" in Miss Jeremy's statements. Also, she had said that extra cartridges were in a box in the table drawer of Arthur Wells's room, and that one had been taken to fit an empty chamber of the revolver.

As I left the library, candle in hand, the rear door banged shut with a crash. In my alarm my teeth closed on the end of my tongue, with agonizing results, but the immediate effect was to stop the draft and steady the candle flame.

I found a second candle on the table at the foot of the stairs and lighted it, leaving it there. Then I climbed slowly. The fog had apparently made its way into the house, for when, half-way up, I turned and looked down, the candle-light was hardly more than a spark, surrounded by a luminous aura.

I do not know exactly when I began to feel that I was not alone in the house. It was, I think, when I was on a chair on top of a table in Arthur's room, with my candle upheld to the ceiling. It seemed to me that something was moving stealthily in the room overhead. I stood there, candle upheld, and every faculty I possessed seemed centered in my ears. It was not a footstep. It was a soft and dragging movement. Had I not been near the ceiling I should not have heard it. Indeed, a moment later I was not certain that I *had* heard it.

My chair, on top of the table, was none too securely balanced. I had found what I was looking for, a part of the plaster ornament broken away, and replaced by a whitish substance, not plaster. I got out my penknife and cut away the foreign matter, showing a small hole beneath, a bullet-hole, if I knew anything of bullet-holes.

Then I heard the dragging movement above, and what with alarm and my insecure position, I suddenly overbalanced, chair and all. My head hit the footboard of the bed, and I was dazed for a few moments. The candle had gone out, of course. I felt for the chair, righted it, and sat down. I was dizzy and I was frightened. I was afraid to move, lest the dragging thing above come down and creep over me in the darkness and smother me.

And sitting there, I remembered the very things I most wished to forget —the black curtain behind Miss Jeremy, the things flung by unseen hands into the room, the way my watch had slid over the table and fallen to the floor.

Since that time I know there is a madness of courage, born of terror. Nothing could be more intolerable than to sit there and wait. It is the same insanity that drives men out of the trenches to the charge and almost certain death, rather than to sit and wait for what may come.

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In a way, I charged the upper floor of the house. I lighted my candle. Light seemed to be the only weapon against the spirits of darkness that, to my frenzied mind, awaited me. Candle in hand, and hardly sane, I ran up the staircase, and into the room overhead. It was empty. Suddenly I was rational again. The sight of two small beds, side by side, a tiny dressing-table, a row of toys on the mantelpiece, was calming. Here was the children's night nursery, a white and placid room which could house nothing hideous. I was ashamed, stricken at my own fear. I, a lawyer, an after-dinner speaker of some small reputation, a man well on in his fifties, had showed the white feather of absolute cowardice.

I went to a window and looked out. The fog was lifting. Automobiles were making cautious progress along the slippery street. A woman with a basket had stopped under the street light and was rearranging her parcels. The clock of the city hall, visible over the opposite roofs, marked only twenty minutes to nine. It was still early evening—not even midnight, the magic hour of the night.

I was thinking clearly now. This was the room above Arthur's. Had there been a murder and not a suicide, if there had been two shots and the hole near the chandelier was a bullet-hole, one of two things had happened. Either the bullet had embedded itself in a joist, or it had penetrated the flooring.

There was a pink-and-gray rug covering the floor, and I examined it as well as the ceiling. There was no mark, no hole, in either. It was when I was turning the rug back that conviction dawned on me. The sound I had heard below had been this sound, the soft movement of the carpet across the floor-boards.

Some one, then, had been there before me—some one who knew what I knew, had reasoned as I reasoned. Some one who, in all probability, still lurked on the upper floor.

Obeying an impulse, I stood erect and called out sharply. "Sperry!" I said. "Sperry!"

There was no answer. I tried again, calling Herbert. But only my own voice came back to me, and the whistling of the wind through a window open in the hall.

I was unarmed, and as surely as I had feared the supernatural before, I now felt that some menacing human figure was hidden by the shadows of that upper floor. I looked about for a weapon, and finally took the only thing in sight, a coal-tongs from the fireplace. Armed with that, I made a cursory round of the near-by rooms. There was no one in sight.

I went back to the rug and examined the floor beneath it. I was right. Some one had been there before me. Bits of splintered wood lay about. The second bullet had been fired, had buried itself in the flooring, and had, some five minutes before, been dug out.

By whom?

CHAPTER SIX

THE extraordinary thing about the Arthur Wells's story was not his killing. For killing it was. It is the way it was solved.

Here was a young woman, a Miss Jeremy, who had not known young Wells, had not known Elinor, had, until that first meeting at Mrs. Dane's, never met any member of the Neighborhood Club. Yet, but for her, Arthur Wells would have gone to his grave bearing the stigma of moral cowardice, of suicide.

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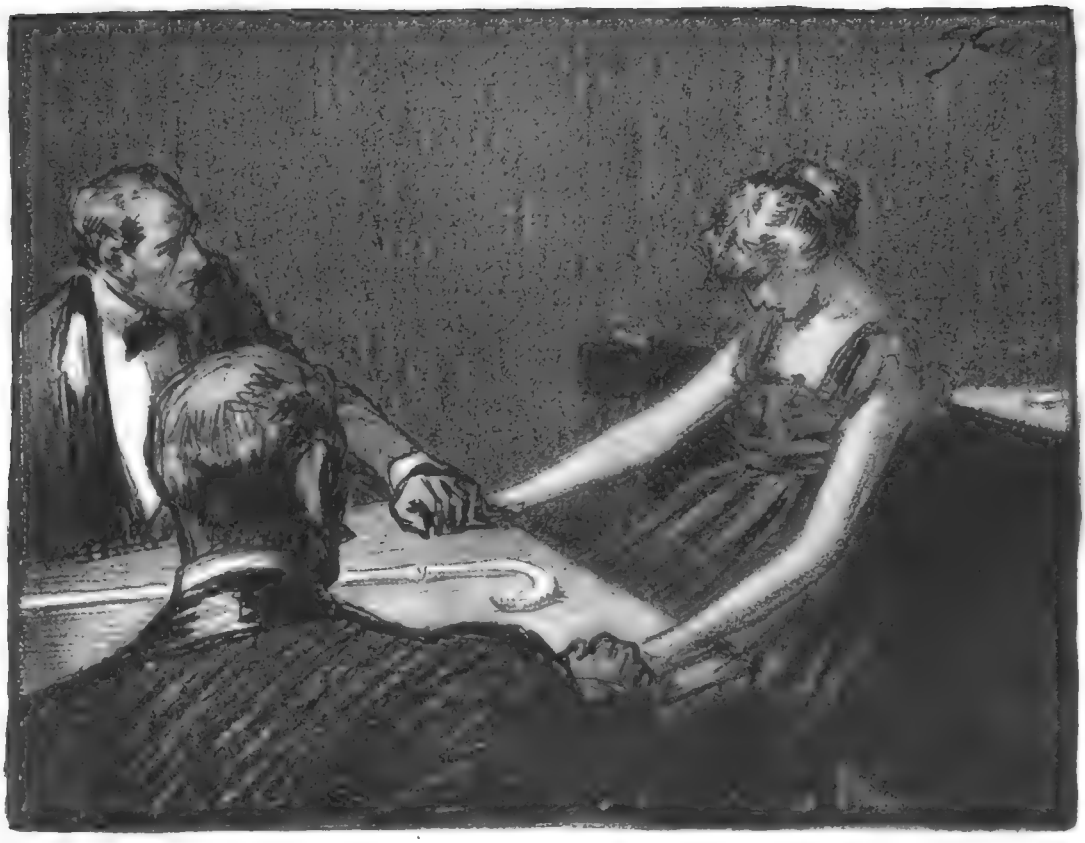

"WILL YOU TELL US WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT STICK?"
"IT IS WRITING."

The solution, when it came, was amazing, but remarkably simple. Like most mysteries. I have, in my own house, an example of a great mystery, for instance, founded on mere absent-mindedness.

This is what my wife terms the mystery of the fire-tongs!

I left the Wells house as soon as I had made the discovery in the night nursery. I carried the candle and the fire-tongs down-stairs. I was, apparently, calm but watchful. I would have said that I had never been more calm in my life.

However, the discovery that my overcoat was gone from the library rather startled me. I knew exactly where I had left it, but it was gone. My hat I found on the floor. It had been stepped on, and was badly broken. I shall have to confess to a certain relief over the broken hat. A very human and tangible and not at all light foot had destroyed it.

As I say, I was apparently calm, in spite of everything. I locked the rear door of the house, and when, on putting the key into my pocket, I found that I had inadvertently put the stump of the candle there, I was careful to throw it away.

But the fact remains that I carried the fire-tongs home. I do not recall doing so. In fact, I knew nothing of the matter until morning. On the way to my house I was elaborating a story to the effect that my overcoat had been stolen from a restaurant where I and my client had dined. The hat offered more serious difficulties. I fancied that, by kissing my wife

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good-by at the breakfast table, I might be able to get out without her following me to the front door, which is her custom.

But, as a matter of fact, I need not have concerned myself about the hat. When I descended to breakfast the next morning I found her surveying the umbrella-stand in the hall. The fire-tongs were standing there, gleaming brazenly among my sticks and umbrellas.

I lied. I lied shamelessly. She is a nervous woman, and as we have no children, her attitude toward me is one of watchful waiting. Through long years she has expected me to commit some indiscretion — innocent, of course, such as going out without my overcoat on a cool day—and she intends to be on hand for every emergency. I dared not confess, therefore that on the previous evening I had burglariously entered a closed house, had there surprised another intruder at work, had fallen and bumped my head severely, and had, finally, had my overcoat taken.

"Horace," she said coldly, "where did you get those fire-tongs?"

"Fire-tongs?" I repeated. "Why, that's so. They *are* fire-tongs."

"Where did you get them?"

"My dear," I expostulated, "*I* get them!"

"What I would like to ask," she said, with an icy calmness that I have learned to dread, "is whether you carried them home over your head, under the impression that you had your umbrella."

"Certainly not," I said with dignity; "I assure you, my dear——"

"I am not a curious woman," she put in, incisively, "but when my husband spends an evening out, and returns minus his overcoat, with his hat mashed, a lump the size of an egg over his ear, and puts a pair of fire-tongs in the umbrella-stand under the impression that it is an umbrella, I have a right to ask at least if he intends to continue his life of debauchery."

I made a mistake then. I should have told her. Instead I took my broken hat and jammed it on my head with a force that made the lump she had noticed jump like a toothache, and went out.

When, at noon and luncheon, I tried to tell her the truth, she listened to the end. Then: "I should think you could have done better than that," she said. "You have had all morning to think it out."

That afternoon I saw Sperry and told him. He was rather indignant at my going alone, but he was impressed, too. "You've got more courage than I have," he said. "Of course, the question is now, who was after the bullet? Not Elinor. She's gone. Not the governess. She went with Elinor. Then who?"

"There was no mention, in the séances, of another person being present," I reflected.

"No. We've only tapped the top of this thing, Horace. There's this thing that comes so often, about the drawing-room furniture." He had the transcribed notes made by the secretary on his desk, and he looked them over. "There's the cane writing on the sand, and somebody with a hurt knee. Pocketbook—humph! And curtains and letters."

"They may not belong. Those idiotic rhymes don't belong."

"That's different. There's distinct anxiety about the pocketbook and the letters. 'It will be terrible if the letters are found.' 'Hawkins may have it. He was always hanging around. The curtain was much safer.' The 'it' is the pocketbook, of course."

I glanced over his shoulder. "What curtain?" "In *his* room," I read.

Sperry looked up at me. "We'd better go back to the house," he said. "Whoever took your overcoat by mistake probably left one. The difficulty

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ALREADY A POTENTIAL HOUSE-BREAKER, I AVOIDED POLICEMEN.

is, of course, that he probably discovered his error and went back again last night." He viewed me with what I perceived to be growing disfavor. "Confound it, man," he said, "if you had thought of that at the time, we would have something to go on to-day."

"I'm sorry, Sperry," I observed. "The plain truth is that I had stopped thinking some time before."

"We'd better go to-night."

"Very well," I agreed.

But it was not very well, and I knew it. I felt that, in a way, my whole domestic happiness was at stake. My wife is a difficult person to argue with, and as tenacious of an opinion once formed as are all very amiable people.

Unfortunately for our investigation, but luckily for me, under the circumstances, Sperry was called to another city that afternoon and did not return for two days.

It was on the Thursday night following the second sitting that I had gone alone to the Wells house, and my interview with Sperry was on Friday. It was on Friday afternoon that I received a telephone message from Mrs. Dane.

It was actually from her secretary, the Clara who had recorded the séances. It was Mrs. Dane's misfortune to be almost entirely dependent on the various young women who, one after the other, were employed to look after her. I say "one after the other" advisedly. It had long been a matter of good-natured jesting in the Neighborhood Club that Mrs. Dane conducted a matrimonial bureau, as one young woman after another was married from her house. It was her kindly habit, on such occasions, to give the bride a wedding, and only a month before it had been my privilege to give away in holy wedlock Miss Clara's predecessor.

"Mrs. Dane would like you to stop in and have a cup of tea with her this afternoon, Mr. Johnson," said the secretary.

"At what time?"

"At four o'clock."

I hesitated. I felt that my wife was waiting at home for further explanation of the coal-tongs, and that the sooner we had it out the better. But, on the other hand, Mrs. Dane's invitations, by reason of her infirmity, took on something of the nature of commands.

"Please say that I will be there at four," I replied.

I bought a new hat that afternoon, and told the clerk to destroy the old one. Then I went to Mrs. Dane's.

She was in the drawing-room, now restored to its usual clutter of furniture and ornaments. I made my way around two tables, stepped over a hassock and under the leaves of an artificial palm, and shook her hand.

She was plainly excited. Never have I known a woman who, confined to a wheel-chair, lived so hard. She did not allow life to pass her windows, if I may put it that way. She called it in, and set it moving about her

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chair, herself the nucleus around which were enacted all sorts of small neighborhood dramas and romances. Her secretaries did not marry. She married them.

It is curious to look back and remember how Herbert and Sperry and myself had ignored this quality in her, in the Wells case. She was not to be ignored. I discovered that that afternoon.

"Sit down," she said. "You look half sick."

Nothing escapes her eyes, so I was careful to place myself with the lump on my head turned away from her. But I fancy she saw it, for her eyes twinkled.

"Horace! Horace!" she said. "How I have detested you all week!"

"I? You detested me?"

"Loathed you," she said with unction. "You are cruel and ungrateful. Herbert has influenza, and does not count. And Sperry is in love—oh, yes, I know it. I know a great many things. But you!"

I could only stare at her.

"The strange thing is," she went on, "that I have known you for years, and never suspected your sense of humor. You'll forgive me, I know, if I tell you that your lack of humor was to my mind the only flaw in an otherwise perfect character."

"I am not aware—" I began stiffly. "I have always believed that I furnished to the Neighborhood Club its only leaven of humor."

"Don't spoil it," she begged. "Don't. If you could know how I have enjoyed it. All afternoon I have been chuckling. The coal-tongs, Horace. The coal-tongs!"

Then I knew that my wife had been to Mrs. Dane and I drew a long breath. "I assure you," I said gravely, "that while doubtless I carried the wretched things home and—er—placed them where they were found, I have not the slightest recollection of it. And it is hardly amusing, is it?"

"Amusing!" she cried. "It's delicious. It has made me a young woman again. Horace, if I could have seen your wife's face when she found them, I would give cheerfully almost anything I possess."

But underneath her mirth I knew there was something else. And, after all, she could convince my wife if she were convinced herself. I told her the whole story—of the visit Sperry and I had made the night Arthur Wells was shot, and of what we discovered; of the drug-store whisky, and its unfortunate effect—at which, I regret to say, she was vastly amused; and last of all, of my experience the previous night in the deserted house.

SHE was very serious when I finished. Tea came, but we forgot to drink it. Her eyes flashed with excitement, her faded face flushed. And, with it all, as I look back, there was an air of suppressed excitement that seemed to have nothing to do with my narrative. I remembered it, however, when the dénouement came the following week.

She was a remarkable woman. Even then she knew, or strongly suspected, the thing that the rest of us had missed, the *x* of the equation. But she kept it to herself.

"You have been so ungenerous with me," she said finally, "that I am tempted not to tell you why I sent for you. Of course I know I am only a helpless old woman, and you men are people of affairs. But now and then I have a flash of intelligence. I'm going to tell you, but you don't deserve it."

She went down into the black silk bag at her side which was as much a part of her attire as the false front she wore with careless abandon, and

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I WENT TO A WINDOW AND LOOKED OUT. THE FOG WAS LIFTING.

which, brown in color and indifferently waved, was invariably parting from its moorings. She drew out a newspaper clipping.

"On going over Clara's notes," she said, "I came to the conclusion, last Tuesday, that the matter of the missing hand-bag and the letters was important. More important, probably, than the mere record shows. Do you recall the note of distress in Miss Jeremy's voice? It was almost a wail."

I had noticed it.

"I have plenty of time to think," she added, not without pathos. "There is only one Monday night in the week, and—the days are long. It occurred to me to try to trace that bag."

"In what way?"

"How does any one trace lost articles?" she demanded. "By advertising, of course. Last Wednesday I advertised for the bag."

I was too astonished to speak.

"I reasoned like this: If there was no such bag, there was no harm done. As a matter of fact, if there was no such bag, the chances were that we were all wrong, anyhow. If there was such a bag, I wanted it. Here is the advertisement." She gave me a small newspaper cutting:

> Lost, a handbag containing private letters, car tickets, etc. Liberal reward paid for its return. Please write to A 31, the *Daily News*.

I sat with it on my palm. It was so simple, so direct. And I, a lawyer, and presumably reasonably acute, had not thought of it!

"And—the result?"

"Just a moment. There is something else." She dived again into the bag, and brought up another clipping.

"On the day that I had that inserted," she said impressively, "this also appeared. They were in the same column." She read the second clipping aloud, slowly, that I might gain all its significance:

> Lost, on the night of Monday, November the second, between State Avenue and Park Avenue, possibly on a Western Line street-car, a black handbag containing keys, car tickets, private letters, and a small sum of money. Reward if returned to *Daily News* office. No questions asked.

She passed the clipping to me, and I compared them. It all looked strange. I confess to a tingling feeling that coincidence, that element so much to be feared in any investigation, was not the solution here. But there was such a chance, and I spoke of it.

"Possibly," she replied. "But I am not through, my friend."

She went down into the bag again, and I expected nothing less than the pocketbook, letters and all, to appear. But she dragged up, among a miscellany of handkerchiefs, a bottle of smelling-salts, and a few almonds, of which she was inordinately fond, an envelope.

"Yesterday," she said, "I took a taxicab ride. You know my chair gets tiresome, occasionally. I stopped at the newspaper office, and got this."

"This," was a letter, addressed to A 31, in care of the *Daily News*.

"Read it," she observed. "It is a curious human document. You'll probably be no wiser for reading it, but it shows one thing: We are on the track of something."

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I have the letter before me now. It is written on glazed paper, ruled with blue lines. The writing is rather affected, of the flowing style we used to call Spencerian. It is what Sperry terms, rather aptly, of a sexless type. "Copy-book writing," done with a fine pen. It was, if anything, rather effeminate in character. But the language was forceful enough:

> You know who this is from. I have the bag and the letters. In a safe place. If you would treat me like a human being, you could have them. I know where the walking-stick is, also. I will tell you this. I have no wish to do her any harm. She will have to pay up in the next world, even if she gets off in this. The way I reason is this: As long as I have the things, I've got the whip-hand. I've got you, too, although you may think I haven't.
>
> About the other matter I was innocent. I swear it again. I never did it. You are the only one in all the world. I would rather be dead than go on like this.

It is unsigned.

I stared from the letter to Mrs. Dane. She was watching me, her face grave and rather sad.

"You and I, Horace," she said, "live our orderly lives. We eat, and sleep, and talk, and even labor. We think we are living. But for the last day or two I have been seeing visions—you and I and the rest of us, living on the surface, and underneath, carefully kept down so it will not make us uncomfortable, a world of passion and crime and violence and suffering. That letter is a tragedy."

CHAPTER SEVEN

ON SATURDAY evening, Sperry having returned, I called an informal meeting of the Neighborhood Club. In deference to Herbert Robinson's recent attack of influenza, we met at the Robinson house. Sperry himself wheeled Mrs. Dane over, and made a speech.

"We have called this meeting," he said, "because a rather singular situation has developed. What was commenced purely as an interesting experiment has gone beyond that stage. We find ourselves in the curious position of taking what comes very close to being a part in a domestic tragedy. The affair is made more delicate by the fact that this tragedy involves people who are our friends, or who are at least very well known to us. The purpose of this meeting, to be brief, is to determine whether the Neighborhood Club, as a body, wishes to go on with the investigation, or to stop where we are."

He paused, but as no one spoke, he went on again. "It is really not as simple as that," he said. "To stop now, in view of the evidence we intend to place before the Club, is to leave in all our minds certain suspicions that may be entirely unjust. On the other hand, to go on is, very possibly, to place us all in a position where to keep silent is to be an accessory after a crime."

He then proceeded, in orderly fashion, to review the first sitting and its results. He read from notes, elaborating them as he went along, for the benefit of the women, who had not been fully informed. As all the data of the Club is now in my possession, I copy these notes.

"I shall review briefly the first sitting, and what followed it." He read the notes of the sitting first. "You will notice that I have made no comment on the physical phenomena which occurred early in the séance. This is for two reasons: first, it has no bearing on the question at issue. Second, it has no quality of novelty. Certain people, under certain conditions, are able to exert powers that we can not explain. I have no belief whatever in their spiritistic quality. They are, probably, what remains in some of us of a dying sixth sense. They are purely physical, the exercise of powers we no longer are able to recognize. That is all."

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ARMED WITH THE FIRE-TONGS, I MADE A ROUND

And, to make our position clear, that is to-day the attitude of the Neighborhood Club. The supernormal, as I said at the beginning, not the supernatural, is our explanation.

Sperry's notes were alphabetical.

(*a*) At 9:15 or somewhat earlier, on Monday night a week ago Arthur Wells killed himself, or was killed. At 9:30 on that same evening by Mr. Johnson's watch, consulted at the time, Miss Jeremy had described such a crime. (He here elaborated, repeating the medium's account.)

(*b*) At midnight, Sperry, reaching home, had found a message summoning him to the Wells house. The message had been left at 9:35. He had telephoned me, and we had gone together, arriving at approximately 12:30.

(*c*) We had been unable to enter, and, recalling the medium's description of a key on a nail among the vines, had searched for and found such a key, and had admitted ourselves. Mrs. Wells, a governess, a doctor, and two policemen were in the house. The dead man lay in the room in which he had died. (Here he went at length into the condition of the room, the revolver with one chamber empty, the moist spot on the carpet, and the sponge and razor-strop behind the bathtub. He offered no opinion, nor did he comment on Elinor Wells's story, which he repeated.)

(*d*) The governess had come in at 9:15, just after the death. Mr. Horace Johnson had had a talk with her. She had left the front door unfastened when she went out at eight o'clock. She said she had gone out to telephone about another position, as she was dissatisfied. She had phoned from Elliott's pharmacy on State Avenue. Later that night we went to Elliott's. She had lied about the message. She had really telephoned to a number which the pharmacy clerk had already discovered was that of the Ellingham house. The message was that Mr. Ellingham was not to come, as Mr. and

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OF THE ROOMS. THERE WAS NO ONE IN SIGHT.

Mrs. Wells were going out. It was not the first time she had telephoned to that number.

There was a stir in the room. Something that we had all avoided mention of had come suddenly into the open. Sperry raised his hand.

"It is necessary to be explicit," he said, "that the club may see where it stands. It is, of course, not necessary to remind ourselves that this evening's disclosures are of the most secret nature.

"(*e*) At a private séance, which Mr. Johnson and I decided was excusable, under the circumstances, the medium was unable to give us anything. This in spite of the fact that we had taken with us a walking-stick belonging to the dead man.

"(*f*) The second sitting of the Club. I need only refresh your minds as to one or two things: the medium spoke of a lost pocketbook, and of letters. While the point is at least capable of doubt, apparently the letters were in the pocketbook. Also, she said that a *curtain* would have been better, that Hawkins was a nuisance, and that everything was all right unless the bullet had made a hole in the floor above. You will also recall the mention of a box of cartridges in a table-drawer in Arthur Wells's room.

"I will now ask Mr. Johnson to tell what occurred on the night before last, Thursday evening."

I am rather an experienced speaker, but the fact that my wife sat back in her chair and watched me with cool incredulity did not add to my ease that night. However, I told, as briefly as I could, how I had effected an entrance to the house, and of examining the house, particularly the ceiling of the room in which Arthur Wells had been found.

"The plaster had been broken, and filled with a white paste, which had hardened. It had been my intention to take the paste away with me, but I heard sounds overhead, and, going to investigate them, I had forgotten it."

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"And these sounds?" Herbert asked, leaning forward.

"I discovered afterward what they were." I am not without vanity, I fear, and the effect on my audience was most satisfactory. I told of having armed myself with the coal-tongs against what I felt was an enemy, and of finding my overcoat gone.

Then I looked at my wife. It was a complete compensation for that night of terror to find her gaze no longer cold, but sympathetic, and—if I may be allowed to say so—admiring. When at last I sat down beside her, she put her hand on my arm in a way that I had missed since the unfortunate affair of the pharmacy whisky.

Mrs. Dane then read and explained the two clippings and the letter, and the situation, so far as it had developed, was before the Club.

Were we to go on, or to stop?

Put to a vote, the women were for going on. The men were more doubtful, and Herbert voiced what I think we all felt.

"We're getting in pretty deep," he said. "We have no right to step in where the law has stepped out—no legal right, that is. As to moral right, it depends on what we are holding these sittings for. If we are making what we started out to make, an investigation into psychic matters, then we can go on. But with this proviso, I think: Whatever may come of it, the result is of psychic interest only. We are not trailing a criminal."

"Crime is the affair of every decent-minded citizen," his sister put in concisely.

But the general view was that Herbert was right. I am not defending our course. I am recording it. It is, I admit, open to argument.

Having decided on what to do, or not to do, we broke into animated discussion. The letter to A 31 was the rock on which all our theories foundered, that and the message the governess had sent to young Ellingham not to come to the Wells house that night. By no stretch of rather excited imaginations, could we imagine Ellingham writing such a letter. Who had written the letter, then, and for whom was it meant?

As to the telephone message, it seemed to preclude the possibility of Ellingham's having gone to the house that night.

AND there was another point. Miss Jeremy had said that the woman she saw had worn a yellow kimono. Sperry pointed out that the one Elinor had worn was green. It was still stained where she had knelt by her unfortunate husband.

In the end, we decided to hold one more séance, and then to let the affair drop.

It is typical of the strained nervous tension which had developed in all of us during the past twelve days, that that night when, having forgotten to let the dog in, my wife and I were roused from a sound sleep by his howling, she would not allow me to go down and admit him. And Herbert Robinson afterward confessed to me that during the entire period, and for a week after, he had slept with a light.

Sunday was a quiet day. I felt the need of spiritual refreshing, and went to church. I had seen so many things that my earthly philosophy was apparently not able to reach, so many of the laws by which I had been accustomed to order my mind and my conduct had been eclipsed by the amazements of the past two weeks, that I clutched, I fear rather wildly, at those things which I had until now accepted without question.

And the service did me good. My wife, too, was in a penitent and rather

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exalted mood. During the sermon she sat with her hand in mine, and I was conscious of peace and a deep thankfulness. We had been married for many years, and we had grown very close. Of what importance was the Wells case, or what mattered it that there were strange new-old laws in the universe, so long as we kept together?

That my wife had felt a certain bitterness toward Miss Jeremy, a jealousy of her powers, even of her youth, had not dawned on me. But when, in her new humility, she suggested that we call on the medium that afternoon, I realized that, in her gentle way, she was making a sort of atonement.

Miss Jeremy lived with an elderly spinster cousin, a little way out of town. It was a grim house, coldly and rigidly austere. It gave an unpleasant impression at the start, and our comfort was not increased by the discovery, made early in the call, that the cousin regarded the Neighborhood Club and its members with suspicion.

THERE WAS A BULLET-HOLE, IF I KNOW ANYTHING OF BULLET-HOLES.

The cousin—her name was Connell—was small and sharp, and she entered the room followed by a train of cats. All the time she was frigidly greeting us, cats were coming in at the door, one after the other. It fascinated me. I do not like cats. I am, as a matter of confession, afraid of cats. They affect me as do snakes. They trailed in in a seemingly endless procession, and one of them took a fancy to me, and leaped from behind on to my shoulder. The shock set me stammering.

"My cousin is out," said Miss Connell. "Doctor Sperry has taken her for a ride. She will be back very soon."

I shook a cat from my trouser-leg, and my wife made an unimportant remark.

"I may as well tell you, I disapprove of what Alice is doing," said Miss Connell. "She doesn't have to. I've offered her a good home. She was brought up an Episcopalian. I call this sort of thing playing with the powers of darkness. Only the eternally damned are doomed to walk the earth. The blessed are at rest."

"But you believe in her powers, don't you?" my wife asked, anxiously.

"I believe she can do extraordinary things. She brought me a message from my dead father the other night, and described him, although she had never seen him."

In view of her previous remark I was tempted to comment on this stricture on her departed parent, but a large cat, much scarred with fighting, and named

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Violet, insisted at that moment on crawling into my lap, and my attention was distracted.

"But the whole thing is un-Christian and undignified," Miss Connell proceeded, in her cold voice. "Come, Violet—don't annoy the gentleman. I have other visions of the next life than of rapping on tables and chairs, and throwing small articles about."

It was an extraordinary visit. Even the arrival of Miss Jeremy herself, flushed with the air and looking singularly normal, was hardly a relief. Sperry, who followed, was clearly pleased to see us, however.

It was not hard to see how things were with him. He helped the girl out of her wraps with a manner that was almost proprietary, and drew a chair for her close to the small fire which hardly affected the chill of the room.

WITH their entrance a spark of hospitality seemed to kindle in the cat lady's breast. It was evident that she liked Sperry. Perhaps she saw in him a method of weaning her cousin from traffic with the powers of darkness. She said something about tea, and went out.

Sperry looked across at the girl and smiled. "Shall I tell them?" he said.

"I want very much to have them know."

He stood up, and with a touch of the drama that he so loves, he put a hand on her shoulder. "This young lady is going to marry me," he said. "We are very happy to-day."

But I thought he eyed us anxiously. We were his close friends, and he wanted our approval. I am not sure if we were wise. I do not yet know. But something of the new understanding between my wife and myself must have found its way to our voices, for he was evidently satisfied.

"Then *that's* all right," he said heartily. And my wife, who likes a love-affair, kissed the girl.

Except for the cats, sitting around, the whole thing was strangely normal. And yet, even there, something happened that set me to thinking afterward. Not that it was strange in itself, but that it seemed never possible to get very far away from the Wells' mystery.

Tea was brought in by Hawkins!

I knew him at once, but he did not at once see me. He was evidently accustomed to seeing Sperry there, and he did not recognize my wife. But when he had put down the tray and turned to pick up Sperry's overcoat to carry it into the hall, he saw me. The man actually started. I can not say that he changed color. He was always a pale, anæmic-looking fellow. But it was a perceptible instant before he stooped and gathered up the coat.

Sperry turned to me when he had gone out. "That was Hawkins, Horace," he said. "You remember, don't you? The Wells' butler."

"I knew him at once."

"He wrote to me asking for a position, and I got him this. Looks sick, poor devil. I intend to have a go at his chest."

"How long has he been here?"

"More than a week, I think."

As I drank my tea, I pondered. After all, the Neighborhood Club must guard against the possibility of fraud. Sperry had been indiscreet. For a while at least I felt that the value of our researches to that time was invalidated. Here, living in the medium's house, was a man who could very easily have known about the crime, or have known a part and surmised the rest.

When we rose, shortly after, to go, I saw Sperry's eyes on me, with a flash of resentment in them. He had, I saw, fathomed my uneasiness, and

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he made an excuse of looking at his car to follow us into the open air.

"Now look here," he said, "I see what you are thinking about, and the whole idea is absurd. Of course, I never even thought about it, but even allowing for connivance—which I don't for a moment—the fellow was not even in the house at the time of the murder."

"I know he *says* he was not."

He turned away angrily, but thought of something, and swung back on his heel.

"Even then," he said, "how about the first sitting? I'll swear she had never even heard of him then."

"The fact remains that his presence here makes us all absurd."

"Do you want me to throw him out?"

"I don't see what possible good that will do now."

I was uneasy all the way home. The element of doubt, always so imminent in our dealings with psychic phenomena, had me by the throat. How much did Hawkins know? Was there any way, without going to the police, to find if he had really been out of the Wells house that night, now almost two weeks ago, when Arthur Wells had been killed?

That evening I went to Sperry's house, after telephoning that I was coming. On the way I stopped in at Mrs. Dane's and secured something from her. She was wildly curious, and made me promise to go in on my way back, and explain. I made a compromise.

"I will come in if I have anything to tell you," I said.

But I knew, by her grim smile, that she would station herself by her window, and that I would stop, unless I made a detour of three blocks to avoid her. She is a very determined woman.

"DID YOU CARRY THE FIRE-TONGS HOME OVER YOUR HEAD, AS AN UMBRELLA?"

CHAPTER EIGHT

SPERRY was waiting for me in his library, a pleasant room which I have often envied him. Even the most happily married man wishes, now and then, for some quiet, dull room which is essentially his own. My own library is really

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the family sitting-room, and a Christmas or so ago my wife presented me with a very handsome phonograph instrument. My reading, therefore, is done to music, and the necessity for putting my book down to change the record at times interferes somewhat with my train of thought.

So I entered Sperry's library with appreciation. He was standing by the fire, with the grave face and slightly bent head of his professional manner. We say, in the neighborhood, that Sperry uses his professional manner as armor. So I was rather prepared to do battle; but he forestalled me.

"Horace," he said, "I have been a fool, a driveling idiot. We were getting something at those sittings. Something real. She's wonderful—Miss Jeremy. But no matter what we get now she will be discredited. I see it." He was rather bitter about it, but not hostile. His fury was at himself. "Of course," he went on, "I am sure that she got nothing from Hawkins. But the fact remains—" He was hurt in his pride of her.

"I wonder," I said, "if you kept the letter Hawkins wrote you when he asked for a position."

HE WAS not sure. He went down to his consulting room and was gone for some time. I took the opportunity to glance over his books and over the room.

Arthur Wells's stick was standing in a corner. I took it up and examined it. It was an English malacca, light and strong, and had seen service. It was a trifle long for me. It occurred to me that Arthur had been about my height, and that it was odd that he should have carried so long a stick. There was no ease in swinging it.

But I dismissed the notion, with the feeling that I was seeing everything those days with a warped and crooked judgment. When Sperry returned I laid the stick on the table. There can be no doubt that I did so, for I had to move a book-rack to place it. One end, the handle, was near the ink-well, and the ferule lay on a copy of Gibson's "Life Beyond the Grave," which Sperry had evidently been reading.

Sperry had found the letter. I glanced at it. I recognized the writing at once, thin and rather sexless, Spencerian.

DEAR SIR: Since Mr. Wells's death I am out of employment. Before I took the position of butler with Mr. Wells I was valet to Mr. Ellingham, and before that, in England, to Lord Condray. I have a very good letter of recommendation from Lord Condray. If you need a servant at this time I would do my best to give satisfaction.

(And signed) ARTHUR HAWKINS.

I put down the application, and took the anonymous letter about the bag from my pocketbook. "Read this, Sperry," I said. "You know the letter. Look at the writing."

He compared the two, with a slight lifting of his eyebrows. Then he put them down. "Hawkins!" he said. "Hawkins has the letters! And the bag!"

"Exactly," I commented dryly. "In other words, Hawkins was in Miss Jeremy's house when, at the second sitting, she told of the letters."

I felt rather sorry for Sperry. He paced the room wretchedly, the two letters in his hand.

"But why should he tell her, if he did?" he demanded. "The writer of that anonymous letter was writing for only one person. Every effort is made to conceal his identity."

I felt that he was right. The point was well taken.

"The question now is, to whom was it written?"

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ALL THE TIME SHE WAS GREETING US, CATS WERE COMING IN AT THE DOOR.

We pondered that, to no effect. That Hawkins had certain letters which touched on the Wells affair, that they were probably in the Connell house, was clear enough. We had no possible authority for trying to get the letters, although Sperry was anxious to make the attempt.

"But I feel," he said, "that it is too late to help her very much. She is innocent. I know that. I think you know that, too, deep in that legal mind of yours. It is wrong to discredit her because I did a foolish thing." He warmed to his argument. "Why, think, man," he said. "The whole first sitting was practically coincident with the crime itself."

It was true enough. There could be no question that, long before any one could have brought her word of it, she had described Arthur Wells's death, and, with strange exactness, the room, the woman with him, the revolver.

"She made only one error," Sperry said, in a puzzled tone. "The color of the negligée Elinor was wearing."

The last instalment of ***"Sight Unseen"*** *will appear in the August number.*

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THE NEW INDEPENDENCE DAY

TO THE READERS OF EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE:

IN ASSEMBLING this July issue, the editor of EVERYBODY'S saved these four pages that he might lay a proposition, man to man, before you. This:

We are doing less than our full duty as citizens of the United States if we are not, at this minute, supporting with all the energy and intelligence God has given us, the demand for universal military training in this nation.

It was in December that EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE declared its purpose to support the idea of universal training as the one democratic, American, and common-sense way of meeting and answering the riddle of an adequate home defense.

In that stand EVERYBODY'S *has had the support of the bulk of its readers.* The proof of that is in our letter-files and in our circulation figures.

THE CURRENT OF PUBLIC OPINION IN THE UNITED STATES TO-DAY FLOWS IN THE DIRECTION OF UNIVERSAL SERVICE.

But the current moves slowly—so slowly that the American Congress, absorbed in the intricacies of petty politics, has been unable to perceive it.

The sentiment is here. But as yet it is largely passive. Hundreds of thousands of us, yes, millions of us, seeing the way, are still "passing the buck" to those who would lead.

And there is the danger.

Three times in less than a century and a half is a good many times in the life of a nation, as nations rise and fall, for any one nation to face a "main chance." We have been a fortunate people.

In 1776 we saw a chance to make a nation of free people. We took it. We proclaimed a belief in human equality—and fought for it. We got a nation, a Washington, and "the Spirit of '76."

On November 19, 1863, a man said this:

> Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. . . . . It is . . . . for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

That was the "main chance" then. And we took it. It was a sad, terrible thing. But we pulled a youth of a nation through to lean,

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wiry manhood. And we got a Lincoln. And we got a chance to take an important place in the councils of the world.

In 1915 Woodrow Wilson said:

America was reborn by the struggle of the Civil War, but America is reborn every day of her life by the purposes we form, the conceptions we entertain, the hopes that we cherish. . . . Let us go away from this place renewed in our devotion to daily duty and to those ideals which keep a nation young, keep it noble, keep it rich in enterprise and achievement; make it to lead the nations of the world in those things that make for hope and for the benefit of mankind.

And that is the "main chance" *now.* To *lead the world.*

Our ideal is that this power, this leadership, should be established, maintained, without the launching of a battle-ship or the making of a rifle. But to-day, in July, 1916, it is being driven in upon us, day after day, every hour of the day and night, that nations and men do fight and kill—do use battle-ships and rifles to settle disputes; that physical power must be wedded to moral power in creating a leadership that can endure, in safeguarding liberties, ideals, institutions.

In 1914 a man said:

If this country needed a million men and needed them to-day, the call could go out at sunrise and the sun would set on a million men under arms.

And the American nation laughed.

What was it laughing at?

It was laughing because a man was talking in his sleep.

It is a funny thing to see a man talking in his sleep. Yet, two years before—a year before—the same man with the same words would have made "the Eagle scream." At a firecrackerless, safe and sane Fourth, with this same man as the orator of the day, we should have waved our hats, cheered our cheer, and gone away content, with a feeling that "it's a great old country, a great old Flag, a great old Bill Bryan."

What has happened?

We have developed a tendency to smile when we hear about our "sturdy, unwhipped citizenship." Why?

Because a few individuals with a penchant for poking into things have been digging the truth out of our history and shooting into us some facts that don't jibe with the Fourth-of-July oration of tradition. Such as these:

THAT out of every five men who went into the Union forces during the Civil War, one was a deserter; that early in the second year of the war (August 4, 1862) President Lincoln had to resort to the draft, and that before the struggle had continued two years Congress was compelled to adopt general conscription; that the only real land victory we won in the War of 1812 was after the war was over; that a French navy and army played a powerful rôle at Yorktown; that

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Washington himself, in November, 1775, after most heroic efforts to assemble an army of 20,000 men around Boston, wrote this:

> There must be some other stimulus, besides love of their country, to make men fond of the service. . . . Such a dearth of public spirit and such want of virtue, such stock-jobbing and fertility in all the low arts to obtain advantages of one kind or another in this great change of military arrangement I never saw before, and pray God's mercy that I may never be witness to again.

But why do we laugh about it? Well, because the individual citizen of this nation, deeply patriotic at heart, since this great period of development and internal commercial activity opened, has found how easy it is to "pass the buck" and has developed a tendency to "laugh and grow fat."

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE *puts it to you squarely if there is not real peril in this; if it is not high time that you and we got together to break down that frame of mind—to turn the face of our nation directly and frankly toward its peril, its responsibility, and its opportunity.*

THE war in Europe put the word "preparedness" into the everyday language of the United States. The word was seized upon for patriotic use, mostly; for selfish use, partly. It raised the cry of "militarism!" It came to be a rallying-point for the true sentiment of Americanism. It expresses now a very real national issue. In all its power for good or evil, it draws strength daily from that frightful thing going on in Europe.

One day—we pray God an early one—peace will rest over Europe. The day when our country may tremble at any moment on the brink of war—and speculate—will have passed. The crowds around our bulletin-boards will melt away. We shall seize our morning and evening papers with less eagerness, less anxiety. The banker and the manufacturer, the butcher, the baker, and the candle-stickmaker for a bruised and exhausted mankind, we shall turn to our tasks.

AND WHAT OF OUR MAIN CHANCE?

Are we going to compute it in goods—in dollars?

Or are we going to have a *new Independence Day*—a FOURTH OF JULY FOR ALL THE WORLD?

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE stands for that main chance. The chance for *the American Declaration of Independence to come true for all mankind!*

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE can see America beginning to turn her face in that direction. The ranks of the veterans of the Civil War are thinning. Soon they will disappear. A great idea is taking form in the citizen camps at Plattsburg and elsewhere. Wyoming has given the nation proof that true democracy, a sturdier, cleaner youth and a brighter promise for a new generation can go hand in hand with military training.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE will support with all the power it has the Plattsburg idea and the Wyoming idea. Also,

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE WILL USE ALL THE POWER IT HAS TO KEEP ALIVE AND ACTIVE A REALIZATION THAT THESE IDEAS, BIG AND CONSTRUCTIVE AS THEY ARE, ARE BUT THE FIRST STEPS TOWARD THAT GREAT FUTURE WHICH CAN BE OURS FOR THE TAKING.

A million young men and more leave our schools and are absorbed in our professional, commercial, and industrial life each year. Other millions of young men at the very prime of activity and energy are in our markets, our banks, our factories, and our professions. Not one of these can be retarded in his advancement by military instruction—*if that instruction is universal.*

The public schools may well be made the point of beginning of American preparedness. From there on training for all young men for the national defense may be regulated by classes, according to age. The training term may be for three or six months for the first year for the youth of twenty who has not yet entered upon his work in life, down to ten days or two weeks for the busy man of thirty-five who will welcome the few vigorous days in the open given over to recuperation and a chance to brush up on what he has learned in earlier years.

Just a plan of general military training that gives no heed to station, class, wealth, birth, or profession—a plan that will mean instruction for all young men at a time and in a way that will not interfere with their work in life, but will only the better fit them for that work—just that will mean that America, once more, has seized her opportunity.

Militarism, in embryo, as it has been quickened by the militia pay-bill approved by Congress, conferring political power upon a military organization whose class lines are already drawn, we must destroy before it becomes set in our national life.

That is the only destructive work there need be.

In July, 1917, there can be a new Independence Day. On the highways near every important center in the nation, for all the world to hear, there can be the sound of marching feet, the steady tramp of a million men: young men, sound-bodied, clear-eyed, clean-minded, purposeful—the *First Class of the Continental Army of the United States of America.*

The years pass quickly when a nation is busy. Before the most of us are past the age when we can enjoy our yearly brush-up, we can, if we want to, face the world seriously, proudly, confidently, and say:

"Friends, this nation stands for equality; for justice; for the rights of humanity; for fair dealings among nations;—for peace!"

Think what that day will mean to us—to the world—when we can back such a notice with the power of not one million, but ten million, yes, twenty million men, trained, organized, ready!

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE stands for a steady, determined drive for that day.

HOWARD WHEELER,
Managing Editor.

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"SOMETHING LIKE US"

BY MARGARET BURROUS MARTIN

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

"OH!" SAID the youngest machinist in the repair department of the big steel mill. "Oh!" he repeated, leaning weakly against the corner of the emergency hospital shed.

"You'd better set down," said his companion, studying the sickly greenish skin on which the freckles looked like irregular mold patches.

"Oh!" said the youngest machinist again, passing a shaking hand over his wet brow and pushing back his red-brown hair.

"Where was you at when she broke loose?" asked his companion.

The youngest man gathered himself together with an effort. "I was fixing them drills in Three when I heard the—" He stopped with a shudder, and then continued: "I couldn't have told they were humans 'cept for the sounds they made. God! Seven of them! Seven!"

"Sure. I know. Didn't I help you carry them in there? That steel sure splashed over them like I seen the surf do at Coney Island onct. You're right, kid: it's awful! Ain't it a good thing no others, no—no—*white* men—" he hesitated over the expression.

"Why," interrupted the youngest machinist. "They are—they were—white men. Just like the rest of the laborers out here. Dagoes or Russians or Hunkies, something like that—they were white."

"Oh, I know," said his companion. "But they was wops. They ain't like us. They don't talk like humans, and they don't feel like us. I mean," he added, remembering the torture moans of the victims, "they don't have feelings like us, about things we *think*." He hesitated again for words, but the youngest machinist was not listening.

"I wonder," the boy said, thinking of his sweetheart, "I wonder if any of them had wives or—girls," he added with boyish shyness.

"Sure," said the older man. "Didn't you hear? One of them expected his girl to-day from some of them foreign countries. They was going to have a wedding to-night."

"Oh!" said the youngest machinist again—pity, sympathy inexpressible, was in his last meaningless exclamation.

All along the avenue wives and mothers and sweethearts were taking down their receivers as they always did when the city ambulances went hurrying past their comfortable homes to the steel plant. And in response to each inquiry came the reassuring answer:

"Yes. There has been a bad accident. At the converter. *But no one hurt except some foreign laborers.* Yes, I am sure. Oh! no—no men, just some of the laborers."

And in each home a woman turned to her occupation with relief.

Down in the hollow, along the tracks, there were few telephones; but bad news travels rapidly, and women and children, many of the women with coal sacks on their square, ugly shoulders, stood in noisy groups, gesticulating, and frenziedly asking unanswerable questions.

In one of the houses in that sordid section a man with high, white brow and slender, sensitive fingers, stood at his wall phone. Foreigner he was

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ENRIGHT

WOMEN STOOD FRENZIEDLY ASKING UNANSWERABLE QUESTIONS.

by every line of form and face, and yet his English was clear and clean. He was a priest of the Greek Catholic Church.

As he turned from the telephone his wife sighed at the new trouble in her husband's eyes. "There has been," he said in their native tongue, "a terrible accident at the steel works. Seven of the men are dead or dying—some of them must be ours. I will go to the city hospital—they are sending them there—and to the undertaker's on Franklin Street. I can not tell when I will be back."

"Oh, their women! Their wives and their *mothers!*" groaned the priest's wife as she turned to the go-cart in which her baby son lay rosy and moist in sleep. "Sometimes, Kojitan," she said, "I think there are worse things here for them—for us—than back there."

"Nay, nay, the God of our people has opened unto us this land of deliverance, and we will grow here in His grace and image," answered the priest, as he kissed his wife in farewell.

As he neared the door he turned. "I had forgotten the wedding to-night," he said. "Mary from near Valpo comes this day at six o'clock to wed with Leo Nikolaiev. If these poor men need me, the wedding must wait."

"Does not then this Leo work at the plant? You told me how he wished to get away to-day, but was told he would lose his place. Suppose *he* is one of those hurt or dead!"

The priest's face grew sadder. "God forbid!" he said. "The youth is one who has made me hopeful for these, my well-nigh hopeless people. God forbid!" he repeated as he passed down the street.

At the steel plant the bodies had been taken from the emergency room,

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and a list of names of the gang who had been on duty at that fatal spot had been sent with the bodies to the undertaker.

An order had been issued from the main office that money to cover funeral expenses, not to exceed a stated modest sum, be guaranteed to the man receiving the bodies. Another order had been sent to the carpenter-shop that *six more stretchers be made immediately*, as there had been but six on hand and seven had been needed at once *this time*.

Over by the great converter, the bottom of which had given way, letting out a flood of molten metal, and "fortunately" catching "only foreigners" in its deadly flow, the superintendent was swearing angry oaths because the men, many of them sick, soul and body, from the horrible sights and sounds of an hour before, were not working with their accustomed speed to get things in running order again. Didn't they know that the plant was trying to break its record of output this month?

Gradually, as the awful heat left the spilled metal and the awful chill left the hearts of the sickened men, the great steel plant resumed operations, and every man went on with his work. Every one but those whose names were handed to the priest at the undertaker's.

And third on the pitiful list was the name of Leo Nikolaiev, who was to have been married that beautiful spring night.

AS THE priest stood by the white-covered bodies in the little morgue, the train sang a song of approaching joy in the ears of a brown-eyed, red-cheeked girl, who sat stiffly by a gray telescope on the plush-covered seat. Over her wonderfully braided and coiled hair was tied a shawl of many hues. Around her solid, square body was draped and tied its larger counterpart. From time to time she looked at the red card she held in her hand and its duplicate on the gray telescope. On these cards was written, that all who ran might read, "Millbourne, Ohio."

Many times had Mary of Valpo heard the word "Millbourne," and soon the man with a cap on was to call that magic word, and then—Mary's cheeks glowed at the thought of what would happen after—such a little after—the man said "Millbourne."

The last two years, since Leo had come to this great, happy new country, had been so long. Two years since Leo had kissed her; two years since Leo had said, when he met her with the white lilies from the fields, that she was like Mary of God; two years since he had put his great arms around her and said she was his woman forever. Mary of Valpo sat and dreamed in the dusty day-coach of Leo and the field lilies he said made her look like Mary in the window of the church. Soon——

And then the porter thrust his blue cap in the door and shrieked "*East* Millbourne, *Millbourne* passengers keep their seats. *East* Millbourne."

Mary, a great joy in her eyes, sprang to her feet at the word she knew, and before the car was fairly stopped, unheeding the man who said, "This way, lady," she climbed down the wrong side of the platform.

As the train got under way the returning porter scratched his curly head in dismay. "Well, if that crazy wop didn't get off here after all, and I said *east* as plain as could be. You can't learn them furriners anything."

As Mary stood waiting, a long time waiting, for Leo who came not, she heard her own tongue spoken. Following the welcome sound, she found laborers working on the switch road-bed. Eagerly she told them of Leo and learned she had got off a few miles too soon.

"You just wait," explained a man who had been six years "over," "and

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your man will find out from the train boss that you got off here and he'll come on the street-car for you."

Then Mary, comforted by the sound of her native tongue, told her new-found countryman, in eager little sentences, of Leo and the priest and the wedding that was to be and the little home of which Leo had written.

"Well," said the man, whose six years had made him boss of his co-laborers, "I'm going to talk to the telephone in the station and tell the priest you got off here."

Mary, reassured by the assertion that the street-cars would bring Leo, put the gray telescope beside her wide, thick feet and glanced curiously about her.

Her new friend was long in returning. Finally he shuffled heavy hob-nailed shoes before her, his eyes on the platform.

"What?" asked Mary of Valpo, with love-lighted intuition. "Is there evil unto Leo?" As the man continued to study the platform, she glanced in growing apprehension from face to face of the little crowd that was following the man from the phone and surrounding her.

"Tell me," she shrieked, "tell me what of evil is to Leo!"

A moment's silence, and then a babble of voices, her native tongue and the strange new tongue that pierced so.

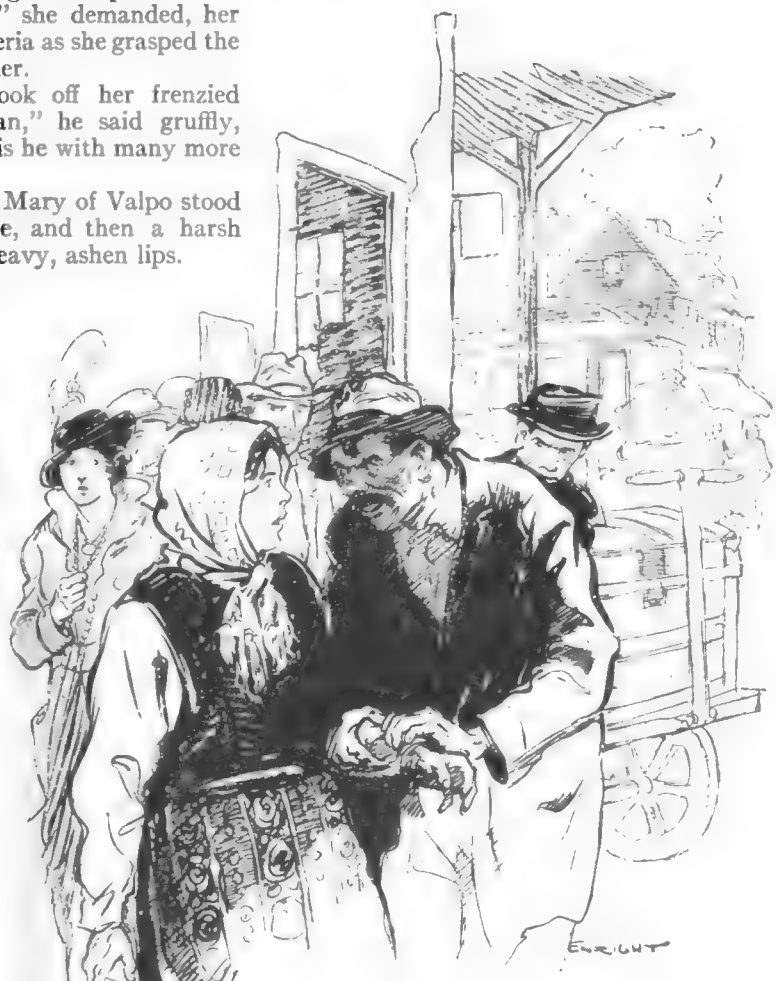
"Tell me, you," she demanded, her voice rising in hysteria as she grasped the silent man before her.

Sullenly he shook off her frenzied hands. "Your man," he said gruffly, "is *dead*. Cooked is he with many more at the plant."

For a moment Mary of Valpo stood as if made of stone, and then a harsh laugh parted her heavy, ashen lips.

A young girl, whose slender white hands toyed nervously with a long chain, turned in judgment to the young man at her side. "What do you think of that!" she said. "They say her lover was killed to-day. I think that is what that funny man just told her—and hear her laugh! They aren't like humans, are they, these Dagoes and Hunkies?"

"Hush," said the young man. "Maybe she's a



"HE HAS NO WOMAN AND SHE LOOKS STRONG, AND HE WILL MARRY HER."

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little off. Let's go over to Simonds there—he's next to their lingo; he'll tell us what she says."

But Mary of Valpo said nothing. When her shrill laugh died on the spring air she stood silent, again a homely thing of stone. All about her went on the babble of voices. Then a repulsive-looking, ill-smelling man pushed his way to her side. Roughly he took her arm.

"He says," translated Simonds to those who stood near, "that it is all right. He has no woman and she looks strong and he will marry her to-night. She is to come along with him."

"The very idea!" said the young girl. "I don't think they ought to allow such people to come over here, do you, Mr. Shelby?"

But the young man looked steadily at Mary of Valpo. "They are not all like that, you know," he said slowly, "and after all, Americans aren't all angels. What can the poor girl do? Probably she doesn't know a soul here—"

The rough man continued to address Mary of Valpo. Finally, he linked his arm through hers to lead her away, his beast eyes glittering evilly.

With one movement of her muscular young body, Mary of Valpo flung herself free. "Me," she said—and light and reason came faintly back into her face—"me, I am for Leo. Two years have I waited. I am his Mary-of-the-lilies. My Leo is not what you say—cooked! Always Leo write to me and to our priest at home that he meet me at Millbourne. Me, I am so eager, I get off the fine car too soon. *Now I walk to Millbourne, to Leo.*"

Awkwardly she bent to resume her burden of gray telescope.

While her countrymen clattered incoherently into her unhearing ears, Mr. Simonds repeated her pitiful repudiation of the fate of Leo.

Unheeded, from the trolley across the way sprang a young man. A pearl-gray soft hat made the olive of his skin look muddy tan. A scarlet necktie above a lavender shirt shamed the healthy red of his full, curved lips. Tan shoes spurned the mud of the street as, with one hand closely clasping a great bunch of trilliums, he pushed his way into the crowd.

"*Mary*——"

The gray telescope dropped from the hands of Mary of Valpo.

"LEO! Leo! Leo is come!" rang out the young Slavic voice.

Carefully holding the lilies, safely, stiffly sideways, with the other arm Leo Nikolaiev crushed Mary of Valpo to his lavender-covered breast.

"See! See!" he said, unheeding the crowd. "All day in the Mill River Park I hunted for them. Two dollars and fifty cents had I to give that pig of a Jan Pikul from Karlovic to take my place, my name, my job at the plant to-day, the while for you, my Mary, I hunted the lilies."

"Well, what do you know about that!" ejaculated Mr. Simonds, as he explained the latest entrance into the limelight.

When Leo ceased kissing his Mary, he listened to the story of the tragedy. Slowly the happy flush of his love's joy faded into awed sympathy.

"And Jan Pikul—who took himself my place to-day—is dead—*dead*," he muttered. "I go get for my Mary the white lilies—and Jan is dead—" Dully he looked at the lilies he still held in his big, work-worn young hands. "Mary," he said huskily, "we take the lilies to Jan of Karlovic, who is dead."

Soberly, side by side, Mary of Valpo carrying the burden, the telescope, as is the way of her people, the young Slavs sought the street-car.

The young girl, still fingering the chain, turned wet eyes from Mr. Simonds, as he finished his translation, to the man at her side. "Do you know," she said softly, "I believe they are something like us after all!"

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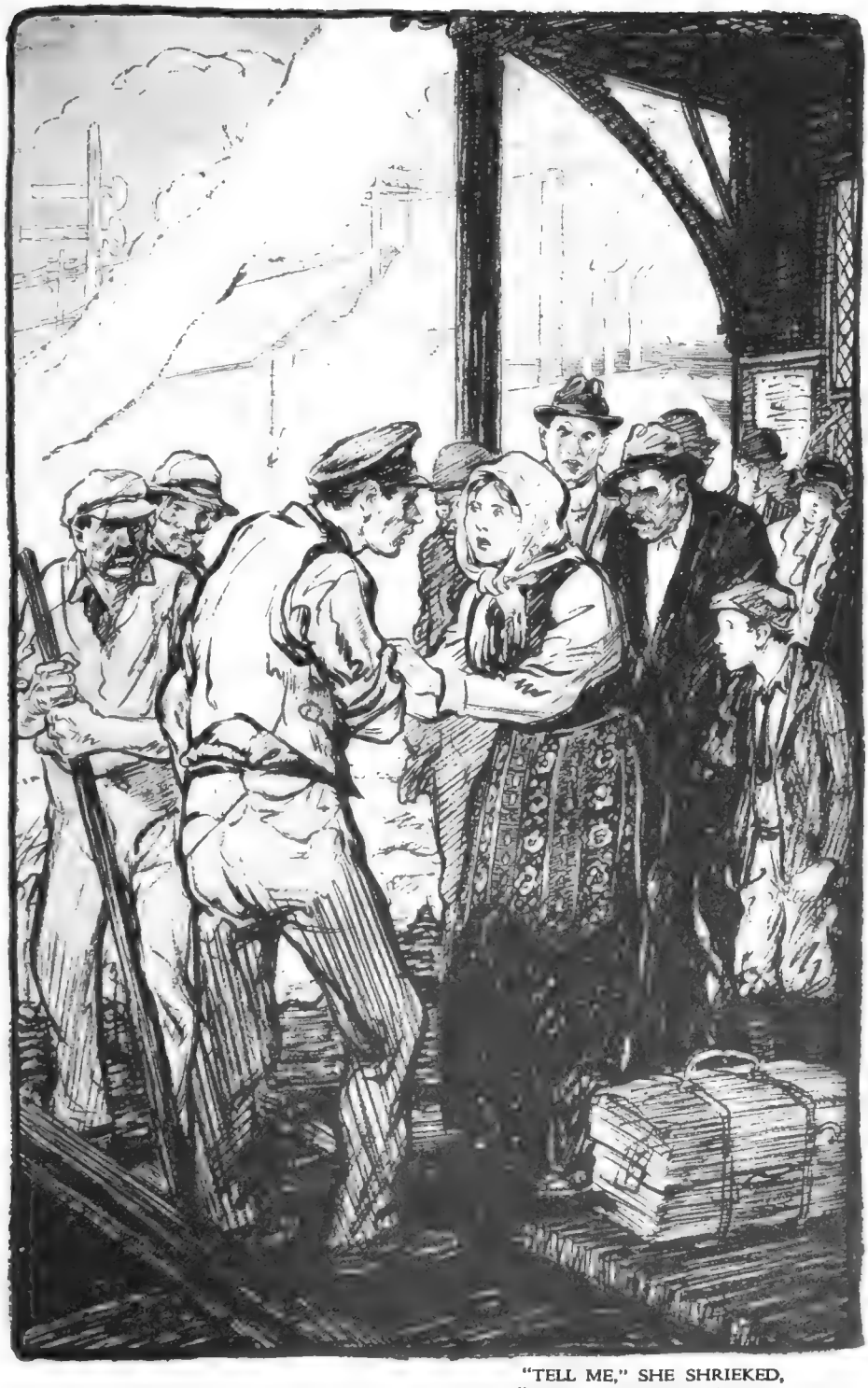

"TELL ME," SHE SHRIEKED,
"WHAT OF EVIL IS TO LEO!"

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LOVING IN BOYTIME

by Carl I. Henrikson

Illustrations by Arthur E. Becher

THROUGH A KNOT-HOLE IN THE FENCE I SEE HER WASHING DISHES.

MEMORY takes me back to my first love, Lucy—sweet, simple, blue-eyed Lucy. She is as different from the other girls I know as sunshine from shadow. She is so beautiful. Her eyes, her curls, her hands, are creations fit for gods to contemplate. As she has a pretty forehead, she doesn't have to wear bangs like the rest of the girls, and her mouth is pretty because she doesn't chew gum. Lucy is kind to her mother, too; for one day while accidentally strolling down the alley back of her house I happen to glance through a knot-hole in the fence, and I see her there through the window washing dishes.

She lives in that part of town known as Conductors' Hill, because all the railroad men live there, and oh, how often I regret that father is only a machinist and not a conductor or an engineer! My greatest wonder is that everybody does not love her as I do. I am sure that angels watch over her, but I take no chances, and pray for her every night.

No saint in his wildest, most ecstatic dreams of adoration ever worshiped more fervently than I do before the shrine of that dainty, tantalizing, but altogether lovable creature. Of course, I attend school, and go through the rounds of my daily duties in a fairly commendable way; and the world does not suspect how deeply I am in love.

I seem to feel badly all the time. Lucy doesn't notice me very much, in spite of my ill-disguised efforts to be near her. The loneliest, dullest periods of my life begin at four o'clock each Friday afternoon and last until a quarter of nine the following Monday morning.

I don't see any particular reason for telling father or mother about it; I don't see any reason why I should tell any of my schoolmates; and I don't have the courage to tell Lucy; so I just love her, and love her, all by myself.

Lucy is in my class at school, and I sit two seats back of her. Day after

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day my eyes feast on a plaid hair-ribbon that perches jauntily on the back of her head. The greatest worry I have is that she can not spell. She gets confused when spelling such words as "receive" and "believe." I am nearly heart-broken one day when teacher makes her write these words on the blackboard twenty-five times each, for the simple reason that she has transposed the "e" and the "i." I purposely miss a few words in the final examination, for I have a feeling in my bones all the time that Lucy will not pass, and I would rather be a dunce in Lucy's class than a star in a class without her. Teacher is surprised that I miss such easy words; but how can she be expected to know how much I love Lucy!

If there is one person in this world I wish I were more than any other, it is Lucy's brother. Think of living near Lucy all the time! Think of sitting near her in the evening testing her out on the hard words of the lesson, and coaching her until she knows every word! In geography she isn't so bad, and in reading she would be all right if she would let her voice come out, for teacher said so.

One day there is an unusual number of notes exchanged among the girls, caused by the announcement that Jennie, one of Lucy's friends, is to give a party at her house the next Saturday afternoon, and I am invited.

All the week I am happy as a lark. Think of spending a whole afternoon informally in the immediate presence of Lucy!

When Saturday morning comes I do my weekly chores in a manner that evokes my mother's surprise and admiration.

Mother worries about the refreshments a bit. She does not think it right that Jennie's mother should bear the expense of feeding a houseful of children one whole afternoon. She finally concludes that bananas will make the best showing for the least money, and she sends me to the store to get a dozen.

In my Sunday clothes, with the bag of bananas in my hand, I am practically the first guest at the party. They come by ones and twos. Without exception each girl brings a cake. The boys bring fruits and nuts, and one little boy brings a cup and saucer, thinking it is Jennie's birthday, but it isn't. Jennie's mother has, of course, baked three or four cakes herself.

Lucy is the belle of the ball. Being a very timid little girl, she does not have very much to say, but I have never seen her look so utterly bewitching. The picture of her blue dress, with sash and hair-ribbons of the same color, and her large white drooping Leghorn hat, also trimmed with blue, will always live in the secret nooks of memory.

Occasionally during the afternoon I have lucid moments in which I discover we are playing games of various kinds. The little hostess comes to each one of us, and, half embracing us, boys and girls alike, whispers numbers into our ears—and how I wish it were Lucy's party, and that it were her duty to give us numbers!

After we have played all sorts of games, some of the guests grow bold enough to suggest their own favorite games, and I suggest a game of post-office.

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At this my little hostess mildly rebukes me, saying that her mother will not permit kissing games.

"Kissing's no sin," I reply, "is it?" and I look around at the assemblage for some support to my theory. But Jennie promptly and tactfully starts a game of London Bridge, and the kissing at least for this afternoon is a lost cause.

Refreshments come at last. Jennie's mother steps to the door, and announces that the ice-cream and cake are ready for us in the dining-room, and although we all try to be ladies and gentlemen, there is a marked absence of self-control when she makes the announcement. She remains standing in the doorway, permitting only one at a time to enter, which prevents a panic; but it does not prevent the wreck of a beautiful jardinière which has no means of self-defense.

Four large cakes, each cut to the last piece, adorn the table. Jennie's mother says there is more in the kitchen, which causes a great outburst of approval. There are also two large dishes of fruit and nuts on the table, and the bananas I have brought are there in all their glory.

Lucy sits directly opposite me, where I can gaze on her to my heart's content, and I am having a lovely time until some one passes the fruit. Ignorant of the fact that I have brought the bananas, Lucy selects a large apple and buries her pretty teeth in it. I experience a sudden drooping of the spirit. I can feel my faith in bananas slowly slipping away from me, while the apple little knows that it has suddenly won a most ardent supporter.

Through a misunderstanding, I eat three pieces of the same cake, thinking it is the cake that Lucy brought, but I learn later that Jennie's mother has baked it. When at last Rudolph, who sits beside me, assures me that the silver-and-gold cake is Lucy's, because he saw her bring it, I am so full I can only eat a small sliver.

When the party breaks up Lucy goes off with a couple of friends, and, as I have suddenly remembered an errand over on Conductors' Hill, I follow them. When they reach Lucy's gate, I stop and wait and watch at the corner. The little group finally breaks up, but I do not regard the party as over until Lucy disappears into the house; and then, forgetting my errand, I hurry home as fast as I can.

ONE winter's day after school I leave home on an important mission. It is mother's birthday. For months I have watched and admired a crumb-tray and brush in the window of our grocery store, where dust, dead flies, and spider-webs try to bury it. It has impressed me as being the ideal birthday gift, and I have been on edge for some time lest some barbarian purchase it and upset my plan. It is snowing hard, and with eighty-five cents in my pocket—my net savings for the occasion—and dragging my home-made sled, I trudge off on the secret errand. On the way to the store is a hill about two blocks long, down which I coast.

I am soon face to face with the crumb-tray, which the clerk digs up out of the window. He raps it against the cracker-barrel, and what superficial dirt he does not remove by this process he blows off back of the counter. My heart thrills as I finger it, and feel that at last it is my very own, and in whatever direction I look I can see mother accepting it with a smile of pride and pleasure at my thoughtfulness.

The crumb-tray itself isn't much of a work of art. It consists of a tin

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box, very much like a dust-pan, which has been dipped in some sort of a bluish stain, dried on thickly in some spots and thinly in others, with the word "CRUMBS" embossed on the upper side in bold, unmistakable letters. The brush, curved like a half-moon, with a hollow tin handle, has lain so long on its side that the bristles point in all directions, but that makes no difference.

"How much is it?" I ask, reaching for the eighty-five cents.

"You can't buy it," says the clerk, looking me straight in the eye. Then, evidently noticing the havoc wrought by his fearful ultimatum, he quickly adds: "But I can give it to you.

"I can give it to you," he repeats, "if you buy a pound of this baking-powder."

I would buy a cord of wood, if I had the price, in order to get that crumb-tray, so the pound of baking-powder becomes mine in an instant, and with the coveted articles under my coat and the baking-powder under my arm, I skip for home.

I thought I had reached the climax of earthly joy, when whom do I meet at the corner but Lucy. She is just starting for the hill on her way home.

"Get on my sled," I say by way of greeting, "and I'll take you home."

"I'm too heavy," she replies shyly.

WITH A SMILE I SHALL NEVER FORGET, SHE SAYS, "GOOD-BY, TOM!"
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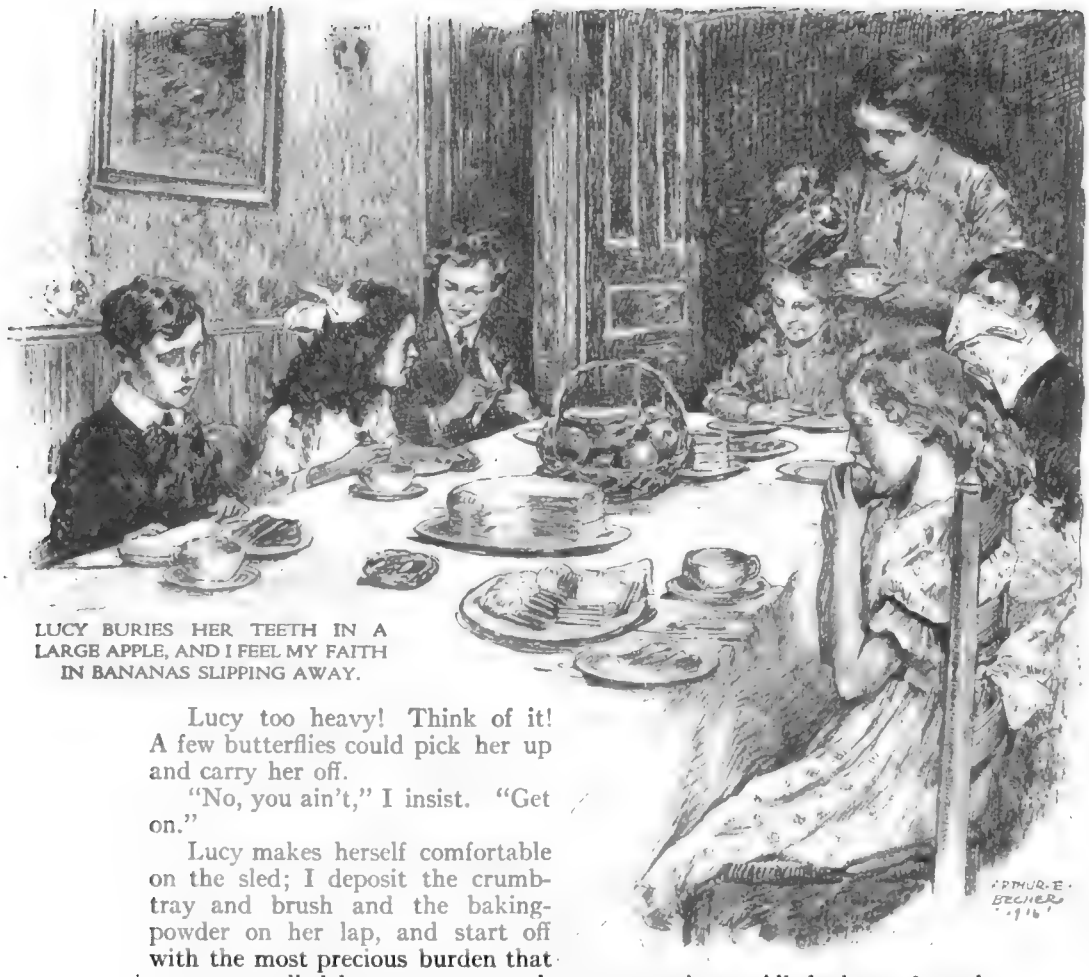

LUCY BURIES HER TEETH IN A LARGE APPLE, AND I FEEL MY FAITH IN BANANAS SLIPPING AWAY.

Lucy too heavy! Think of it! A few butterflies could pick her up and carry her off.

"No, you ain't," I insist. "Get on."

Lucy makes herself comfortable on the sled; I deposit the crumb-tray and brush and the baking-powder on her lap, and start off with the most precious burden that was ever pulled by any one anywhere at any time. All the laws of gravitation are suspended while I haul Lucy up that hill two blocks long. But I could pull her anywhere, and mother's birthday-gift, itself clamoring for the supreme moment of presentation, gives me the strength of a man.

When we arrive at her gate she gets up and shakes the snow off her coat and bonnet, while I assist awkwardly but tenderly by grooming her with the crumb-brush.

"Have you a sled?" I ask, merely by way of conversation, for I know she has one with a deer sprinting over it and the word "FAWN" painted on it in graceful letters.

"Yes," she says, "a real pretty one," with the accent on the "pretty."

Mine isn't a work of art, for when father made it, his object was permanence rather than beauty, but three coats of pink paint had worked wonders.

Eager to change the subject, I say, "That's a present," pointing to the package she holds in her hand.

She looks at me first in surprise, and then with a smile of appreciation. "A present for me?" she says, in a tone calculated to deprecate her worthiness.

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I stutter, make some clumsy passes, and then, a sudden burst of ingenuity coming to the rescue, tell her I mean the package on the sled.

"Thank you very much," she replies quickly and politely, picking up the baking-powder, and thinking, no doubt, it is a box of candy.

I resolve, no matter how much I love her, I will not give her the crumb-tray; but the temptation does not come, for she quickly turns about, says "Good night," and hurries into the house.

"It's baking-powder," I shout after her, but she evidently does not hear me.

THEN I run all the way home, and deliver my gift to mother with genuine enthusiasm.

The next day Lucy's mother returns the baking-powder, and after I have been called in to relate how it happened, she and mother have a heart-to-heart talk, and smooth out the kinks in the episode of the evening before.

One day Lucy does not come to school. In a roundabout way I learn she has the mumps. I look up mumps in the dictionary and in my aunt's encyclopedia, and in my prayers at night I beg that she may be spared. I fret and wither all that lonely week, and would probably fade away entirely, but she returns on the following Monday morning looking prettier and more tantalizingly bewitching than ever.

But the worst is yet to come. A few weeks after Lucy has had the mumps, I hear a rumor that strikes me a fearful blow. It takes the light right out of my life.

We are drying our mittens over the stove just before the school-bell rings, when I hear one girl tell another that she is sorry Lucy is going to leave us. I refuse to believe it at first, but am convinced when I see her talking confidentially with teacher, and when at recess I hear one boy say that Lucy's father's run as conductor has been changed and that he must move his family to a city two hundred miles away.

I live as in a trance until the last day comes. In many ways it is like other days. The classes are called in the usual routine manner. Teacher seems in her usual good spirits. All my schoolmates seem cheerful and gay. Even Lucy seems happy. But my heart aches and bleeds and suffers all day long. Several times during the day the tears roll down my cheeks and

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fall on my geography or spelling-book that lies open on my lap. No one notices me—at least Lucy doesn't. All day long she is surrounded by her girl friends, many of whom bring her gifts.

At noontime I place a large apple on her desk, but she will never know who gave it to her. But that doesn't matter. I know she likes apples better than bananas.

After school is dismissed, I loiter. I see teacher and some of the girls kiss her good-by. I stand at the doorway as she goes out with her books under her arm. As she passes me she turns toward me, and with a little wave of the hand and a smile I shall never forget, she says, "Good-by, Tom!"

I try to say good-by in return, but my voice has forsaken me. For a moment my tear-charged eyes devour her with a wild look of hunger, and then I reel out into the cold, cold world. I watch her until I see her form merge into the hazy distance, and then I give vent to the emotions with which I have struggled all day.

I come home through the alley. I do not go directly into the house. I think it best to go first into the woodshed to let the redness of my eyes wear away.

I want to be alone, but our old cat won't let me. He brushes up against my knees in a most sympathetic way. My doves in their coop overhead coo consolingly. Even Carlo, my dog, whines at the woodshed door, and insists on being let into the secret; and when I let him in, he licks my cheeks and hands as if to prove that he will stay by me forever.

I WANT TO BE ALONE, BUT OUR OLD CAT AND CARLO, MY DOG, WON'T LET ME.

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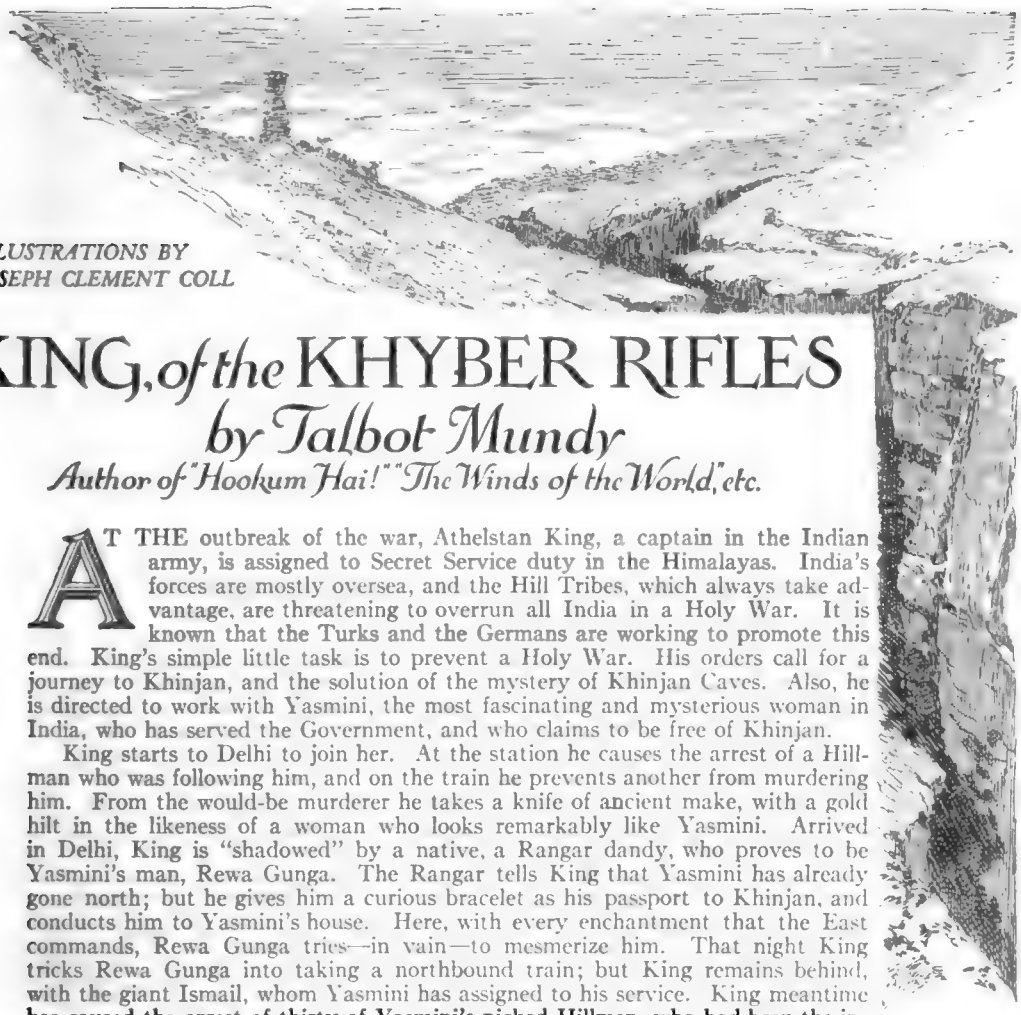

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JOSEPH CLEMENT COLL

KING, *of the* KHYBER RIFLES

by Talbot Mundy

Author of "Hookum Hai!" "The Winds of the World," etc.

AT THE outbreak of the war, Athelstan King, a captain in the Indian army, is assigned to Secret Service duty in the Himalayas. India's forces are mostly oversea, and the Hill Tribes, which always take advantage, are threatening to overrun all India in a Holy War. It is known that the Turks and the Germans are working to promote this end. King's simple little task is to prevent a Holy War. His orders call for a journey to Khinjan, and the solution of the mystery of Khinjan Caves. Also, he is directed to work with Yasmini, the most fascinating and mysterious woman in India, who has served the Government, and who claims to be free of Khinjan.

King starts to Delhi to join her. At the station he causes the arrest of a Hillman who was following him, and on the train he prevents another from murdering him. From the would-be murderer he takes a knife of ancient make, with a gold hilt in the likeness of a woman who looks remarkably like Yasmini. Arrived in Delhi, King is "shadowed" by a native, a Rangar dandy, who proves to be Yasmini's man, Rewa Gunga. The Rangar tells King that Yasmini has already gone north; but he gives him a curious bracelet as his passport to Khinjan, and conducts him to Yasmini's house. Here, with every enchantment that the East commands, Rewa Gunga tries—in vain—to mesmerize him. That night King tricks Rewa Gunga into taking a northbound train; but King remains behind, with the giant Ismail, whom Yasmini has assigned to his service. King meantime has caused the arrest of thirty of Yasmini's picked Hillmen, who had been the instruments of her work in Delhi. On going to the prison, King finds every fierce Hillman of them instantly obedient to Yasmini's talisman, the bracelet. So he takes them all north with him, thus carrying out Yasmini's own plans. At Peshawur he meets his General, who tells him Yasmini is now eager to work with him—which is a new mystery. She is reported to have gone ahead of him up Khyber Pass, and King follows.

CHAPTER FIVE—(Continued)

IT WAS not a long journey, nor a very slow one, for there was nothing to block the way except occasional men with flags, who guarded culverts and little bridges. The Germans would know better than to waste time or effort on blowing up that track; but there might be Northern gentlemen at large, out to do damage for the sport of it, and the sepoys all along the line were posted in twos, and awake.

It was low-tide under the Himalayas. The flood that was draining India of her armed men had left Jamrud high and dry, with a little nondescript

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force stranded there, as it were, under a British major and some native officers.

There was no more pomp and circumstance; no more of the reassuring thunder of gathering regiments, nor for that matter any more of that unarmed native helplessness that so stiffens the backs of the official English.

Frowning over Jamrud were the lean hills, peopled by the fiercest fighting men on earth; and the clouds that hung over the Khyber's course were an accent to the savagery.

But King smiled merrily as he jumped out of the train; and Rewa Gunga, who was there to meet him, advanced with outstretched hand, and a smile that would have melted snow on the distant peaks if he had only looked the other way.

"Welcome, King sahib!" he laughed, with the air of a skilled fencer who admires another, better one. "I shall know better another time, and let you keep in front of me! No more getting first into a train and settling down for the night! It may not be easy to follow you, and I suspect it isn't, but at least it jolly well can't be such a job as leading you! I trust you had a comfortable journey?"

"Thanks," said King, turning away to unlock his prisoners. They surged out, like wolves from a cage, to clamor round the Rangar, pawing him, and struggling to be first to ask him questions.

"Nay, ye mountain people, nay!" he laughed. "I, too, am from the plains! What do I know of your families, or of your feuds? Am I to be torn to pieces to make a meal?"

At that Ismail interfered, with the aid of a pick-handle, chance-found beside the track. "Hill-bastards!" he howled, beating at them as if they were sheaves and his cudgel were a flail. "Sons of nameless mothers! Forgotten of God! Shameless! Brood of the evil one! Hands off!"

King had to stop him, not that he feared trouble, for they did not seem to resent either abuse or cudgeling in the least—and that in itself was food for thought; but broken shoulders are no use for carrying loads.

Laughing as if the whole thing were the greatest joke imaginable, Rewa Gunga fell into stride beside King and led him away in the direction of some tents.

"SHE is up the Pass ahead of us," he announced. "She was in the deuce of a hurry, I can assure you. She wanted to wait and meet you, but matters were too jolly well urgent, and we shall have our work cut out to catch her, you can bet! But I have everything ready—tents, and beds, and stores—everything!"

King looked over his shoulder, to make sure that Ismail was bringing the little leather bag along. "So have I," he said quietly.

"I have horses," said Rewa Gunga, "and mules, and——"

"How did she travel up the Khyber?" King asked him, and the Rangar spared him a curious, sideways glance.

"On a horse. You should have seen the horse!"

"What escort had she?"

"She?" Rewa Gunga chuckled, and then suddenly grew serious. "The Hills are her escort, King sahib. She is mistress in the Hills. There isn't a murdering ruffian who would not lie down and let her walk on him! She rode away alone on a thoroughbred mare, and she jolly well left me the mare's double on which to follow her. Come and look."

Not far from where the tents had been pitched in a cluster a string of horses whinnied at a picket rope. King saw the two good horses ready for

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himself, and ten mules beside them that would have done credit to any outfit. But at the end of the line, pawing at the trampled grass, was a black mare that made his eyes open wide. Once in a hundred years or so a Viceroy's Cup or a Derby is won by an animal that can stand, and look, and move as that mare did. "Just watch!" the Rangar boasted, hooking up the bit, and throwing off the blanket. And as he mounted into the native-made rough-hide saddle a shout went up from the fort, and native officers and half the soldiery came out to watch the poetry of motion.

The mare was not the only one worth watching: her rider shared the praise. There was something about the Rangar's seat in the saddle that was not the ordinary, graceful native balance, and yet was full of grace.

There was none of the spurring and back-reining that some native bloods of India mistake for horsemanship. He rode with sympathy and most consummate skill, and the result was that the mare behaved as if she were part of him, responding to his thoughts, putting a foot where he wished her to put it, and showing her wildest turn of speed along a level stretch in instant response to his mood.

"Never saw anything better," King admitted ungrudgingly, as the mare came back at a walk to her picket rope.

"There is only one horse like this one," laughed the Rangar. "She has him."

"What'll you take for this one?" King asked him. "Name your price!"

"The mare is HERS. You must ask her. Who knows? She is generous. There is nobody on earth more generous than she when she cares to be. See what you wear on your wrist!"

"That is a loan," said King, uncovering the bracelet. "I shall give it back to her when we meet."

"See what she says when you meet!" laughed the Rangar, taking a cigarette from his jeweled case with an air, and smiling as he lighted it. "There is your tent, sahib."

He motioned with the cigarette toward a tent pitched quite a hundred yards away from the others.

WITH a nod of dismissal King walked over to inspect the *bandobast;* and, later, lit one of his black cheroots and, with hands clasped behind him, strolled over to the fort, to interview Courtenay, the officer commanding.

It so happened that Courtenay had gone up the Pass that morning with his shot-gun after quail. He came back into view, followed by his little ten-man escort, just as King neared the fort, and King timed his approach so as to meet him. The men of the escort were heavily burdened; he could see that from a distance.

"Hello!" he said by the fort gate, cheerily, after he had saluted and the salute had been returned.

"Oh, hello, King! Glad to see you. Heard you were coming, of course. Anything I can do?"

"Tell me anything you know," said King, offering him a cheroot, which the other accepted. As he bit off the end they stood facing each other, so that King could see the on-coming escort and what it carried. Courtenay read his eyes.

"Two of my men!" he said. "Found 'em up the Pass. *Ghazi* work, I think. They were cut all to pieces. There's a big *lashkar* gathering somewhere in the Hills, and it might have been done by their skirmishers, but I don't think so."

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"A *lashkar* besides the crowd at Khinjan?"

"Yes."

"Who's supposed to be leading it?"

"Can't find out," said Courtenay. Then he stepped aside to give orders to the escort. They carried the dead bodies into the fort.

"Know anything of Yasmini?" King asked, when the Major stood in front of him again.

"By reputation, of course, yes. Famous person—sings like a bulbul—dances like the devil—lives in Delhi—mean her?"

King nodded. "When did she start up the Pass?" he asked.

"How d'ye mean?" Courtenay demanded sharply.

"To-day or yesterday?"

"She didn't start! I know who goes up and who comes down. Would you care to glance over the list?"

"Know anything of Rewa Gunga?" King asked him.

"Not much. Tried to buy his mare. Seen the animal? Gad! I'd give a year's pay for that beast! He wouldn't sell, and I don't blame him."

"He goes up the Khyber with me," said King. "He told me just now that Yasmini went up the Pass unescorted, mounted on a mare the very dead spit of the black one you say you wanted to buy."

Courtenay whistled. "I'm sorry, King. I'm sorry to say he lied."

"Will you come and listen while I have it out with him?"

"Certainly."

King threw away his cheroot, and they started to walk together toward King's camp. After a few minutes they arrived at a point from which they could see all the prisoners lined up in a row, facing Rewa Gunga. A less experienced eye than King's, or Courtenay's, could have recognized their attitude of reverent obedience.

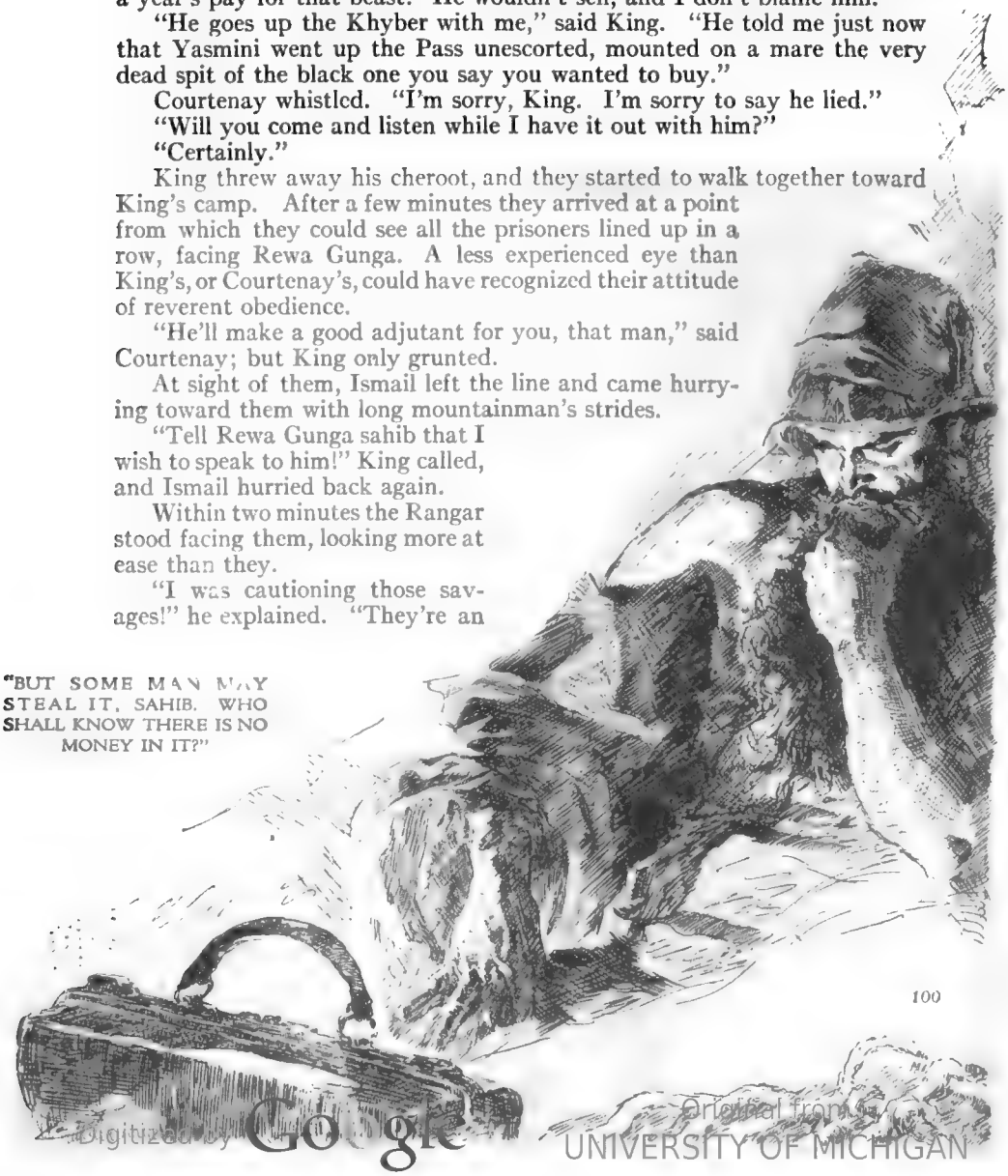
"He'll make a good adjutant for you, that man," said Courtenay; but King only grunted.

At sight of them, Ismail left the line and came hurrying toward them with long mountainman's strides.

"Tell Rewa Gunga sahib that I wish to speak to him!" King called, and Ismail hurried back again.

Within two minutes the Rangar stood facing them, looking more at ease than they.

"I was cautioning those savages!" he explained. "They're an



"BUT SOME MAN MAY STEAL IT, SAHIB. WHO SHALL KNOW THERE IS NO MONEY IN IT?"

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escort, but they need a reminder of the fact, else they might jolly well imagine themselves mountain goats and scatter among the hills!"

He drew out his wonderful cigarette-case and offered it open to Courtenay, who hesitated, and then helped himself. King refused.

"Major Courtenay has just told me," said King, "that nobody resembling Yasmini has gone up the Pass recently. Can you explain?"

"You see, I've been watching the Pass," explained Courtenay.

The Rangar shook his head, blew smoke through his nose, and laughed. "And you did not see her go?" he said, as if he were very much amused.

"No," said Courtenay. "She didn't go."

"Can you explain?" asked King, rather stiffly.

"Do you mean, can I explain why the Major failed to see her? 'Pon my soul, King sahib, d'you want me to insult the man? Yasmini is too jolly clever for any mere man; and the Major's a man, isn't he? He may pack the Khyber so full of men that there's only standing room, and still she'll go up without his leave, if she chooses! There is nobody like Yasmini in all the world!"

The Rangar was looking past them, facing the great gorge that lets the north of Asia trickle down into India and back again, when weather and the Tribes permit. His eyes had become interested in the distance. King wondered why—and looked—and saw.

Courtenay saw, too. "Hail that man, and bring him here!" he ordered.

Ismail, keeping his distance with ears and eyes peeled, heard, and hurried off. He went like the wind, and all three watched in silence for ten minutes while he headed off a man near the mouth of the Pass, stopped him, spoke to him, and brought him along. Fifteen minutes later an Afridi stood scowling in front of them, with a little letter in a cleft stick in his hand. He held it out, and Courtenay took it, and sniffed.

"Well—I'll be blessed! A note on (*sniff-sniff*) scented paper carried in a split stick down the Khyber! Take it, King—it's addressed to you."

King obeyed, and sniffed, too. It smelled of something far more subtle than musk. He recognized the same strange scent that had been wafted from behind Yasmini's silken hangings in her room in Delhi. As he unfolded the note—it was not sealed—he found time for a swift glance at Rewa Gunga's face. The Rangar seemed interested and amused.

"Dear Captain King," the note ran, in English. "Kindly be quick to follow me, because there is much talk of a *lashkar* getting ready for a raid. I shall wait for you in Khinjan, whither my messenger shall show the way. Please let him keep his rifle! Trust him, and Rewa Gunga, and my thirty whom you brought with you. The messenger's name is Darya Khan. Your servant, Yasmini."

He passed the note to Courtenay, who read it and passed it back. "Are you the messenger who is to show this sahib the road to Khinjan?" he asked.

"Aye!"

"But you are one of three who left here and went up the Pass at dawn! I recognize you."

"Aye!" said the man. "SHE gave me this letter, and sent me back."

"How great is the *lashkar* that is forming?" asked Courtenay.

"Some say three thousand men. They speak truth. They who say five thousand are liars. There *is* a *lashkar*."

"And SHE went up alone?" King murmured, aloud, in Pashtu.

"Is the Moon alone in the sky?" the fellow asked, and King smiled.

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"Let us hurry after her, sahib!" urged Rewa Gunga; and King looked straight into his eyes, which were like pools of fire, just as they had been that night in the room in Delhi. He nodded, and the Rangar grinned.

"Better wait until dawn," advised Courtenay. "The Pass is supposed to be closed at dusk."

"I shall have to ask for special permission, sir."

"Granted, of course."

"Then, we'll start at eight to-night!" said King, glancing at his watch and snapping the gold case shut.

"Dine with me," said Courtenay.

"Yes, please. Got to pack first. Daren't trust anybody else."

"Very well. We'll dine in my tent at six-thirty," said Courtenay. "So long!"

"So long, sir," said King, and each went about his own business.

"I'll find out," the Major muttered, "how she got up the Pass without my knowing it. Somebody's tail shall be twisted for this!"

But he did not find out until King told him, and that was days and days later.

CHAPTER SIX

Oh, a broken blade,
And an empty bag,
And a sodden kit,
And a foundered nag,
And a whimpering wind
Are more or less
Ground for a gentleman's distress.
Yet the blade will cut
(He should swing with a will!),
And the emptiest bag
He may readiest fill;
And the nag will trot
If the man has a mind,
So the kit he may dry
In the whimpering wind.
Shades of a gallant past
—confess!
How many fights were won with less?

"I THINK I envy you!" said Courtenay.

They were seated in Courtenay's tent, face to face across the low table, with guttering lights between, and Ismail outside the tent handing plates and things to Courtenay's servant inside.

"You're about the first who has admitted it," said King.

Not far from them a herd of pack-camels grunted and bubbled after the evening meal. The evening breeze brought the smoke of dung-fires toward them, and an Afghan—one of the little crowd of traders who had come down with the camels three hours before—sang a wailing song about his lady-love. Overhead the sky was like black velvet, pierced with silver holes.

"You see, you can't call our end of this business war—it's sport," said Courtenay. "Two battalions of Khyber Rifles, hired to hold the Pass against their own relations. Against them, a couple of hundred thousand Tribesmen, very hungry for loot, armed with up-to-date rifles, thanks to Russia yesterday and Germany to-day, and all perfectly well aware that a world-war is in progress. That's sport, you know—not the 'image and likeness of war' that Jorrocks called it, but the real red root. And you've got a mystery thrown in, to give it piquancy. I haven't found out yet how Yasmini got up the Pass without my knowledge. I thought it was a trick. Didn't believe she'd gone. Yet all my men swear they know she has gone, and not one of them will own to having seen her go! What d'you think of that?"

"Tell you later," said King, "when I've been in the Hills a while."

"What d'you suppose I'm going to say, eh? Shall I enter in my diary that a *chit* came down the Pass from a woman who never went up it? Or shall I say she went up while I was looking the other way?"

"Help yourself!" laughed King.

"Laugh on, my son! You've the best end of it. If you fail, you'll at

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least have had a show. All we shall know of your failure will be the arrival of the flood! We'll be scoughed ingloriously—shot, skinned alive, and crucified with nothing to do but wait for it! You can move about and keep off the fidgets!"

FOR A while, as he ate Courtenay's broiled quail, King did not answer. But the merry smile had left his eyes, and he seemed for once to be letting his mind dwell on conditions as they concerned himself. "How many men have you at the fort?" he asked at last.

"Two hundred. Why?"

"All natives?"

"To a man."

"Like 'em?"

"What's the use of talking?" answered Courtenay. "You know what it means when an alien race stands up to you, and grins when it salutes. They're my own."

King nodded. "Die with you, eh?"

"To the last man," said Courtenay quietly, with that conviction a man can only arrive at in one way, and that not the easiest.

"I'd die alone," said King. "Got any more quail?" And that was all he ever did say on that subject, then or at any other time.

"Here's to HER!" laughed Courtenay at last, rising and holding up his glass. "We can't explain her, so let's drink to her! No heel-taps! Here's to Rewa Gunga's mistress, Yasmini!"

"May she show good hunting!" answered King, draining his glass; and it was his first that day. "If it weren't for an incident or two I'd almost believe her a myth—one of those supposititious people who are supposed to express some ideal or other. Not an hallucination, you understand—nor exactly an embodied spirit, either. Perhaps the spirit of a problem. Let y be the Khyber district, z the tribes, and x the spirit of the rumpus. Find x. Get me?"

"Not exactly. Got quinine in your kit, by the way?"

"Plenty, thanks."

"What's your general plan?"

"Hunt!" said King. "Hunt for x and report. Hunt for the spirit of the coming ruction, and try to scrag it! Live in the open when I can, sleep with the lice when it rains or snows, eat dead goat and bad bread, I expect, scratch myself when I'm not looking, and take a tub at the first opportunity. When you see me on my way back, have a bath made ready for me, will you?—and keep to windward! It's time to go, sir."

He rose, and Courtenay walked with him to where his party waited in the dark, chilled by the cold wind whistling down the Khyber. Rewa Gunga sat, mounted, at their head, and close to him his personal servant rode another horse. Behind them were the mules, and then in a cluster, each with a load of some sort on his head, were the thirty prisoners; and Ismail officiously took charge of them. Darya Khan, the man who had brought the letter down the Pass, kept close to Ismail.

"Are you armed?" King asked, as soon as he could see the whites of the Rangar's eyes through the gloom.

"You jolly well bet I am!" the Rangar laughed.

King mounted, and Courtenay shook hands; then he went to Rewa Gunga's side, and shook hands with him too.

"Good-by!" called King.

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KING SET HIS HORSE TO SCRAMBLING DOWNWARD INTO BLACKNESS. TO HIS DISGUST HE HEARD THE RANGAR'S MARE FOLLOW IMMEDIATELY.

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WITH HIS OWN MOUNT STUMBLING, HE WAS FORCED TO ADMIRE THE MARE'S AGILITY, FOR SHE NEVER SET A FOOT WRONG.

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"Good-by, and good luck!"

"Forward! March!" King ordered, and the little procession started. The prisoners strode behind the horses, with the swift, silent strides of men who are going home to the Hills; but even they, born in the Hills and knowing them as a wolf-pack knows its hunting-ground, were awed by the gloom of Khyber-mouth ahead. King's voice was the first to break silence, and he did not speak until Courtenay was out of earshot. Then,

"Men of the Hills!" he called. *"Kuch dar nahin hai!"*

"Nahin hai! Hah!" shouted Ismail. "So speaks a man! Hear that, ye mountain folk! He says, 'There is no fear!' "

In his place in the lead King whistled softly to himself; but he drew an automatic pistol from its place beneath his armpit and transferred it to a readier position. Fear or no fear, Khyber-mouth is haunted by the men whose blood-feuds are too reeking raw to let them dare go home, and for whom the British hangman very likely waits a mile or two farther south.

Boulder, crag, and loose rock faded into gloom behind; in front on both hands ragged hillsides were beginning to close in; and the wind whose home is in Allah's refuse-heap whistled as it searched busily among the black ravines. Then, presently, the shadow of the thousand-foot-high Khyber walls began to cover them, and King drew rein to count them all, and let them close up. To allow straggling after that point would have been tantamount to murder, probably.

"Ride last!" he ordered Rewa Gunga. "You've got a pistol."

Darya Khan had a rifle; so King gave him a roving commission on the right flank. They moved off again, in the same deep silence, like ghosts in search of somebody to ferry them across the Styx. Only the glow of King's cheroot, and the lesser, quicker fire of Rewa Gunga's cigarette betrayed humanity; except that once or twice King's horse would put a foot wrong, and be spoken to. "Hold up!" But from five or ten yards away that might have been a new note in the gaining wind, or even nothing.

After a while King's cheroot went out, and he threw it away. A little later Rewa Gunga threw away his cigarette. After that, the veriest five-year-old Zakka Khel, watching sleepless over the rim of some stone watch-tower, could have taken oath that the Khyber's unburied dead were prowling in search of empty graves. Probably their uncanny silence was their best protection; but Rewa Gunga chose to break it after a time.

"King sahib!" he called softly, repeating it louder and more loudly until King had to admit he heard him. "Slowly! Not so fast!"

King did not check speed by a fraction, but the Rangar legged his mare into a canter, and forced him to pull out to the left and make room.

"Because, sahib, to go too fast is to make men think you are afraid, and that is to invite attack. Look! What was that?"

They were at the point where the bed of a ravine ascends to join the highway built by British engineers. Below, to left and right, was Pit-mouth gloom, shadows amid shadows, full of eery whisperings, and King felt the short hair rise on his neck.

So he urged his horse forward, because what Rewa Gunga said is true. There is only one surer key to trouble in the Khyber than to seem afraid, and that is to be afraid. And to have sat his horse there listening to the Rangar's whisperings and trying to see through shadows would have been to invite fear, of the sort that grows into panic.

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The Rangar followed him, close up, and both horse and mare sensed excitement. The mare's steel shoes sent up a shower of sparks, and King turned his head to rebuke the Rangar. Yet he did not speak. Never, in all the years he had known India and the borderland beyond, had he seen eyes so suggestive of a tiger's in the dark! Yet they were not the same color as a tiger's, nor the same size, nor the same shape!

"Look, sahib!"

"Look at what?"

"Look!"

After a second or two he caught a glimpse of bluish flame that flashed suddenly and died again, somewhere below to the right. Then all at once the flame burned brighter and steadier, and began to move and to grow.

"Halt!" King thundered; and his voice was as sharp and unexpected as a pistol-crack. This was something tangible, that a man could tackle—a perfect antidote for nerves. The blue light continued on a zigzag course, as if a man were running among boulders with an unusual sort of torch; and as there was no answer King drew his pistol, took about thirty seconds' aim, and fired. He fired straight at the blue light.

It vanished instantly, into measureless black silence.

"Now you've jolly well done it, haven't you!" the Rangar laughed in his ear. "That was HER blue light—Yasmini's!"

It was a minute before King answered, for both animals were all but frantic with a sense of their riders' state of mind; it needed horsemanship to get them back under control.

"How do you know whose light it was?" King demanded, when at last they were knee to knee again.

"It was prearranged. She promised me a signal at the point where I am to leave the track!"

Darya Khan came forward out of the night, with his rifle cocked and ready.

"Did SHE not say Khinjan is the destination?" King asked him.

"Aye!" the fellow answered.

"That is no way to Khinjan. Get down there and shout back what you find!"

THE man sprang down into darkness. But King had hardly given the order when shame told him he had sent a native on an errand he had no liking for himself. "Come back!" he shouted. "I'll go!" But the man had gone, skipping noiselessly in the dark from rock to rock.

So King drove both spurs home, and set his unwilling horse to scrambling downward at an angle he could not guess, into blackness he could feel, trusting the animal to find a footing where his own eyes could make out nothing.

To his disgust he heard the Rangar follow immediately. To his even greater disgust the black mare overtook him. And even then, with his own mount stumbling, and nearly pitching him head foremost at each lurch, he was forced to admire the mare's goatlike agility, for she descended into the gorge in running leaps, never setting a foot wrong. When he and his horse reached the bottom at last he found the Rangar waiting for him.

"This way, sahib!"

The next he knew, sparks from the black mare's heels were kicking up in front of him, and a wild ride had begun such as he had never yet dreamed of. There was no catching up, for the black mare could gallop two to his

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horse's one; but he set his teeth and followed into solid night, trusting ear, eye, guesswork, and the God of Secret Service men who loves the reckless.

Once in a minute or so he would see a spark, or a shower of them, where the mare took a turn in a hurry. Once in every two or three minutes he caught sight for a second of the same blue siren light that had started the race. He suspected there were many torches placed at intervals. It could not be one man running. More than once it occurred to him to draw and shoot, but that thought died into the darkness whence it came. Never once while he rode did he forget to admire the Rangar's courage, nor the black mare's speed.

His own horse developed a speed and stamina he had not suspected, and probably the Rangar did not dare extend the mare to her limit in the dark; at all events, for ten, or perhaps fifteen, minutes of breathless galloping he almost made a race of it, keeping the Rangar either within sight or sound.

But then the mare swerved suddenly behind a boulder, and was gone. He spurred round the same great rock a minute later, and was faced by a blank wall of shale that brought his horse up all standing. It led steep up for a thousand feet to the sky-line. There was not so much as a goat-track, nor a sound of any kind to guide him.

He dismounted, and stumbled about on foot for about ten minutes with his eyes two feet from the earth, trying to find some trace of hoof. Then he listened, with his ear to the ground.

He knew better than to shout, for there is no mercy in the Hills for men who seem lost. The men who made the torchlight no doubt had rifles.

SO HE started to hunt the way back, remembering turns and twists with a gift that natives might envy him, finding his way back to the foot of the road at a trot, where ninety-nine men out of almost any hundred would have been lost hopelessly; near the road he overtook Darya Khan, hugging his rifle and staring about like a scorpion at bay.

"Did you expect that blue light, and this galloping away?" he asked.

"Nay, sahib, I knew nothing of it! I was told to lead the way to Khinjan."

"Come on, then!"

He set his horse at the boulder-strewn slope, and had to dismount to lead him at the end of half a minute. At the end of a minute both he and the messenger were hauling at the reins, and the horse had grown frantic for fear of falling backward. He shouted for help, and Ismail and another man came leaping down, looking like the devils of the rocks, to lend their strength. It took all four of them fifteen minutes to heave and haul the struggling horse to the level road above.

There, with eyes now used to the dark, King stared about him, recovering his breath and feeling in his pockets for a fresh cheroot and matches. He struck a match, and watched it to be sure his hand did not shake before he spoke; because one of Cocker's rules is that a man must command himself before trying it on others.

"Where are the others?" he asked, when he was certain of himself.

"Gone!" boomed Ismail, still panting.

King took a dozen pulls at the cheroot, and stared about again. In the middle of the road stood his second horse, and three mules with his baggage. Including himself, there were six men left, all told.

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PRESENTLY THE SHADOW OF THE THOUSAND-FOOT-HIGH KHYBER WALLS BEGAN TO COVER THEM, AND KING DREW REIN TO LET THEM CLOSE UP.

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"Gone whither?" he asked.

"Whither?" Ismail's voice was eloquent of shocked surprise. "They followed! Was it then thy baggage on the other mules? Were they *thy* men? They led the mules, and went!"

"Who ordered them?"

"Allah! Need the night be ordered to follow the day?"

"Who told them whither to go?"

"Who told the moon where the night was?" Ismail answered.

"And thou?"

"I am *thy* man! SHE bade me be thy man!"

"And these?"

"Try them!"

King bethought him of his wrist that was heavy with the weight of gold on it. He drew back his sleeve, and held it up.

"May God be with thee!" boomed all five men at once, and the Khyber night gave back their voices, like the echoing of a well.

King took his reins, and mounted.

"What now?" asked Ismail, picking up the leather bag that he regarded as his own particular charge.

"Forward!" said King. "Come along!"

He began to set a fairly fast pace, Ismail leading the spare horse and the others towing the mules along. Except for King, who was modern and out of the picture, they looked like Old Testament patriarchs hurrying out of Egypt, as depicted in the illustrated Bibles of a generation ago—all leaning forward, each man carrying a staff, and none looking to the right or left.

After a time the moon rose, and looked at them from over a distant ridge that was thousands of feet higher than the ragged fringe of Khyber wall. The little mangy jackals threw their heads up to howl at it. Then there was pale light diffused along the track, and they could see so well that King set a faster pace, and they breathed hard in the effort to keep up. He did not draw rein until it was nearly time for the Pass to begin narrowing and humping upward to the narrow gut at Ali Masjid. Then he turned back to his men.

"Where starts the trail to Khinjan?" he asked; not that he had forgotten it, but he wanted to know who knew.

"This side of Ali Masjid!" they answered all together.

"Two miles this side. More than a mile from here," said Ismail. "What next? Shall we camp here? Here is fuel, and a little water. Give the word——"

"Nay—forward!" ordered King.

"Forward?" growled Ismail. "With this man it is ever 'forward!' Is there neither rest *nor* fear? Has SHE bewitched him? *Hai!* Ye lazy ones! Ho! Sons of sloth! Urge the mules faster! Beat the led horse!"

So, in weird, wan moonlight, King led them forward, straight up the narrowing gorge, between cliffs that seemed to fray the very bosom of the sky. He smoked a cigar, and stared at the view, as if he were off to the mountains for a month's sport, with dependable shikarees whom he knew. Nobody could have looked at him and guessed he was not enjoying himself.

"That man," mumbled Ismail behind him, "is not as other sahibs I have known. He is a man, this one! He will do unexpected things!"

"Forward!" King called to them, thinking they were grumbling. "Forward, men of the Hills!"

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The owl he has eyes that are big for his size,
The night like a book he deciphers;
"Too-woop!" he asserts, and "Hoo-woo-ip!" he cries,
And he means to remark he is awfully wise;
But compare him to us, who are "on" to the lies
Of the hairy Himahlyan knifers!
Eyes we be, of Empire, we,
Skinned, and puckered, and quick to see,
And nobody guesses how wise we be,
Nor hidden in what disguise we be,
A-cooking a sudden surprise we be
For hairy Himahlyan knifers!

CHAPTER SEVEN

AFTER a time King urged his horse to a jog-trot, and the five Hillmen pattered in his wake, huddled so close together that the horse could easily have kicked more than one of them. The night was cold enough to make flesh creep; but it was imagination that herded them until they touched the horse's rump, and kept the whites of their eyes ever showing as they glanced to left and right. The Khyber, fouled by memory, looks like the very birthplace of the ghosts when the moon is fitful and a mist begins to flow.

"*Cheloh!*" King called merrily enough; but his horse shied at nothing, because horses have an uncanny way of knowing how their riders really feel. The led mules and the spare horse, instead of dragging at their bridles, pressed forward to have their heads among the men, and every once and again there would sound the dull thump of a fist on a beast's nose—such being the attitude of men toward the lesser beasts.

They trotted forward until the bed of the Khyber began to grow very narrow, and Ali Masjid fort could not be much more than a mile away, at the widest guess. Then King drew rein, and dismounted; for he would have been challenged had he ridden much farther.

"Off with the mules' packs!" he ordered, and the men stood round and stared. Darya Khan, leaning on the only rifle in the party, grinned like a post-office letter-box.

"Truly," growled Ismail, forgetting past expressions of a different opinion, "this man is as mad as all the other Englishmen!"

"Were you ever bitten by one?" King wondered aloud.

"God forbid!"

"Then, off with the packs—and hurry!"

Ismail began to obey.

"Thou! Lord of the Rivers! [For that is what Darya Khan means.] What is thy calling?"

"*Badragga!* [Guide]" he answered. "Did SHE not send me back down the Pass to be a guide?"

"And before that what wert thou?"

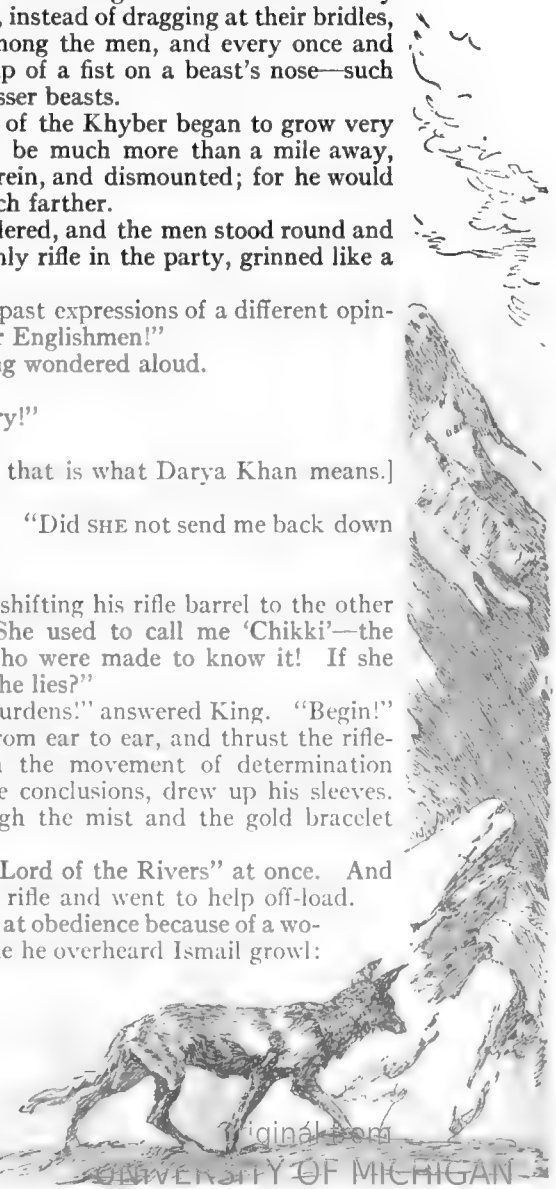
"Is that thy business?" he snarled, shifting his rifle barrel to the other hand. "I am what she says I am! She used to call me 'Chikki'—the Lifter—and I was! There are those who were made to know it! If she says now I am *badragga*, shall any say she lies?"

"I say thou art unpacker of mules' burdens!" answered King. "Begin!"

For an answer the fellow grinned from ear to ear, and thrust the rifle-barrel forward insolently. King, with the movement of determination that a man makes when about to force conclusions, drew up his sleeves. At that instant the moon shone through the mist and the gold bracelet glittered on his left wrist.

"May God be with thee!" said the "Lord of the Rivers" at once. And without another word he laid down his rifle and went to help off-load.

King stepped aside, and cursed softly at obedience because of a woman's favor. But as he sweated his pride he overheard Ismail growl:



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"Good for thee! He had *taught* thee obedience in another bat of the eye!"

"I obey HER!" muttered Darya Khan.

"I too," said Ismail. "So shall *he* before the week dies! But now it is good to obey him. He is an ugly man to disobey!"

"I obey him until she sets me free, then," grumbled Darya Khan.

"Better for thee!" said Ismail.

The packs were laid on the ground, and the mules shook themselves, while the jackals that haunt the Khyber came closer, to sit in a ring and watch. King dug a flash-light out of one of the packs, gave it to Ismail to hold, sat on the other pack, and began to write on a memorandum pad. It was a minute before he could persuade Ismail that the flash-light was harmless, and another minute before he could get him to hold it still. Then, however, he wrote swiftly.

DEAR OLD MAN: In the Khyber, a mile below you.

I would like to run in and see you, but circumstances don't permit. Several people sent you their regards by me. Herewith two mules and their packs. Make any use of the mules you like, but stow the loads where I can draw on them in case of need. I would like to shake hands and have a talk with you, before taking the rather desperate step I intend, but I don't want to be seen entering or leaving Ali Masjid. Can you come down the Pass without making your intention known? It is growing misty now. It ought to be easy. My men will tell you where I am, and show the way. Why not destroy this letter?

ATHELSTAN.

HE FOLDED the note, and stuck a postage-stamp on it in lieu of seal. Then he examined the packs and ordered two of the mules reloaded.

"You three!" he ordered then. "Take the loaded mules into Ali Masjid Fort. Take this *chit*, you. Give it to the sahib in command there."

They stood and gaped at him, wide-eyed; then came closer, to see his eyes and to catch any whisper that Ismail might have for them. But Ismail and Darya Khan seemed full of having been chosen to stay behind; they offered no suggestions—certainly no encouragement to mutiny.

"To hear is to obey!" said the nearest man, seizing the note, for at all events that was the easiest task. His action decided the other two. They took the mules' leading-reins and followed him. Before they had gone ten paces they were all swallowed in the mist that had begun to flow southeastward; it closed on them like a blanket, and in a minute more the clink of shod hooves had ceased. The night grew still, except for the whimpering of jackals. Ismail came nearer, and squatted at King's feet.

They sat in silence for five minutes. Then suddenly the two Hillmen shuddered, although King did not bat an eyelid. Din burst into being. A volley ripped out of the night, and thundered down the Pass.

"HOW-UTT! HUKKUMS DAR!" came the insolent challenge half a minute after it—the proof positive that Ali Masjid's guards neither slept nor were afraid.

A weird wail answered the challenge, and there began a tossing to and fro of words that was prelude to a shouted invitation:

"UD-VANCE-FRRRENNEN-ORSSS-WERRUL!"

English can be as weirdly distorted as wire or any other supple medium, and native levies advance distortion to the point of art; but the language sounds no less good in the chilly gloom of a Khyber night.

Followed another wait, this time of half an hour. Then a man's footsteps—a booted, leather-heeled man, striding carelessly. Not far behind

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that noise there burst out a new din—of a horse coming *ventre à terre.* King snatched at his own, mounted, and spurred forward. They met in pitch blackness with a shock, breast to shoulder; and as the horses reared a bearded Khyber *jezailchi* stared down the barrel of King's pistol. The man put his hand to his mouth.

"Pass, friend, and all's well!" King laughed. "Don't eat it. Deliver your message at Jamrud."

With an oath, but no other comment, the man spurred his horse and was out of hearing in a minute. They carry despatches in the Khyber, just as they love or hate, faithfully and with violence if may be.

A moment later a man began to whistle "Annie Laurie."

"Charles? That you?" called King.

"That you, old man?"

A MAN in khaki stepped into the moonlight. He was so nearly the image of Athelstan King that Ismail and Darya Khan stood up and stared. Athelstan strode to meet him. Their walk was the same. Angle for angle, line for line, they might have been one man and his shadow, except for three-quarters of an inch of stature.

"Glad to see you, old man," said Athelstan.

"Sure, old chap!" said Charles; and they shook hands.

"What's the desperate proposal?" asked the younger.

"I'll tell you when we're alone."

His brother nodded, and stood a step aside. The three who had taken the note to the fort came closer—partly to call attention to themselves, partly to claim credit, partly because the outer silence frightened them. They elbowed Ismail and Darya Khan, and one of them received a savage blow in the stomach by way of retort from Ismail. Before that spark could start an explosion Athelstan interfered.

"Ismail! Take two men. Go down the Pass out of earshot, and keep watch! Come back when I whistle thus—but no sooner!" He put fingers between his teeth and blew until the night shrilled back at him.

Ismail seized the leather bag and started to obey.

"Leave that bag! Leave it, I say!"

"But some man may steal it, sahib. Who shall know there is no money in it?"

"Leave it, and go!"

Ismail departed, grumbling, and King turned on Darya Khan. "Take the remaining man, and go up the Pass!" he ordered. "Stand out of earshot and keep watch. Come when I whistle!"

"But this one has a bellyache, where Ismail smote him! Can a man with a bellyache stand guard? His moaning will betray both him and me!" objected "Lord of the Rivers."

"Take him and go!" commanded King.

He was careful now not to show his bracelet. But there was something in his eye, and in his attitude—a subtle, suggestive something-or-other about him that was rather more convincing than a pistol or a stick. Darya Khan thrust his rifle-end into the hurt man's stomach for encouragement, and started off into the mist.

"Come and ache out of the sahibs' sight!" he snarled.

In a minute King and his brother stood unseen, unheard, in the shadow, by a patch of silver moonlight. Athelstan sat down on the mule's pack.

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"Well?" said the younger. "Tell me. I shall have to hurry. You see I'm in charge back there."

Athelstan nodded. "I've a roving commission. I'm to enter Khinjan Caves."

His brother whistled. "Tall order! What's your plan?"

"Haven't one—yet. Know more when I'm nearer Khinjan. You can help."

"How? Name it!"

"I shall go up in disguise. Nobody can put the stain on as well as you. News of a Holy War yet?"

His brother nodded. "Plenty of talk about one to come," he said. "We keep hearing of that lashkar that we can't locate, under a mullah whose name seems to change with the day of the week. And there are everlasting tales about the Heart of the Hills."

"No explanation of 'em?" Athelstan asked him.

"None! Not a thing!"

"D'you know of Yasmini?"

"Heard of her, of course," said his brother.

"Has she come up the Pass?"

His brother laughed. "No, neither she nor a coach and four."

"I have heard the contrary," said Athelstan.

"Heard what, exactly?"

"She's up the Pass ahead of me."

"She hasn't passed Ali Masjid!" said his brother, and Athelstan nodded.

"Are the Turks in the show yet?" asked Charles.

"Not yet. But I know they're expected in."

"You bet they're expected in!" The younger man grinned. "They're working both tides under to prepare the Tribes for it. They flatter themselves they can set alight a Holy War that will put Timour Ilang to shame."

"I can't tell you," said Athelstan, "why we're not attacking brother Turk before he's ready. I imagine Whitehall has its hands full. But it's likely enough that the Turk will throw in his lot with the Prussians the minute he's ready to begin. Meanwhile my job is to help make the Holy War seem unprofitable to the Tribes, so that they'll let the Turk down hard when he calls on 'em. Every day that I can point to forts held strongly in the Khyber is a day in my favor. There are sure to be raids. Any that reach India by any other route will be attacked and smashed quickly, I'm sure of that. We must keep 'em separated—keep 'em from swarming too fast—while I sow other seeds among 'em."

His brother nodded. "Hang on to Ali Masjid like a leech, old man! The day one raiding lashkar gets command of the Khyber's throat, the others 'll all believe they've won the game. Nothing 'll stop 'em then! Look out for traps. Smash 'em on sight. But don't follow up too far!"

"Sure," said Charles.

"Help me with the stain, now, will you?"

With his flash-light burning as if its battery provided current by the week instead of by the minute, Athelstan dragged open the mule's pack and produced a host of things. He propped a mirror against the pack, and squatted in front of it. Then he passed a little bottle to his brother, and Charles attended to the chin-strap mark that would have betrayed him a British officer in any light brighter than dusk. In a few minutes his whole face was darkened to one hue, and Charles stepped back to look at it.

"Won't need to wash yourself for a month!" he said. "The dirt won't

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THE TWO HORSES MET WITH A SHOCK, BREAST TO SHOULDER.

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show!" He sniffed at the bottle. "But that stain won't come off if you do wash—never worry! You'll do finely."

"Not yet, I won't!" said Athelstan, picking up a little safety-razor and beginning on his mustache. In a minute he had his upper lip bare. Then his brother rubbed in stain where the scrubby mustache had been.

After that Athelstan unlocked the leather bag that had caused Ismail so much concern, and shook out from it a pile of etceteras, at which his brother nodded with perfect understanding. The principal item was a piece of silk —forty or fifty yards of it—that he proceeded to bind into a turban on his head, his brother lending him a guiding, understanding finger at every other turn. When that was done, the man who had said he looked in the least like a British officer would have lied.

ONE after another he drew on native garments, picking them from the pile beside him. So, by rapid stages, he developed into a native hakim—by creed a converted Hindu, like Rewa Gunga—one of the men who practise *yunani*, or modern medicine, without a license and with a very great deal of added superstition, trickery, and guesswork.

"I wouldn't trust you with a ha'penny!" announced his brother when he had done.

"Really? As good as all that?"

"The part to a T."

"Well, take these into the fort for me, will you?" His brother caught the bundle of discarded European clothes, and tucked them under his arm. "Now, remember, old man! This is the biggest show there has ever been! We've got to hold the Khyber, and we can't do it by riding pell-mell into the first trap set for us! We must smash when the fighting starts, but we mayn't miss! We mayn't run past the mark! Be a coward, if that's the name you care to give it. I've been seconded to your crowd. I'm your senior, and I'm giving you orders. This show isn't sport, but the real red thing, and I want to count on you to fight like a trained man, not like a natural-born fool. I want to know you're holding Ali Masjid as Fabius held Rome, by being slow and wily, just for the sake of the comfortable feeling it will give me when I'm alone among the Hills. Hit hard when you have to, but, for God's sake, old man, 'ware traps!"

"All right," said his brother.

"Then, good-by, old man!"

They stood facing, and shook hands. Where had been a man and his reflection in the mist, there now seemed to be the same man and a native. Athelstan King had changed his very nature with his clothes. He stood like a native, moved like one; even his voice was changed.

" 'By, Athelstan!"

Officers in that force are not chosen for their clumsiness, or inability to move silently by night. His footsteps died in the mist almost as quickly as his shadow. Before he had been gone a minute the Pass was silent as death again, and though Athelstan listened with trained ears the only sound he could detect was of a jackal cracking a bone, fifty or sixty yards away. He repacked the loads, putting everything back carefully into the big leather envelopes, and locking the empty hand-bag, after throwing in a few stones for Ismail's benefit. Then he went to sit in the moonlight, with his back to a great rock, and waited there crosslegged, to give his brother time to make good a retreat through the mist. Then he whistled.

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Almost at once sandals came pattering from both directions. He sat silent and still. It was Darya Khan who came first, and stood gaping at him, but Ismail was a very close second, and the other three were only a little behind. For a full two minutes after the man with the sore stomach had come they all stood holding each other's arms, astonished. Then,

"Where is he?" asked Ismail.

"Who?" said King, the hakim.

"Our sahib—King sahib—where is he?"

"Gone!" His voice was so completely changed that men who had been reared amid mutual suspicion could not recognize it.

"But there are his loads! There is his mule!"

"Here is his bag!" said Ismail, pouncing on it, picking it up, and shaking it. "It rattles not as formerly! There is more in it than there was!"

"His two horses and the mule are here," said Darya Khan.

"Did I say he took them with them?" asked the hakim, who sat still with his back to a rock. "He went because I came! He left me here in charge! Should he not leave the wherewithal to make me comfortable, since I must do his work? Hah! What do I see? A man bent nearly double? That means a bellyache! Who should have a bellyache when I have potions, lotions, balms to heal all ills, magic charms and talismans, big and little pills—and at *such* a little price! *So* small a price! Show me the belly, and pay your money! Forget not the money, for nothing is free except air, water, and the Word of God! I have paid money for water before now, and where is the mullah who will not take a fee? Nay, only air costs nothing! For a rupee, then—for one rupee I will heal the sore belly, and forget to be ashamed for taking such a little fee!"

"WHITHER went the sahib? Nay—show us proof!" objected Darya Khan; and Ismail stood back a pace, to scratch his flowing beard and think.

"The sahib left this with me!" said King, and held up his wrist. The gold bracelet Rewa Gunga had given him gleamed in the pale moonlight.

"May God be with thee!" boomed all five men together.

King jumped to his feet, so suddenly that all five gave way in front of him, and Darya Khan brought his rifle to the port.

"Hast thou never seen me before?" he demanded, seizing Ismail by the shoulders and staring straight into his eyes.

"Nay, I never saw thee!"

"Look again!" He turned his head, to show his face in profile.

"Nay, I never saw thee!"

"Thou, then! Thou with the belly! Thou! Thou!"

They all denied ever having seen him. So he stepped back until the moon shone full in his face, and pulled off his turban, changing his expression at the same time. "Now look!"

"*Ma'uzbillah!* [May God protect us!]"

"Now ye know me?"

"Hee-yee-yee!" yelled Ismail, hugging himself by the elbows and beginning to dance from side to side. "Hee-yee-yee! What said I! Said I not so? Said I not this is a different man? Said I not this is a good one—a man of unexpected things? Said I not there was magic in the leather bag? I shook it often, and the magic grew! Hee-yee-yee! Look at him! See such cunning! Feel him! Smell of him! He is a good one—good!"

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Three of the others stood and grinned, now that the first shock of their surprise had died away. The fourth man poked about among the packs. There was little to see except gleaming teeth and the whites of eyes, set in hairy faces in the mist. But Ismail danced all by himself among the stones of Khyber road, and he looked like a bearded shadowy ghoul out for an airing.

"Hee-yee-yee! She smelt out a good one! Hee-yee-yee! God preserve me to see the end of this! This one will show sport! Oh-yee-yee-yee!"

Suddenly he closed with King, and hugged him until the stout ribs cracked and bent inward, and King sobbed for breath among the strands of the Afridi's beard. He had to use knuckles and knees and feet to win freedom, and though he used them with all his might and hurt the old savage fiercely, he made no impression on his good-will.

"After my own heart, thou art! Dog of a cunning one! Worker of spells! Allah! That was a good day when SHE bade me wait for thee!"

King sat down again, panting. He wanted time to get his breath back and a little of the ache out of his ribs, but he did not care to waste any more minutes, and his eyes watched the faces of the other four men. He saw them slowly waken to understanding of what Ismail meant by "worker of spells" and "magic in the bag," and knew that he had an even greater hold on them now than Yasmini's bracelet gave him.

"*Ma'uzbillah!*" they murmured, as Ismail's meaning dawned, and they recognized a magician in their midst. "May God protect us!"

"May God protect me! I have need of it!" said King. "What shall my new name be? Give ye me a name!"

"Nay, choose thou!" urged Ismail, drawing nearer. "We have seen one miracle, now let us hear another!"

"Very well. Khan is a title of respect. Since I wish for respect I will call myself Khan. Name me a village—the first you can think of—quick!"

"Kurram," said Ismail, at a hazard.

"Kurram is good. Kurram I am! Kurram Khan is my name henceforward! Kurram Khan, the dakitar!"

"But where is the sahib who came from the fort to talk?" asked the man whose stomach ached yet from Ismail's and Darya Khan's attentions to it.

"Gone!" announced King. "He went with the other one!"

"Went whither? Did any see him go?"

"Is that thy affair?" asked King, and the man collapsed. It is not considered wise to the north of Jamrud to argue with a wizard, or even with a man who only claims to be one. This was a man who had changed his very nature almost under their eyes.

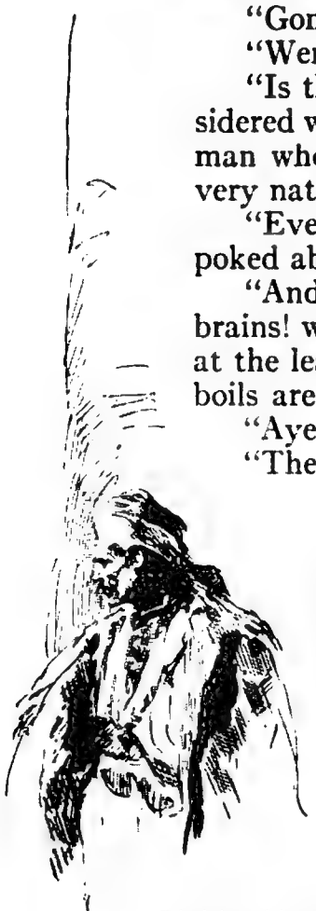
"Even his other clothes have gone!" murmured one man, he who had poked about among the packs.

"And now, Ismail, Darya Khan, ye two dunderheads! ye bellies without brains! when was there ever a dakitar—a hakim, who had not two assistants at the least? Have ye never seen how one man holds a patient while his boils are lanced, and yet another makes the hot iron ready?"

"Aye! Aye!" They had both seen that often.

"Then, what are ye?"

They gaped at him. Were they to work wonders too? Were they to be part and parcel of the miracle? Watching them, King saw understanding dawn behind Ismail's eyes and with it something more than just admiration.



The next instalment of ***"King, of the Khyber Rifles"*** *will appear in the August number.*

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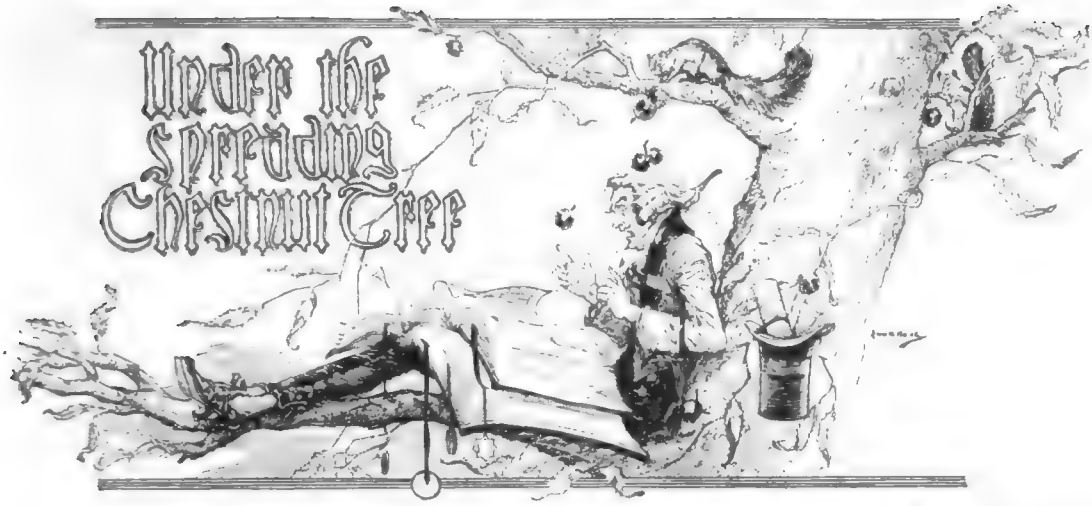

A young Swede appeared at the county judge's office and asked for a license.

"What kind of a license?" asked the judge "A hunting license?"

"No," was the answer. "Aye tank aye bane hunting long enough. Aye want marriage license."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

During a city election in New York a bunch of trained repeaters marched into an East Side polling-place.

"What name?" inquired the election clerk of the leader, who was red-haired and freckled and had a black eye.

The voter glanced down at a slip of paper in his hand. "Isidore Mendelheim," he said.

"That's not your real name and you know it!" said a suspicious challenger for a reform ticket.

"It is me name," said the repeater, "and I'm goin' to vote under it—see?"

From down the line came a voice: "Don't let that guy bluff you, Casey. Soitinly your name is Mendelheim!"

De Wolf Hopper was once a witness in a suit for slander. The opposing counsel in the court-room said: "You are an actor, I believe?"

"Yes," replied Hopper.

"Is not that a low calling?"

"I don't know; but at any rate it's so much better than my father's that I am rather proud of it."

"What is your father's calling, may I ask?"

"He was a lawyer," said Hopper.

"My plate is damp," complained a traveler who was dining in a London hotel.

"Hush!" whispered his wife. "That's your soup. They serve small portions in war time."

Retired painter and decorator—to artist commissioned to paint his daughter's portrait:

"And none o' your slapdash painting for me; three coats, mind yer!"

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Among the local items in a French newspaper not long ago appeared the following:

"There was found in the river this afternoon the body of a soldier cut to pieces and sewed up in a sack. The circumstances seem to preclude any suspicion of suicide."

Physician—"From this brief examination I am of the opinion that you are suffering from clergyman's sore throat."

Patient—"The hell you say!"

Physician (*hastily*)—"But it is quite possible I'm wrong. I will look again."

A priest one Sunday was showing off his class and proceeded to ask one little boy in the presence of the archbishop: "What is matrimony?"

The little boy's eyes bulged out at the suddenness with which the question was put, and then he said mechanically: "Matrimony is a state of punishment to which some souls are condemned, to suffer for a while before they are considered good enough to go to heaven."

"Tut, tut," said the priest. "That is the definition of purgatory."

"Let him alone," said the archbishop. "He may be right—what do you and I know about it, anyway?"

"Anythin' doin'?" asked one knight of the road of a companion whom he had seen coming from a house across the street.

"Naw. 'Tain't worth while to ask there. I only peeked in the window; but it's a plain case of a poverty-stricken family. Why, there's actually two women in there playin' on the same piano!"

Freddie was a great admirer of Charlie Chaplin, and one Saturday as he returned from the matinée he said, crawling into his mother's lap, "Mama, when Charlie Chaplin dies and God sees him coming, won't God laugh!"

"One of our judges, famed for his chivalry and uncompromising loyalty to the traditions of procedure, was trying a case in which one of the witnesses happened to be a local actress of unusual popularity," said Colonel Riker, of Harrodsburg, Kentucky. "Her evidence was such that the usual question as to her age was not likely to be omitted, so when she came to the stand his Honor instructed the court-clerk to suspend action for a moment; then he addressed the lady.

"'Madam, how old are you?'"

"'Twenty-five,'" promptly returned the witness, who was plainly thirty-five or over.

"'Very well,'" said the judge, politely. "'I asked you that question because, if I hadn't, it would surely have been asked you when the attorney for the defense cross-examined you. And, now that you have told your age, do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?'"

An eminent surgeon performed an operation and a medical student at the college asked him:

"What did you operate on that man for?"

Eminent Surgeon—"Five hundred dollars."

Student—"I mean what did he have?"

Eminent Surgeon—"Five hundred dollars."

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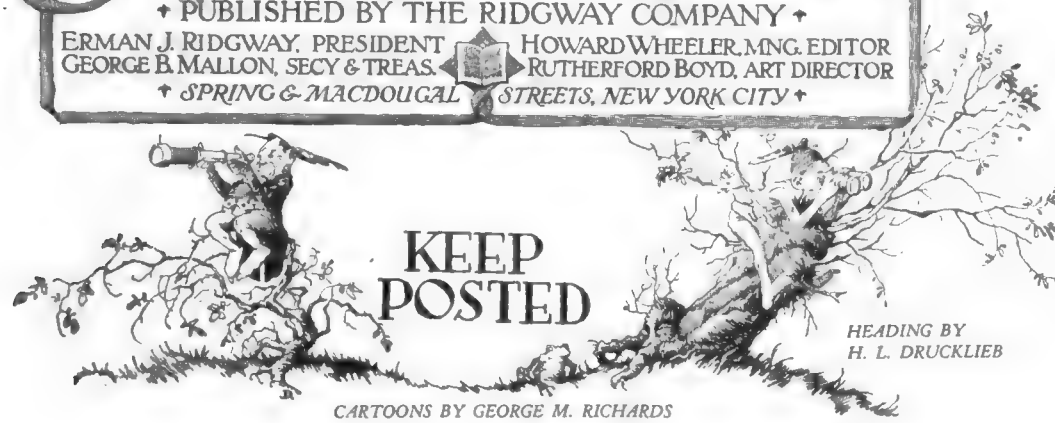

HEADING BY
H. L. DRUCKLIEB

CARTOONS BY GEORGE M. RICHARDS

HOW WOULD WE ENFORCE WORLD-PEACE?

IT IS all very well for individual Americans to labor on behalf of a League to Enforce Peace; but we are greatly inclined to suspect that this country is not fit to be a member of such a League.

Imagine it formed. Germany, we will say, is a member; and so are Great Britain and France and Russia and Italy; and so are all the various countries of the two Americas, North and South.

A quarrel then breaks out between Brazil and Uruguay. Brazil is pledged, as is Uruguay, never to declare war without a previous appeal to the common sense of the world through an international commission of arbitration or conciliation. Nevertheless, without waiting for such a commission, and in violation of its obligations to the League, Brazil attacks Uruguay. Moreover (for we must make every allowance for infirmities of human nature), Argentina sides with Brazil, and joins it in a military occupation of Uruguay and in a partition of Uruguayan territory.

The occasion has now come for which the League was designed. Two of its members—Brazil and Argentina—have created a lawless disturbance on the face of the planet and are about to perform the very act which draws most tears from our anti-imperialistic pacifists, namely, the destroying of a "small nation." The remaining members of the League are bound by the terms of the League to prevent that abominable injustice.

Accordingly, these remaining members of the League at once declare an embargo against Brazil and Argentina. No goods are shipped to those two countries. No goods are received from them. This is the League's "economic pressure." Then comes its "military pressure." Each member of the League sends a quota of soldiers to accomplish the long, difficult, and bloody task of driving two great distant nations out of the territory which they have wrongfully seized.

Imagine the condition of this country when the recruiting begins! There would have to be recruiting. We would not dare to remove our tiny regular army to another continent. The militia, in itself, would not suffice. Moreover, much of it would not go.

OUR KINDLY THOUGHTS MIGHT GET THERE, BUT HOW ABOUT OUR TROOPS?

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Popular opinion would be sharply divided. Our pacifist friends would placard the country with the legend: "War is evil. We can not cure evil by doing evil." Mass-meetings would be held—"monster" ones—to protest against sending our boys to try to kill other boys who had done them no harm. It would be claimed that Brazil and Argentina had been bribed to assassinate Uruguay by J. Pierpont Morgan, and that therefore we must hold another "monster" mass-meeting to rebuke Mr. Morgan, and must then let Uruguay get assassinated.

In the midst of this uproar, punctuated by various resolutions of various sorts passed by the House of Representatives, a certain number of recruits would be assembled and the process of drilling them into a real army would begin. About this time the troops of Germany, France, Russia, Italy, and Great Britain would be landed in South America. About six months later our troops would begin to arrive. As soon as they were inspected by the generalissimo of the allied forces, they would be given a nice broad prairie (at a safe distance from all battle-fields) where they could train themselves some more without doing the allied forces any harm.

In the end the war would be brought to a conclusion; Uruguay would be freed; and peace and justice would be restored—by the nations that have a genuine "preparedness" which they can hurl promptly to the point of danger. The United States would still be recruiting and mass-meeting. It would have sent only a part of its quota, and that part would be rotten.

Whereupon, if the other nations allowed impulse to triumph over diplomacy, they would wireless to the President of the United States and say: "Your country talks more about world-peace and is less able to do anything in the line of world-pacification than any other great nation in existence. We could get along just about as well without you as with you. So, to relieve our feelings, you are hereby fired from the League."

Quite rightly. People who are not willing to operate a good police force do not have peace in their city. Nations which are not equipped with military power are not going to have much share in making the world-peace which some day is going to be enforced upon nations which consult only themselves in plunging into warfare. We are on the way to being just as ridiculous in that peace-era as we now are in the war-era.

STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM, THIS PICTURE REALLY SHOWS JOHN BARRYMORE ON HIS WAY *UP*.

Here is an up-to-date fact. More than two thousand years ago Sparta and Argos agreed to a "limitation of armaments." They determined to pick out a few hundred men from each side and to let those two small groups do the fighting. They fought. The Argos group won. Thereupon the whole of Sparta rose and fell upon the whole of Argos and tramped it into the earth. Sparta won. "Limitation of armaments" neither prevents wars nor decides them.

JOHN BARRYMORE ARRIVES—A GREAT MAN

THERE is one thing that John Barrymore is extremely careful about when he is in his dressing-room making up for his great and thrillingly successful part of *William Falder* in Galsworthy's "Justice." It is intimately characteristic of John Barrymore's art—this thing. It is so apparently small! John Barrymore disdains easy, large effects. He thrives with his audiences—and yet how he does thrive!—only by a superbly intelligent use of the multitudinous details of genuine reality. Genuine reality, in this case, is a certain pat of hair.

This pat of hair, to indicate the character of *William Falder*, has to

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stand out—not too much, though—from the crown of his head. It must stand out—and yet droop. *William Falder* is that kind of man. John Barrymore gets the rest of his make-up done quickly and then works painstakingly—for a long time—at the pat—the tuft. When he gets it done *William Falder* is ten times as much *William Falder* as he was before. Yet, unless you saw it being made in the dressing-room, you would perhaps go home from seeing the play without really knowing at all that it was there.

And this is the same man who, in a recent motion-picture play, shows you himself on the screen falling down-stairs in a manner which, though quite different from Charlie Chaplin's, is just as amusing and amazing, and who, while descending those stairs on his elbows and his neck and the small of his back, engages in a life-and-death fight that takes the breath out of the villain and also out of the audience!

PEOPLE say that if John Barrymore plays *William Falder* long enough —as a prisoner in a court-room and afterward in a cell—he will find *William Falder* obsessing him and filling him with his own feebleness and furtiveness and fright. They want John Barrymore to stop playing *William Falder* for fear of what *William Falder* may do to him.

This is a total misapprehension of the sort of artist John Barrymore is. That sort of artist does not "throw himself" into the character he is playing. He remains magnificently outside of it and creates it—engineers it—operates it—by his imagination, his intelligence, his will. He is not dominated by it. He makes it be dominated by him.

Questioned about this terrific part of *William Falder*, John Barrymore says simply and honestly that it is a wonderfully easy part to play. And, of course, in a way, it is. The author has done his share of the work—and even more than his share—by writing real situations and real lines. The actor does not have to create the reality of the play. He can give himself to creating the reality of the part. John Barrymore's intelligence as an artist—and his candor and charm—are seen in his frank recognition of that fact.

He is helped to this frankness—this broadmindedness—through not being by profession an actor at all. By profession—that is, by original training—he is a painter. Painting is what he really studied, in this country first and then abroad. Returning, he became a cartoonist on a New York newspaper. In the midst of this work he received a sudden summons from his sister Ethel. She was then playing in "Captain Jinks." One of her associates in that play had fallen ill. Younger brother must come and fill in, at once.

It was a great good time for younger brother. He came and filled in, not only by going through the part but by making up lines for it, on the stage, as he went along. He had not had time to learn the lines as they actually were. No matter. He labored to improve them offhand. Doing this, he was perfectly at ease. But mark the difference between pretending to act and, on the other hand, acting. When John Barrymore first seriously tried to do a part, he, the offspring of our most matured theatrical family, went trembly and ashy with mere commonplace stage-fright.

Since that time he has done many parts, all the way from musical comedy to *Dr. Rank* in Ibsen's "Doll's House," all the way from movie fights to this last complete arrival of his genius in Galsworthy's "criminal," who makes you cry out in terror and agony against God's making of character and against man's making of the world, when he pounds at his cell door.

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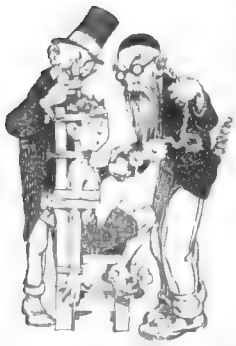
We have no other actor now among us who has shown such power of rising through the lightness of younger days, through the smooth worldliness of the matinée idol, to the mature man's need of coming to grips with heavy, rough, final life itself. And still, in reality as in pretense, he has the same sophisticated light, smooth mastery of every little half-inch turn of his head by which he is content—and able—to send the whole of a thought across the footlights. If he keeps on in this course, we shall, long before he is an old man, be giving him our reverence as we now give him our admiration. He is now thirty-four.

Yet we shall never cease to laugh with him. He makes antique furniture. He fills his house with it. The more antique he can make it, the better he likes it. He admits that while he is fascinated by the New York of to-day, he is even more fascinated by the Italy of the sixteenth century. He looks up from Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography to say with profound conviction:

"I have made a lot of those antiques. I see an old chair that is good, and then I get to work and make it over again. You don't know how much fun it is to bore worm-holes in a chair with an ice-pick!"

Mr. Arnold Toynbee, who is one of the most influential leaders of English thought, gives several pages in his last book to a serious and urgently expressed wish that the United States be asked to take over the military and commercial control of Constantinople and of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, at the end of this war, in order that the rivalries of Russia and of Austria-Hungary and of Germany at that point may be checked by an impartial hand which will treat them all alike. So the possible cause of a future great war between those nations would be removed. What would we say to such an opportunity if it were officially presented to us?



A MODERN WAY OF FINDING OUT WHETHER A YOUTH IS LIKELY TO BE A "CRIMINAL."

COMMON SENSE AND SCIENCE VERSUS CRIME

THERE are two things very apparent in the present drift of public policy in the matter of crime. One is illustrated by a highly interesting recent case in the state of New York.

It was a civil case. A certain man was testifying. On cross-examination he was compelled to admit that he had once been convicted of forgery. He then offered to call witnesses to testify that his present character was nevertheless good. This privilege was denied to him. The case went up to the Court of Appeals—New York's top court. The decision was that the witnesses on behalf of the ex-forger should have been called; and the court observed:

"Anciently an outlawed felon was said to have a 'wolf's head,' so that any one might kill him as he would a wolf. . . . Later, and until recently, the convicted felon was disqualified as a witness." Then, even when finally permitted to appear as a witness, the felon still had no right to prove that he had reformed. Now, however, says the court: "Is he to be discredited for life rather than be permitted to call witnesses to his present good character?" Not at all. The law moves forward again, in company with general modern opinion, and decides that "once a criminal always a criminal" is a dead idea.

This is the first change. The second is shown in a recent remarkable speech by Chief Justice Olson of the Municipal Courts of Chicago. Those courts in 1914 installed a "Psychopathic Laboratory" in which the mental condition of arrested persons could be scientifically studied by competent

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physicians. Already, in 1908, a similar laboratory had been installed in the Juvenile Court of the county in which Chicago is situated. Chief Justice Olson is not only a jurist. He is an organizer, a manager, a hard-headed director of the daily business of a great system of local courts and judges. His testimony on the relation between mental disease and crime is, we believe, the most authoritative so far presented to the American people. He says:

"The vast majority of sex crimes and of crimes of violence are perpetrated by Dementia Præcox cases, either alone or grafted on feeble-mindedness."

These persons, suffering either from Dementia Præcox alone or else suffering from Dementia Præcox plus feeble-mindedness, should be detected early in life and should be removed to hospitals, there to be either cured or else kept mercifully segregated and protected from temptation till death. Whereupon the "vast majority" of certain crimes would disappear.

The real "crooks" will forever remain—the men who go on from their first offense to their second and third and fourth and fifth, not by reason of social ostracism or by reason of mental disease (or by reason of intolerable poverty), but because they are spiritually blind. They will remain; but our estimate of the probable number of such monsters in existence is every day being diminished by our advances in common sense and in science.

Many important labor leaders are against compulsory health insurance. So are most employers. We are not discouraged. We recollect that both labor and capital in this country were largely and violently against compulsory compensation for accidents—twelve years ago. Now we have compulsory compensation for accidents in all our important states, and virtually nobody wants to repeal it.

WHY WE ARE GOING TO BE MORE THRIFTY

HERE ARE STATISTICS THAT SHOULD TERRIFY THE SPEND-THRIFT.

NOTHING seems to get on very well, no matter how good and fine it may be, till the men who stand to make money out of it get behind it and push it. Now, thrift is a virtue—surely. At any rate, it is desirable that a man should save enough money to prevent his wife from having to go directly from his funeral to a job at a washtub. Yet out of every one hundred men there are eighty-two who die without any "tangible assets" whatsoever.

How do we know this? We know it because it has been dug up out of the records of probate courts and other places by the Savings Bank Section of the American Bankers' Association. And why did the Savings Bank Section dig it up? Because it is yearning and laboring to spread the virtue of thrift in order that our widows may have better reason to revere our memories, and in order that deposits may be increased.

The figures used in this campaign are calculated to break the spirit of even the most stubborn spendthrift. Here we see one hundred young men starting off in the pride of youth—aged twenty-five. They have been exhumed from the records and reports of banks and courts and insurance companies and poor-farms and charity societies and the credit departments of large corporations. These young men are in every way normal and ordinary self-supporting young men.

Yet twenty years later fifteen of them have become actually "dependent" on their children or on neighbors or on organized charity. Forty years later fifty-four of them have become thus dependent. At that age,

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by the way—the age of sixty-five—there are five of them who have become "rich." In the end there are some sixty (out of the original hundred) who leave just enough money—usually insurance—to cover funeral expenses, and there are some thirty-two who do not leave even that.

We defy the spendthrift to read these facts without starting off on a smart trot for the nearest bank to give it the dime which last month we counseled him to spend on Mary Pickford. Yet this is only one shot. The Savings Bank Section has hundreds of others; and it takes them to the local bankers in your town and gets a campaign fund together; and then, thus locally financed, a great moral uplift begins; and all the reasons, dismal and joyous, for the virtue of thrift begin to appear in newspapers and in prize essays in the fourth grades of the schools and in mottoes in store windows and in follow-up letters to the householder, who doesn't know now whether to repaint his fence or not.

Thus virtue waxes; and deposits grow; and the banker's profits increase; and the fate of widows is lightened and brightened; and the wheels of progress continue to turn on axles of gain.

Several important Englishmen have recently admitted that if Austria-Hungary is shattered by the war, the German part of it is likely to go to Germany —which would make Germany larger in defeat than it was when it began fighting. They have also admitted frankly and fully that such a reunion of two branches of the same German race would be morally right. This is the most remarkable exhibition of fair-mindedness which we have so far observed in the course of the present struggle.

IS THE FARMER ABOUT TO BE "SUBSIDIZED"?

THE United States Department of Agriculture has proved that the rate of interest now being charged to farmers on land mortgages in the South and in the Northwest is, on the average, ten per cent., and that in many cases it rises to fifteen, to eighteen, and even to twenty-five per cent. The United States Department of Agriculture has also proved that only forty per cent. of the "improvable" and tillable land in the farms of the United States is actually "improved" and being made to work. Clearly our present farm-mortgage bankers and brokers can not claim that their methods of financing the farmer in his task of "improving" his land have been particularly successful.

The new "Rural Credits" Bill at Washington is attacked chiefly for being "socialistic," and for being a "subsidy" to the farmer. It is true that the Government is likely to have to provide most of the money for starting the "Federal land banks." But this money is only a loan. It will come right back again to the Government, as we shall show. Moreover, the $6,000,000 which it is said that the Government will "give" to the "Federal land banks" every year is not a "gift" at all. It is a deposit, drawing interest. Why it should be all right for the Government to deposit money in commercial banks, as it does, but all wrong for it to deposit money in land banks, we do not see.

"TO HIM THAT HATH SHALL BE GIVEN."

A group of farmers will form a local "association." Through this "association" they will borrow money from the "land bank" of their district. Part of the money which they get in these loans they will have to use, by law, in buying stock in their "association;" and then the "association" in turn must similarly buy stock in the "land bank." The faster the loans are made, therefore, the sooner will the stock of the "land banks" pass into the hands of the

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"associations"—that is, into the hands of the farmers themselves—and the sooner will the Federal Government thus get its money back out of the "land banks" by selling its stock to groups of borrowers.

The "land banks" will then issue bonds, secured by all the mortgages which they hold, and will sell those bonds to the general public, thus getting money for fresh loans. This money, the real final money on which the system is built, does not come from the Government at all, but from the regular private investor.

At this point we do detect a certain "subsidy." The holders of those bonds will not have to pay any income taxes on their dividends from them. Those bonds are income-tax-exempt. We fail to see why a man who buys a railway bond should have to pay an income tax on his dividends while a man who buys a farm bond should not have to. It is a low-down device to artificially increase the attractiveness of farm bonds to investors and to artificially decrease the rate of interest at which those bonds can be sold. It is a subsidy, indirect but real, to one national industry against all others.

The most valid criticism of the bill, however, is not for what it does but for what it does not do. It is designed only for the man who already owns his farm. More than half of our farmers do not own their farms. They are tenants. It is they who are suffering, really, intensely. It is they who in several million cases are on the road to real ruin. It is they who reach down into genuine helpless poverty and misery. Therefore they shall be last served. "To him that hath."

There is one thing we would do before appointing national censors for the movies. We would go and study the history of the British national censorship of plays. Britons are unusually good as judges. The administration of law is their forte. Yet the history of the British national censorship of plays is appalling—both for the dirty plays it has permitted and for the high-minded plays it has condemned. The quickest way to addle any man's brain is to make him a censor of one of the arts.

A NEW LEADER—ALICE PAUL—WHY SHE IS

AMONG all the persons who lately have come into a position of leadership in contemporary public movements, Miss Alice Paul, chairman of the Woman's Congressional Union, is surely the strangest and surely also one of the most impressive. The parades and pageants at Washington, the drives into the woman-suffrage states of the West to get political strength, and then the raids on the Capitol, in which that strength was hurled at Eastern and Southern senators and representatives—all this combination of reckless advertising and of canny politicianeering is hers. Through it the suffrage Federal amendment has been taken out of cold-storage and made to sizzle. "She must be a wonderfully magnetic personality."

The strange fact is that, in the ordinary sense of the word, Miss Alice Paul has no personal "magnetism" whatsoever—not a particle. She is very shy; she is not a really first-class platform speaker; she does not understand human beings individually; she annoys and exasperates numbers of them daily; she can be said to repel rather than to charm the casual woman who visits her office; she is awkward and blundering, not only in her personal estimates of people, but in her personal contacts with them. Whereupon a great multitude of women, all over the United States, give her in return an unfaltering, enthusiastic loyalty; and she deserves every bit of it.

IN LINE FOR SUFFRAGE ORDERS—ANYTHING FROM LICKING STAMPS TO TOURING CONTINENTS.

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Her triumph is first a triumph of sound academic intelligence—which, properly used (as, by the way, our German friends have proved in commerce and in war), is one of the most practical things in the world. Miss Paul's earliest great achievement, growing out of her training at Swarthmore College and at the University of Pennsylvania, was to write a laborious learned treatise on certain phases of the legal status of women in Pennsylvania—her home state. When she came to Washington and tried to get a special session of Congress to consider suffrage, she was told by everybody that special sessions consider only the special subjects for which they have been specially called. An unacademic person would have been convinced. Miss Paul, however, had thoughtfully read the actual records of all special sessions gone by, and she carried her point by being able to prove to the politicians that special sessions, in fact, do not confine themselves to their special subjects. They consider other subjects, too—therefore, now, suffrage.

THIS habit of accumulating facts is sometimes highly disagreeable. Miss Paul telephones to a chairman of a Congressional Committee and says: "Won't you please have your committee report our rule out?" He humanly dodges by saying: "We haven't a quorum in town." Miss Paul, with a complete scientific thoughtlessness of all human feelings rejoins: "I thought you might have that impression. So I have telephoned to all the other members of your committee. And I find they are all in town!"

Similar impersonalness marks her treatment of her own followers. They come to her office and Miss Paul gets up to say with all the abruptness of a shy person: "Couldn't you, couldn't you, give the Union five thousand dollars? One thousand? No? A hundred? What you can. Yes. Oh, fifty will be splendid! And won't you sit right down and put those stamps on those envelopes? You see that pile over there. Do get them out by noon." And Miss Paul is back at her desk and the rich lady is licking stamps. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred she is licking stamps. The hundredth time she is saying: "I was never so insulted in my life!"

People told her once that she had offended a certain woman. She immediately started off to apologize. But it appeared that she had no conception of how she had managed to offend the woman and so no conception of why it was that she was apologizing. She simply apologized.

There we strike the other side of Miss Paul's character—a moral devotion—a moral devotion just as impersonal as her intellect. A woman had been offended—a woman important to suffrage. Alice Paul must apologize. It was done.

This devotion it is, shortly, that shines through her personality—her impersonality—and charms not the minds but the souls of people. She dominates them, not with Alice Paul, but with the idea that consumes Alice Paul. She sends them forth to action, spectacular action, weird action. They do it. She remains the student and the planner. Two women, representing the Congressional Union, cross the United States from West to East in a motor-car bearing a message to the Federal Government. Miss Paul is not one of them. She is as impersonal to herself as she is to others. Others are better equipped for the foreground and for public applause. She puts them there. She herself remains in her office, planning the next spectacle, studiously, ten hours, fifteen hours, eighteen hours a day. There is no Alice Paul. There is suffrage. She leads by being—not by being for—by being—her cause.

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